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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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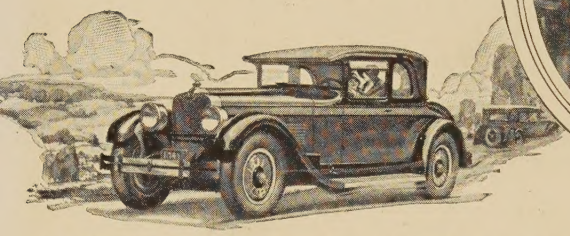

SHOULD the day ever come when *your* car is in a collision, you will be thankful if that car is a New Safety Stutz, with safety-glass in every window and windshield.

In no other automobile can you secure, without extra cost to you, this invaluable protection to your family. The New Safety Stutz is the first and only car to adopt safety-glass all around as regular equipment.

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The low hanging of the New Safety Stutz, made possible by skillful utilization of the worm-drive, confers an unequalled stability on the car, making overturn almost impossible. At the same time, the low "center of mass" makes the car ride much more steadily under all conditions, and gives an ease and responsiveness to the steering that cannot be described.

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The extra-strong and extra-rigid frame, with integral steel running-boards, or "side-bumpers", makes the car both safer and steadier.

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The New Safety Stutz is permanently protected against theft by The Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

A new feature, again without cost to the car owner, is indemnity against loss of use resulting from theft, at the rate of five dollars per day, up to thirty days.

See these New Safety Stutz models, which, in addition to their exclusive safety features, have custom-like smartness of body design and most luxurious interior appointments.

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An exclusive feature is Loss-of-Use Insurance, paying the car owner five dollars per day, up to thirty days, for loss of the car's use through theft. This is without cost to the car owner.

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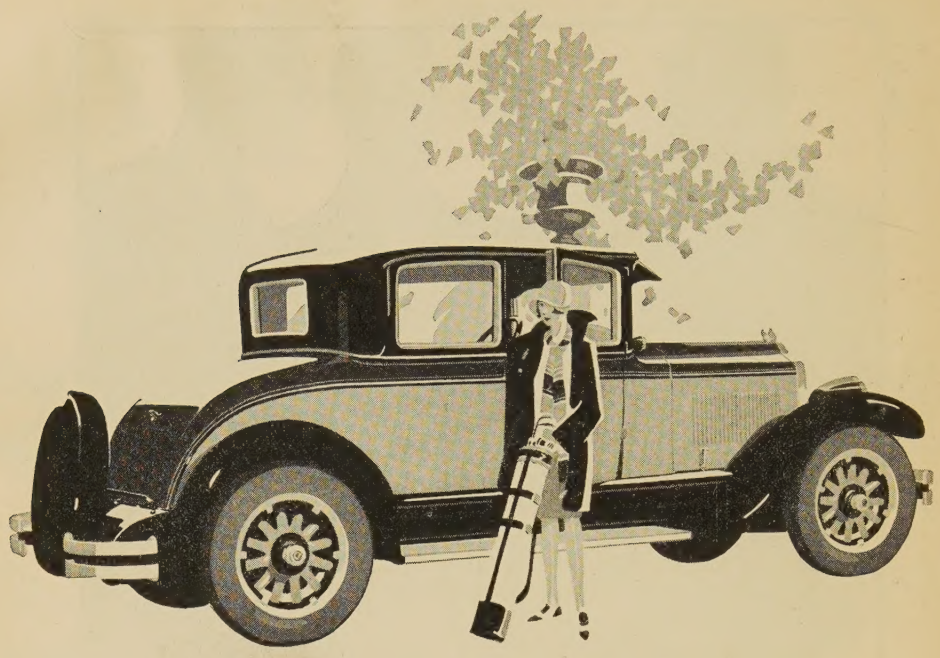
It's Kuppenheimer's Birthday

IN celebration of its fiftieth birthday, Kuppenheimer has prepared the most distinguished Style and Fabric showing in its history . . . Styles for men with flexible arteries and young ideas (see The Mayfair and Baldwin models above) . . . Fabrics in which beauty of surface is backed by heavy-duty serviceability . . . Notably, the new wrinkle-proof, non-bagging Tigertwist woolen, the new iron-bodied Trojan weaves, the distinctive Parquette plaids, Morocco chevrons, Banff blues and Chutney browns.

Truly . . . Good Sir . . . this is a most auspicious time to make that gilt-edged Kuppenheimer "*Investment in Good Appearance.*" . . . .

Kuppenheimer K *Good Clothes*



Chrysler Standardized Quality Makes Motoring Comfort Take on a New Meanin

There is a growing conviction among those who are accustomed to the utmost in motoring that not even the finest product of older manufacturing methods is comparable to the Chrysler Imperial "80". It is not to be expected.

For Chrysler builds the Imperial "80" for those who are sated with the performance of conventional cars.

Chrysler's conception of quality has converted commonplace factories into huge laboratories where each individual unit is scientifically designed, manufactured and tested with unvarying accuracy and precision.

This is but an essential development incident to attaining the new and unique type of quality which is standardized — *inexorably*—in Chrysler manufacture, and which finds its supreme expression in the Imperial "80".

And this it is—this Chrysler *Standardized Quality*—which makes your fingers literally tingle to get at the wheel of the Imperial "80" and experience for yourself the things you instinctively feel and see, if you please, when you look at the Imperial "80".

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80" —*Phaeton, $2495; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), $2595; Sport Phaeton, $2895; Coupe, two-passenger, $2895; Coupe, four-passenger, $2895; Sedan, five-passenger, $3095; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3195; Cabriolet, $3495; Sedan-Limousine, $3595; Town Car, $5495. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.*

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

IN THE

AMERICAN MERCURY

FOR NOVEMBER

(Out October 25th)

William McFee is the only American novelist ever to offer a successful challenge to Joseph Conrad. His two novels, "Command" and "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," are works of the very highest merit. Like Conrad, he now turns from the East to Latin America, and his next novel will deal with the latter romantic region. One of its by-products is an extraordinary short story, "The Untarnished Shield." It will be a principal feature of the November issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

Other contents:

QUAY OF PENNSYLVANIA *By Isaac R. Pennypacker*

An intimate character sketch of the famous boss, for long a hobgoblin for reformers and uplifters, by one who knew him well.

VESTIGE OF NORDIC ARCADY *By Bernard De Voto*

The strange story of an island in the Great Lakes that has escaped Americanization, and is still civilized, sinful and happy.

OREGON POETS

Specimens of the excellent verse being written by unknown bards, chiefly very young, on the upper Pacific Coast.

JIMMY WALKER *By Henry F. Pringle*

A close-up of the gay and gaudy young mayor of New York. How he rose to eminence and how he runs his job.

THE PALMY DAYS OF METHODISM *By Herbert Asbury*

What went on in the days when every Methodist evangelist was a sorcerer, and the saved fell by the thousand, yelling and jumping about.

THE MORAL LAW *By William Seagle*

An account of the new and ferocious laws lately put upon the statute-books of various American States. A valuable contribution to the record of the uplift.

The circulation of THE AMERICAN MERCURY still increases steadily. The newsstands are commonly sold out a few days after a new issue appears. The judicious reader subscribes by the year.

AUGUST PUBLICATIONS Dutton's *SEPTEMBER PUBLICATIONS*

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By "Lord" George Sanger.

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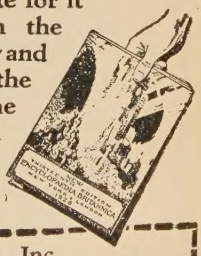

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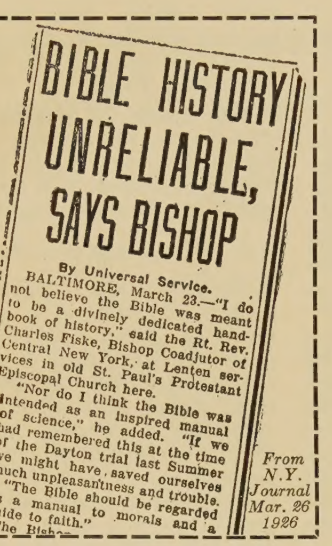
A Bishop Forgets His Bible!

The Right Reverend Bishop Charles Fiske at St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church of Baltimore, Maryland, publicly admits that the Bible is no longer an authority in matters of history or science. He does, however, believe it to be a book for moral guidance.

No doubt the good bishop has forgotten his Bible! For no person, who knows the Bible thoroughly, would dare ask his wife, his children, his friends, his neighbors, to pattern their morals, their conduct, their honesty after the example set forth in the "Holy Scriptures."



BIBLE HISTORY UNRELIABLE, SAYS BISHOP

By Universal Service.

BALTIMORE, March 23.—"I do not believe the Bible was meant to be a divinely dedicated handbook of history," said the Rt. Rev. Charles Fiske, Bishop Coadjutor of Central New York, at Lenten services in old St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church here.

"Nor do I think the Bible was intended as an inspired manual of science," he added. "If we had remembered this at the time of the Dayton trial last Summer we might have saved ourselves much unpleasantness and trouble.

"The Bible should be regarded as a manual to morals and a guide to faith."

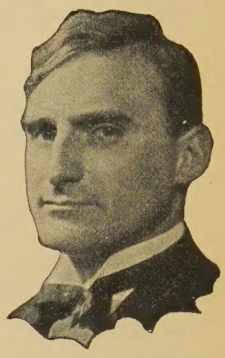
The Bish—

From N.Y. Journal Mar. 26 1926

THE Bible has been driven steadily from its place as the despotic arbiter of all knowledge. Once the sole criterion of learning, to dispute it was to welcome torture and death.

Today we are enlightened. We have rejected its authority in every field of knowledge upon which depends the welfare, the happiness, and the progress of the race. But many still cling, as a drowning man will grab at a straw, to one last despairing, knee-bending gesture to the Bible. "*It gives us a workable code of morals!*" they cry. Read again Bishop Fiske's statement. The Bible is *unreliable*—but it is mankind's moral guide!

How can we be sure of that? Proved false in its other claims, shall we accept even this last lurking claim without at least some *honest, open-minded investigation?*



JOSEPH LEWIS

THIS DARING BOOK *Tells the Truth—AT LAST!*

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We challenge Bishop Fiske or any clergyman to disprove a single statement of this book.

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Joseph Lewis marshals such an array of indisputable evidence that people everywhere will rush to their Bible for verification.

Parents will want to know what it is that their children are being taught in Sunday-school.

Religious believers will be shocked to learn what they have accepted as divine truth.

Clergymen will have to get this amazing book, for they will have to answer the questions of their congregations.

Controversy is sure to follow, as "The Bible Unmasked" lays bare the naked truth about the Bible. But this conflict is welcomed. The Bible must no longer parade under false colors. It cannot be held up as a moral guide. The time has come when the Bible, already an outcast from the field of science, must be judged and weighed and valued as any other human book.

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Joseph and Potiphar's Wife
Judah and His Daughter-in-Law Tamar
King David of Israel and His Wives
The Rape of Tamar by Her Brother Amnon
The Story of Ruth
King Solomon and His Songs
The Book of Esther
The Virgin Birth, or Mary, The Holy Ghost, Joseph and Jesus Christ
The Virgin Birth According to St. Luke
Elisabeth, Angel Gabriel and Zacharias, or the Seduction of Elisabeth According to the Gospel of St. Luke
Jesus and The Sinner

NOTE

This is only a partial list of chapter headings. Lack of space prohibits giving complete table of contents.

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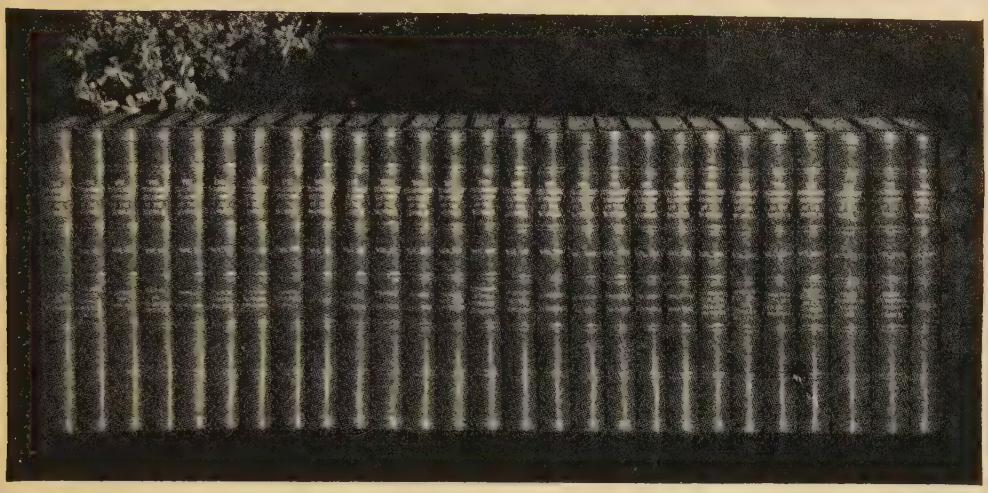

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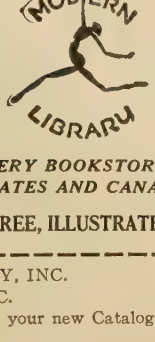

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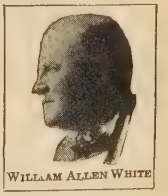

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By Lawrence Park. *William Edwin Rudge*
$100 12¾ x 9¼; 4 vols., 983 pp.; 606 plates *New York*

This sumptuous work is a monument to the diligence and scholarship of Mr. Park and to the craftsmanship of Mr. Rudge. No less than 1059 portraits by Stuart are described in detail, including 111 of George Washington, and 610 are reproduced, four in photogravure and 606 in full-page half-tone. Mr. Park, who died in 1924, devoted many years to amassing his materials, and it is hard to imagine them being substantially augmented hereafter. Every portrait is dealt with precisely, and there are notes upon its ownership, upon the known copies of it, upon reproductions, and upon the sitter. A short biography of Stuart, embodying much unfamiliar matter, is contributed by John Hill Morgan, and there is a critical essay by Royal Cortissoz. At the end of Volume II are a list of portraits attributed to Stuart, and lists of the present and past owners of all the portraits. In typography and press-work the four volumes are beyond praise.

PRACTICAL PICTORIAL COMPOSITION.
By E. G. Lutz. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 200 pp. *New York*

The reader addressed here is the layman, not the artist. The author's discussion of composition is extremely clear and shrewd, and the book is of genuine value. That value is greatly increased by the excellent schematic illustrations.

THE LIFE-WORK OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT, FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT.
By H. Th. Wijdeveld and others. *C. E. Mees*
Fl. 30. 13 x 12½; 7 vols.; 164 pp. in all *Santpoort, Holland*

It is an ironical fact that the first adequate account of Mr. Wright's extraordinary work comes from Holland. The work consists of seven special numbers of the art magazine, *Wendingen*, and is edited by Mr. Wijdeveld. The contributors include the editor, Lewis Mumford, H. P. Berlage, J. J. P. Oud, R. Mallet Stevens, Erich Mendelsohn, Louis H. Sullivan and Mr. Wright himself. There are scores of plans and many drawings and photographs. All of Mr. Wright's most celebrated works, including the Imperial Hotel at Tokio, the Midway Gardens at Chicago, the Barnsdall residence at Hollywood, and the architect's own house at Spring Green, Wis., are shown. No more original architect has ever been in practise in America. There is a superb daring in these designs, and there is also, more than once, a brilliant and lasting beauty.

CRITICISM

THE FIGHT FOR A BOOK.
By William Sloane Kennedy. *The Stonecraft Press*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 304 pp. *West Yarmouth, Mass.*

An elaborate study of the critical reception that greeted Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," with a review of the changes in critical opinion since then. The book also contains an account of the gradual growth of "Leaves of Grass," a gloss on certain difficult passages, an index of the dates of the individual poems, a dictionary of changes in their titles, a bibliography, an index to certain articles in the *Conservator*, a list of Whitman's friends and enemies, and the text of his will. The book shows a vast diligence and will be of value to every student of Whitman.

THE MODERN WRITER.
By Sherwood Anderson. *The Lantern Press*
$2 5½ x 8½; 44 pp. *San Francisco*

This is the text of a lecture that Anderson has delivered before many American audiences. His thesis is that "the modern movement . . . is an attempt on the part of the workman to get back into his hands some control over the tools and materials of his craft." The little book is beautifully printed, and bound attractively by the Grabhorn brothers.

OVID AND HIS INFLUENCE.
By Edward Kennard Rand. *The Marshall Jones Company*
$1.50 7¼ x 4¾; 184 pp. *Boston*

This is a careful examination of the works of Ovid and of the ups and downs of his popularity and critical evaluation throughout the centuries. The book is very well written, and the author is happily free from the Puritanism which regards Ovid as one of the devil's chief advocates. Dr. Rand is professor of Latin at Harvard and one of the country's greatest classical scholars.

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Continued from page xxii

WALT WHITMAN.
By John Bailey. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.25 6⅞ x 4⅜; 220 pp. *New York*

GEORGE MEREDITH
By J. B. Priestly *The Macmillan Company*
$1.25 6⅞ x 4⅜; 204 pp. *New York*

These excellent little books belong to the English Men of Letters New Series, edited by J. C. Squire. Mr. Priestley's volume on Meredith has brought forth protests from the novelist's son, but its essential statements of fact are probably sound. Mr. Bailey's estimate of Whitman is one of the most intelligent so far published.

THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN PROSE.
By Joseph Warren Beach.
The University of Chicago Press
$2.50 8½ x 5¾; 285 pp. *Chicago*

This is perhaps the first book, written by an American, in which precept is backed up by practise. Mr. Beach writes very effectively, and has much of interest to say. His judgments on the writing of Dreiser, Anderson, Van Vechten and other living Americans are well-informed and plausible.

POETRY AND CRITICISM.
By Edith Sitwell. *Henry Holt & Company*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 37 pp. *New York*

A brief essay in explanation and defense of so-called "modern" poetry, chiefly platitudinous.

BIOGRAPHY

DOSTOEVSKY PORTRAYED BY HIS WIFE.
By Anna Gregorevna Dostoevsky. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
$4.25 8⅝ x 5⅜; 272 pp. *New York*

DOSTOEVSKY
By André Gide. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 211 pp. *New York*

To the partisan of Dostoevsky both of these books will be of value. Anna Gregorevna Snitkin married Dostoevsky, as his second wife, in 1867, and after his death in 1881 devoted all the rest of her long life (she died in 1918) to his memory. Her book recounts in great detail the circumstances of their meeting (she came to him as his stenographer), and includes extracts from her diary, notes on his friends, and a chapter on his relations to Turgenev. The Gide book is by an ardent admirer, but nevertheless it is full of shrewd criticism. It has a preface by Arnold Bennett.

ELBERT HUBBARD OF EAST AURORA.
By Felix Shay. *William H. Wise & Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 6; 554 pp. *New York*

Mr. Shay does not attempt a formal biography, but contents himself with a series of anecdotes of the man, most of them drawn from personal contact. He was general manager of the Roycrofters at the time of Hubbard's death. The book is turned out in the most formidable East Aurora style. There is a brief foreword in the Coolidgean manner by Henry Ford, who, it appears, was an early convert to the Roycroftie æsthetic.

FRANZ LISZT.
By Guy de Pourtales. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 5½ x 8; 304 pp. *New York*

A romantic, and often somewhat lyrical biography of the great Hungarian, chiefly devoted to his love affairs. In the original French the book is called "L'Homme d'Amour." The translation is by Eleanor Stimson Brooks.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

U. S. *A Second Study in Democracy.*
By H. E. Buchholz. *Warwick & York*
$2.20 7⅞ x 5; 394 pp. *Baltimore*

Mr. Buchholz rehearses very effectively the evils that have sprung up under democracy, and then suggests a remedy. It contemplates the education, not of the masses, but of a small class. This class, he proposes, shall refrain from seeking public office, but shall devote itself to a relentless scrutiny of the government. He believes that it is immaterial who is in office so long as all official acts are carefully examined and intelligently criticized.

OPIUM: *The Demon Flower.*
By Sara Graham-Mulhall. *Harold Vinal*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 310 pp. *New York*

The author was formerly a deputy police commissioner in New York, engaged in putting down drug selling, and so the screech of the uplifter gets itself into her narrative. She is quite willing to prohibit opium altogether in order to save the addicts. Its place in medicine, she believes, will be taken by some synthetic drug.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS RULERS.
By J. E. Kirkpatrick. *The New Republic, Inc.*
$1 7¼ x 4¾; 309 pp. (paper) *New York*

The author considers historically the adminis-

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Continued from page xxiv

trative development of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and some of the smaller colleges, and points out that control of them has passed from their resident officers to non-resident laymen. He argues that this is detrimental to their best intellectual interests, and proposes that administrative control be vested in a body composed of representatives of the faculty and the student body. The book is full of valuable information, and is perhaps the best study of college pathology in print.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.
By James H. Dolsen.
The Daily Worker Publishing Company
$1 7¼ x 5¼; 267 pp. (paper) *Chicago*

This is frankly propaganda in behalf of the left wing of the Chinese labor movement, but it is full of valuable information about industrial and political conditions in China. The exploitation of the country by foreign capitalists is considered at length. There are numerous maps, illustrations, and tables of statistics.

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE.
By Margaret Sanger. *Brentano's*
$2 7½ x 5; 231 pp. *New York*

The author is the well-known advocate of birth control. Unluckily, the shadow of the Comstocks is upon her, and so she seldom gets beyond platitudes. Practically all of what she says has been said before, even by such pious fellows as the Rev. Dr. Sylvanus Stall.

ITALY UNDER MUSSOLINI.
By William Bolitho. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 8 x 5; 129 pp, *New York*

A realistic and sardonic account of the methods and achievements of Fascism, by a well-informed English journalist. The contents of the book originally appeared in the form of articles in the New York *World*.

THE WORLD COURT MYTH.
By James V. Giblin and Arthur L. Brown.
The Wright & Potter Printing Company
8 x 5; 447 pp. *Boston*

A vigorous and extremely effective polemic against the World Court. The authors, examining the recent debate on the subject in the Senate, show that most of the proponents of the Court revealed a magnificent ignorance of the available facts.

PROBLEMS OF JOURNALISM: *Proceedings of the Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.* *Published by the Society*
9 x 6; 135 pp. *Washington, D. C.*

This volume makes very depressing reading. Seldom, indeed, does the learned editors' discussion of their professional problems rise above the level of Rotary platitude. The debate on journalistic ethics, on pages 32 *et seq.*, is especially illuminating.

MIDAS, *or The United States and the Future.*
By C. H. Bretherton. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 88 pp. *New York*

The author is an Englishman long resident in the United States. His views of the future of the country is extremely pessimistic. It will become, he believes, "a gigantic Babbitt warren," full of money but quite devoid of ideas.

LETTERS TO JUDD.
By Upton Sinclair. *Published by the Author*
$1 8½ x 5¼; 64 pp. *Pasadena, Calif.*

A diatribe upon the evils of the time, in the form of a series of letters to an elderly workingman. The author's main thesis is that "the condition of the mass of workers in the United States has been getting slowly but steadily worse for the past thirty-five years."

THE SCIENCES

THE PEDIGREE OF THE HUMAN RACE.
By Harris Hawthorne Wilder. *Henry Holt & Company*
$3.25 8½ x 5¼; 368 pp. *New York*

An excellent summary of the known facts about the descent of man and his place in nature. Dr. Wilder is inclined to think that the differences separating the *Hominidae* from the *Simiidae* have been over-stressed. He has put together an immense mass of facts in an interesting way. Curiously enough, in discussing the psychic process in the higher apes, he does not mention the work of Köhler and Yerkes, and in discussing the origins of speech he passes over that of Learned and the speculations of Jespersen.

THE ASCENT OF MAN BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION.
By Alfred Machin. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$2.75 8½ x 5½; 325 pp. *New York*

The author is a thorough-going Darwinian and believes that natural selection alone is sufficient to account for the rise of man. But he by no means con-

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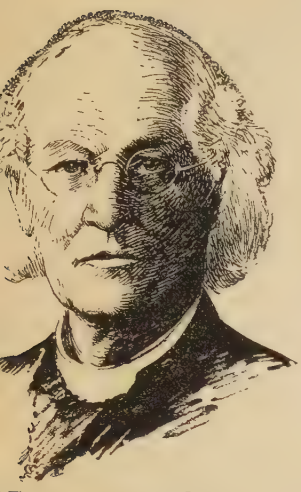

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fuses it with the survival of the strongest. The two moving forces in civilization, he argues, are personal ambition and parental love, and the two means by which they work are industry and abstinence.

THE PEAKS OF MEDICAL HISTORY.
By Charles L. Dana. *Paul B. Hoeber*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 105 pp. *New York*

This book, because it is so short, is necessarily somewhat sketchy, but nevertheless it has some value. The illustrations are unusually numerous and effective. They include not only the usual portraits, but also many reproductions of anatomical and clinical plates from the medical classics.

ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE.
By Karl Sudhoff. *The Medical Life Press*
9¼ x 6; 397 pp. *New York*

Karl Sudhoff, of Leipzig, is the foremost living medical historian, and perhaps the greatest of all time. The present volume of translations is made up of thirty-eight of his miscellaneous essays, all of them interesting, and some of them—for example, the one on the history of syphilis in Europe—of capital importance. The book is edited by Lieut. Col. F. H. Garrison, of the Army Medical Corps, Sudhoff's most brilliant disciple in America, and includes a charming biographical sketch by the editor.

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY: *Its Problems and Methods.*
By Charles Fox. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8½ x 5¼; 380 pp. *New York*

The author is director of the training of teachers at Cambridge University. His book discusses clearly and at length the contributions that experimental psychology has made to practical pedagogy, and is happily free from the windy theorizing and puerile pseudo-science that characterize most of the treatises of his American colleagues.

THE STORY OF ELECTRICITY.
By W. F. F. Shearcroft. *Greenberg*
$1.25 7½ x 5; 73 pp. *New York*

THE STORY OF THE ATOM.
By W. F. F. Shearcroft. *Greenberg*
$1.25 7½ x 5; 79 pp. *New York*

THE STORY OF MATHEMATICS.
By Denham Larrett. *Greenberg*
$1.25 7½ x 5; 88 pp. *New York*

These are all excellent books for the general reader who desires a clear and authoritative discussion of the more cultural aspects of physics, chemistry and mathematics. In his book on electricity Mr. Shearcroft traces the subject from the earliest times down to the present. He mentions the leading personalities in that history and he presents their contributions very lucidly. He follows the same procedure in his book on the atom, which he treats not only from the physical but also from the chemical and electrical points of view. Mr. Larrett, who assumes a slight knowledge of the fundamentals of algebra and geometry in his reader, performs the miracle of writing a short history of mathematics that is at once understandable and interesting.

MANKIND, NATION AND INDIVIDUAL FROM A LINGUISTIC POINT OF VIEW.
By Otto Jespersen. *The Harvard University Press*
$1.40 7¾ x 5¼; 222 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

This is a profound and extremely interesting discussion of the fundamental problems of language. Dr. Jespersen rejects the common notion that the primary aim of speech is to convey ideas; he shows that that purpose appears relatively late, and is not dominant, even in educated persons. He discusses, further, the questions of good usage, of slang and of secret language. The book shows immense learning and has much charm. The author, though he is a Dane and teaches in Copenhagen, is perhaps the foremost living authority upon English.

DETERMINISM IN EDUCATION.
By William C. Bagley. *Warwick & York*
$2.20 7½ x 4¾; 194 pp. *Baltimore*

Dr. Bagley, who is professor of education at Columbia, is an opponent of the so-called intelligence tests, and here attacks them with great energy and ingenuity. The book is a reprint of papers that he has published during the past four years, with much new matter.

HISTORY

HISTORY OF HUMAN SOCIETY
By Frank W. Blackmer. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 7⅛ x 5¼; 512 pp. *New York*

A well-planned and intelligent, but mainly very dull account of the development of government and social organization, apparently intended for the use of college students. The author is professor of sociology at the University of Kansas. Pedagogues in the Bible Belt should be warned that the hypothesis of evolution is treated politely on page 80.

Continued on page xxx

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.
The Truth-Seeker Company
$3 7⅞ x 5⅜; 645 pp. *New York*

This is the fourth edition of a book that has had a wide circulation among enemies of ecclesiasticism. Its materials are largely taken from the well-known work of H. C. Lea. Chapters on the crusades, on the persecutions carried on by Protestants, on the witchcraft delusion, and on the attitude of the American churches toward slavery before the Civil War are added, and there are many illustrations.

IMPERIAL ROME.
By Martin P. Nilsson. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5 8⅝ x 5⅜; 376 pp. *New York*

In the first half of this volume the author, who is a professor in the University of Lund, reviews the history of the Empire from the death of Julius Cæsar to the usurpation of Odoacer, chiefly through the medium of elaborate character sketches of the successive Emperors. In the second half he presents chapters on its geography, its governmental and social structure, its defenses, and the character of its population. There will be a second volume, dealing with its finances, its educational system and the conflict between Christianity and paganism. The work is not light reading, but it shows sound information and often considerable shrewdness.

THE MIND OF THE NEGRO AS REFLECTED IN LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE CRISIS: 1800-1860.
By Carter Godwin Woodson. *The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc.*
$5 9½ x 6½; 672 pp. *Washington, D.C.*

Most of the letters in this collection were lifted from the files of the *Liberator*, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, the *Philanthropist*, the *Non-Slaveholder* and similar publications. There are helpful historical notes prefaced to some of them. All of them are here reproduced exactly as originally printed. There are a few letters by prominent Negroes written prior to 1800.

THE YARN OF A YANKEE PRIVATEER.
Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Funk & Wagnalls Company
$2 7½ x 5; 308 pp. *New York*

In the year 1846 there appeared in a magazine now defunct a series of anonymous autobiographical articles dealing with the experiences of a sailor aboard an American privateer during the War of 1812. They were edited by Hawthorne. A few years ago his late daughter came across a forgotten manuscript of her father's and put it into the care of Clifford Smyth, who soon discovered that it was plainly intended to appear in the serial of 1846, but had for some reason been omitted. The whole narrative is reproduced in the present book for the first time. The author, who remains unknown, could obviously write good English, and he had a nose for salty events. There is an introduction by Mr. Smyth.

THE BUSINESS LIFE OF ANCIENT ATHENS.
By George Calhoun. *The University of Chicago Press*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 175 pp. *Chicago*

Mr. Calhoun presents evidence that the Greeks were not only great thinkers and artists, but also astute business men, and that many so-called modern commercial methods were known to them. Incidentally, he points out that mere wealth commanded as much respect in classical Athens as it does in New York now.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA.
By Herbert H. Gowen and Josef W. Hall.
D. Appleton and Company
$4 8½ x 5½; 542 pp. *New York*

This is not merely a history of dynasties, but also a study of the development of Chinese culture. A little less than half the book is devoted to the Republican era. The authors have a personal knowledge of present-day China, and they maintain that "China and America, the most vital representatives of the Eastern and Western types of cultures, are destined to be the history-making nations of the century." There are a map and a bibliography.

TEXT-BOOKS

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF MEDICAL WRITING.
By George H. Simmons and Morris Fishbein.
The American Medical Association
$1.50 7½ x 4½; 163 pp. *Chicago*

This excellent little manual is addressed primarily to medical men, but it should be of interest and value to all writers. There are good chapters on the structure of the article, spelling and capitalization, abbreviations, illustrations, charts and tables, and proofreading. At least one error has crept into the text. The authors say that THE AMERICAN MERCURY retains the English *u* in words ending in *-or*. This is a gross and lamentable libel.

Continued on page xxxii

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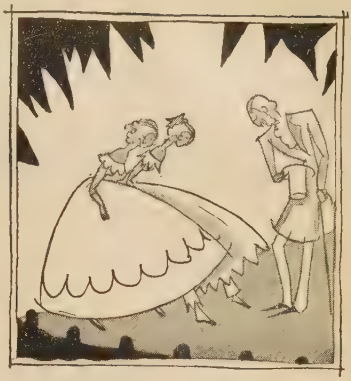

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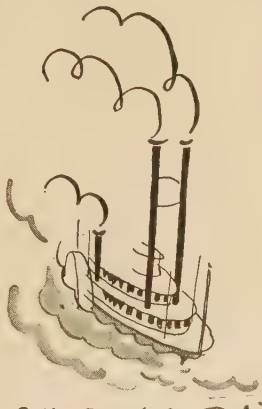

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE PROJECTS.
By D. Davis Farrington. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Co.*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 306 pp. *New York*

The purpose of this book is to teach the college student how to write descriptive and narrative compositions. Among the "problems" discussed in it are: Is It Important To Be Able To Express What One Sees?; How Does One See?; What Special Methods Are Involved in Describing Things Seen?; How Shall A Plot Be Developed?; In What Professions Or Occupations Is It Necessary To Have Ability To Describe?; and What Uses And Characteristics Has Narration? Among the distinguished stylists frequently quoted are A. S. M. Hutchinson, Sabatini, Christopher Morley, Sheila Kaye-Smith, W. J. Locke and A. Hamilton Gibbs. The author is assistant professor of English at Hunter College, New York.

FICTION

DAPHNE BRUNO.
THE FULFILMENT OF DAPHNE BRUNO.
By Ernest Raymond. *The George H. Doran Company*
$3 7¼ x 5; 379+278 pp. 2 vols. *New York*

Daphne Bruno, the daughter of an English literary critic, is bubbling over with an ambition to write. While her soul is thus crying for expression, she meets a handsome and learned American and is about ready to give herself to him when she learns that he is a married man. So she goes back to her literary ambitions, but not for long, for we soon find her married to a childhood sweetheart. A child is about to come and she is in agony: her writing career will be ruined! Her daughter, Evie, grows, becomes modern, and soon tells her mother that she is going to Spain for three weeks with a lover. Daphne does not like this plan at all. She therefore sits down to write her daughter a letter relating what Life has taught her, and in it she says: "I am daily more satisfied that existing for the huge majority is more enjoyable than miserable." Immediately on the receipt of this letter Evie decides to marry her lover—and to write a play of her Great Experiences.

WINTER WHEAT.
By Almey St. John Adcock.
The George H. Doran Company
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 320 pp. *New York*

Nancy Fallows is in love with Jason Unthank, a fellow who is somewhat careless with his affections. Nancy feels a baby coming, but Jason is by now in search of new adventures, so she goes far away from home, writes her folks that she has married someone there, that her husband has been killed accidentally, and that she has been left with a son. She returns home to her unsuspecting parents. Jason proposes to marry her if she will get rid of "the other man's son." They are married, but soon separated because of Jason's hatred of the son. A few minutes before both Nancy and the son die, Jason learns the truth.

CO-ED.
By Olive Deane Hormel. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 337 pp. *New York*

Lucia Lehigh attends one of the big mid-Western co-educational universities, joins a number of sororities, is pawed over by several fraternity men, and ends her college career by getting a diploma and a husband.

EAST OF MANSION HOUSE.
By Thomas Burke. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 270 pp. *New York*

A collection of twelve short stories dealing with the life of the people living east of the Mansion House in London. They are all somewhat artificial.

GRANITE.
By Thomas Quinn. *Harold Vinal*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 227 pp. *New York*

Graham Foster has a few love affairs in a small Eastern town where he was born and brought up, goes to Dartmouth and there learns the mysteries of arm-pinching and the less refined forms of petting. All the while, Mr. Quinn assures us, he is unconsciously on the lookout for a sweet and wholesome girl who will comfort him in his struggles with the cruel world. He finds her. The lady culture-hounds of Iowa and similar great Commonwealths, once this book reaches them, will not wash the dishes until they are through with it.

THE DESERT THOROUGHBRED.
By Jackson Gregory. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 331 pp. *New York*

Camilla Darrel's soul is in turmoil. She goes out to the desert and rolls her eyes toward the moon and the stars, her arms spread in supplication. Along comes Lasalle, a rancher, and before long her soul is at peace again. They both go to Mexicali, a famous resort along the Mexican border. There Lasalle, in the nick of time, rescues Camilla from the clutches of numerous bad men. The story ends with Camilla and Lasalle in a strong and long embrace. What a movie it will make!

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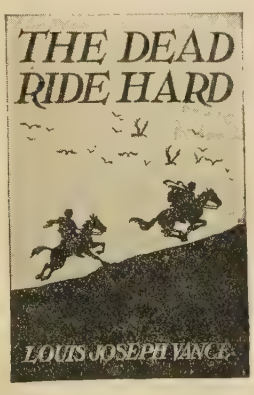

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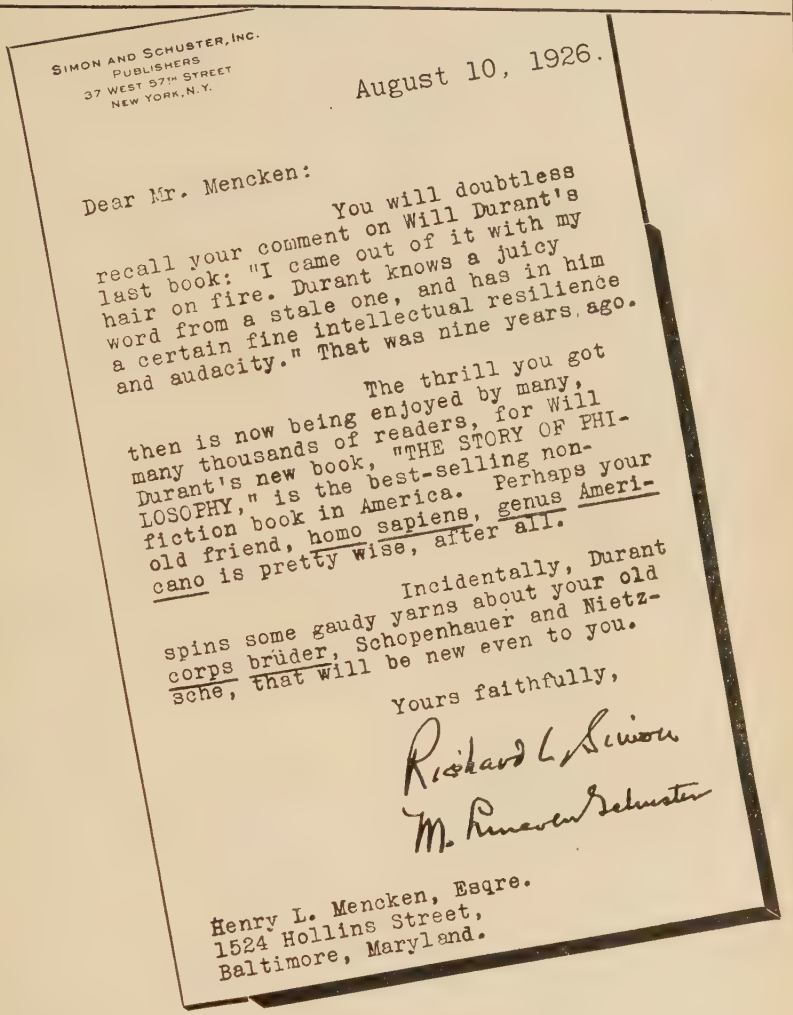

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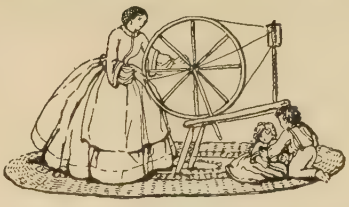

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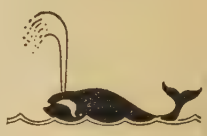

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We are not divided, all one body we,
Only many sided, marvellous P. E.!

THE above facetious rendering of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is attributed, probably falsely, to the Rev. lliam Harmon Van Allen, rector of the ualistic and very stylish Church of the vent at the foot of Beacon Hill in Bos-. It furnishes satisfactorily the key to tudy of that most baffling of all ecclesi-ical mysteries, the Protestant Episcopal urch of the United States of America. r, like Sam Houston's oft-quoted re-rks about Texas, almost anything can th a show of truth be asserted of the CUSA. It is at once the broadest and the rrowest, the most Protestant and the st pro-Roman, the most ecclesiastical d the most evangelical of American re-ious bodies.

One of the first anomalies to strike the tsider is the disproportionate influence ercised by what is one of the smallest sects. In 1830 its list of communicants owed a total of 30,000 compared with 00,000 in 1920. The proportion of com-nicants to the national population in e former year was 1.4%, and in the latter ar it was 1.9%. When one thinks of the bitious claims of the Cathedral of St. hn the Divine to be the cathedral of all e people of New York, when one tries to agine the sum of $15,000,000, the aim of the building campaign, one feels that here must be a mighty religion, representing the greater portion of the American people. One is still more awed at the thought of the programme of the Episcopalian cathedral at Washington, which is to be, according to the campaign literature, the national cathedral, the Westminster Abbey of These United States. Again there are the pompous bulls of the Bishops displayed on the front pages of the metropolitan dailies so as to make the utterances of the poor Pope look insignificant by comparison.

Only a study of the statistics can distinguish facts from propaganda. The figures show for the Episcopalian diocese of New York only 93,000 communicants. That is, in the city where the communicants of this Church are most numerous they number about one in every seventy. The farther one explores into the hinterland the less becomes the proportion. Thus in Chicago they are less than one in every hundred of the population, and in Kansas they number only one half of one per cent of the State population. To make the thing still more vivid, the Episcopalians number one-eighth the count of the despised Methodists. Their total of 1,100,000 communicants is a little less than the total number of Roman Catholics in the archdiocese of New York. But spread out all over the United States and Alaska are no less than

125 Bishops ministering to the same number of people as are taken care of in New York by the Cardinal and his coadjutor!

The secret of the publicity? The Episcopalians are the religious aristocrats. Just as the *hoi polloi* cannot hope to contend with the Four Hundred in the Sunday supplements, so neither can the outcast religions cope with the Church of the Vanderbilts and Morgans. Go where you will, to the once Unitarian Boston, to Methodist Nebraska, or to Baptist Alabama, the Episcopalians are always the local élite. The twenty-four communicants who make up the congregation of the struggling little mission in Augusta, Kansas, though they have no resident minister and can just about pay their light bill, are nevertheless looked upon with awe by the submerged four thousand who make up the rest of the town's population. The result is that the Church stays small. The rabble seldom feels at ease in such company at church and not at all in the social activities. On the other hand, as a Topeka Presbyterian minister recently said, once let a Protestant get into the surtax class and he immediately acquires an appetite for apostolic succession. This is especially so when the acquisition of wealth brings the usual weakening of the moral fibre that proclaims itself in the sinful indulgences of dancing, bridge, and even the taking of a quiet drink of the forbidden hooch. The Episcopal Church thus takes on the added attraction of being fashionable.

Wealth enables the Church to pay the highest salaries to its clergy of any in the land save the Unitarians. Some Eastern dioceses as far back as 1920 established as the minimum stipend for a married parson the sum of $1500 a year. This usually includes a rectory and, where there is more than one church to attend to, a flivver. This, as I say, is true only of the rich Eastern dioceses. Things are different with the rustic rectors in the back country. Some of them have been known to receive as little as $50 a month, though this is rare. The general average for the South and West is about $1000 a year—an unheard of sum among most Methodist and Baptist pastors. In New York City there are a number of parishes paying their rectors well above $10,000 a year, while in Providence, Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities it is not unusual for the Levites of the larger and more fashionable synagogues to get from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. That there is often real hardship for the backwoods parsons goes without saying, and that is one reason why these men instantly feel a call from the Lord whenever a more prosperous parish offers them a raise. Says the Rev. Francis Richey of Maplewood, N. J.:

> The usefulness of men in the ministry is terribly depleted, because, as men see old age approaching, they seek other employment and make void their ministry. The fear of debt is, probably, the greatest menace in the ministry. Once a man, on a small stipend, becomes involved, and then loses his position, his case becomes desperate.

When the clergy want a change of position they use various means for accomplishing their purpose, such as writing personally to members of the vestry of a vacant parish, to the Bishop of the diocese, or to the standing committee. Or they may ask clerical friends to use their influence. Or, again, they may resort to the columns of the church papers. Here is a typical example of the latter procedure. It is from the *Living Church:*

> POSITION WANTED—CLERICAL
>
> Priest now getting good salary—university and seminary graduate—of considerable pulpit ability, in the prime of life. Experienced, seeks parish where spiritual ideas prevail—where the lodges do not take first place—where laymen want to see men saved, Bible, Prayer Book, apostolic, evangelical preaching. No card parties, shows, etc., to raise money. Wanted a people willing, at least, to learn to pray for and work for the salvation of souls. Address Consecration-523, care *Living Church*, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Episcopalians are also in the lead in the pension matter. The Church Pension Fund was organized a decade ago, and under the able leadership of the outstanding liberal Bishop of the Church, the Right Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., a first-rate money-getter, of the diocese of Massachusetts, the move proved a success at once

lready there is such an appreciation of nds that the original minimum pension $600 a year has been raised to $750 a ear, and it is prophesied that the amount ill soon be no less than $1,000, if not ,200 a year. The wealth of the Episcoalians again shows itself in their contributions. Here they also lead the other enominations by several lengths. The otal contributions for 1925 were nearly 42,000,000!

A more efficient method of collecting nd distributing donations was devised ith the general reorganization of the administrative offices of the Church which ook place in 1919. The various boards, adly coördinated and often overlapping, ere harmonized into a single system of epartments, at the head of which is the ational Council, with headquarters at ew York. Here the budget is made out, nd the sums to be raised apportioned mong the dioceses. The Fathers in God ere considerably exercised last year over million dollar deficit for the National ouncil, but an enthusiastic assembly at he General Convention in New Orleans ledged the amount immediately.

Before the creation of the National Coun- l the Church was badly in need of some ort of administrative machinery to carry over between the triennial meetings of he General Convention. This last named ody, consisting of a House of Bishops and lower House of Deputies, made a suffiently adequate legislative body, but here was no head to the Church, no one o whom disputes or extra-routine busiess might be referred. The constitution f the Church was drawn up shortly after he Constitution of the United States was dopted, and it shares the apprehension ommon at the time that a too strong cenal government would prove a Frankenein. That the new machinery again rouses ears in the breasts of some of the sheperds appears from a paper read last Febru-y at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, y the Rev. Alexander G. Cummins, D.D., f Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dr. Cummins is one of those who look upon the Council as the beginning of the institution of a Pope and College of Cardinals, and he is not one to hide his fears under a bushel:

> Problems and complexes in government are taking place in the Protestant Episcopal Church, containing in themselves a menace to the well being of what was intended to be an ecclesiastical democracy of a purely American type, following the general outline of American procedure and principles as set forth by the founders of this Republic.
>
> In 1919 the General Convention created the office of Presiding Bishop and Council, the latter an organization destined to exercise autocratic powers for the reason that its departmental system is appointed and is not responsible to the people of the Church, not having derived authority therefrom in accordance with the spirit of the constitution. In 1922 the Presiding Bishop and Council's name was changed to the National Council. The General Convention in 1925 heralded the newly elected president of the Council as the Presiding Bishop also. Centralization goes merrily on. It is now proposed that the provinces be reduced to four—the East, the South, the Mid-West and the Pacific Coast. One step farther is only needed to complete a full monarchical system—Primate of all America and four Archbishops.

The great majority of clergy and laity, however, are in favor of the new centralization, and the Rev. Dr. Cummins' fears probably represent only that small minority of died-in-the-wool Protestants that has not yet bowed the knee to Baal.

II

So far I have dealt with the Episcopal Church from the purely American point of view. What must be borne in mind is that while it owes no legal duty of obedience to the Church of England, from which it separated when the thirteen colonies became an independent Republic, it does, nevertheless, claim to be an autonomous unit of that collection of self-governing Churches popularly known as the Anglican Communion. Thus the Book of Common Prayer used in the United States is but a slightly modified form of the book of the same name used in the Church of England. Consequently the Episcopal Church of the United States inherits not only the doctrines and ceremonies of the English body

but also all the problems growing out of the English Reformation.

All of us learned in our school days that the English Church set up housekeeping as a separate organization during the reign of Henry VIII. All histories, except those written by Anglicans themselves, look upon that Church as one of the Protestant bodies that were formed during the Sixteenth Century. We are rather amazed, therefore, to find that a growing portion of present-day Anglicans say they are not Protestants at all but Catholics. They say that Rome is not Catholic because it has added to the original Catholic faith, and that the Anglicans have preserved that faith in a purer form than the Papists. If one asks about the name Protestant Episcopal, one is told that they are going to get rid of it as soon as possible. And sure enough, the records of the General Convention in this country show that they have been trying to shake off the appellation for over a generation. But the laity balk this game, for be it known that no matter how strongly the clergy may insist upon their Catholicity the average Episcopalian layman will have none of it. Who will win only time will tell.

In the colonial days in this land the Episcopalians were early in the field, at Jamestown in 1607, and with the *Mayflower* Pilgrims in 1620. For some reason or other, however, the colonial Church never got beyond the status of a mission. The Mother Church never sent over Bishops, and so it was that the ceremony of confirmation was not administered in America until after the Revolution. Those who wanted to be ministers went to England and were there ordained. The bulk of the colonial clergy came from England anyway. With the Revolution an accomplished fact, it was seen that the Church would have to be independent of England if it was to have any luck at all converting the American heathen. But this was not so easily accomplished as might be supposed. The English Bishops simply refused to consecrate a Bishop for this country. And so it happened that after the Rev. Samuel Seabury of Connecticut, who had gone over for the purpose of being made a Bishop, tired of warming his toes in England and getting nowhere, he appealed to the Bishops of the Episcopal Church in Scotland and received consecration. The English softened later and consecrated Bishop White of Philadelphia. The episcopacy in America was thus assured.

The Roman Catholic Church not only denies that the Protestant Episcopal Church is Catholic in the sense of teaching Catholic truth, but also denies that the line of Bishops in the Anglican communion is descended in unbroken line from the Apostles. However, the Anglicans have been working overtime in recent years in an attempt to secure full recognition from the Orthodox Eastern Churches, such as the Greek and the Russian, which Rome recognizes to be Catholic in all but allegiance to the Pope. The Anglicans think that if they can be recognized by the Easterns, the Pope will have to follow suit. Their ordinations have been recognized by some of the orthodox Eastern Bishops, but as yet there has been no action taken officially by any of the Schismatic Churches. So far as Rome is concerned, it holds that the Episcopalians can achieve the status of Schismatics only if they will submit to re-ordination at the hands of an episcopate recognized by Rome. This the Episcopalians refuse to do, and so it does not seem that much will be gained from Rome even if there is a rapprochement with the East.

The Episcopal Church is ridden with home quarrels. The reason is not far to seek. It is the doctrine of private judgment, applied not only as the rest of Protestantism applies it, to the interpretation of the Bible, but also to the teachings of the Church as well. The Lutheran theology, for example, is the Lutheran interpretation of the Bible. Every Anglican, however, interprets the Bible to suit himself. The Thirty Nine Articles were once looked upon as the official interpretation, but the

urch has allowed so much latitude in
matter of construing the Articles that
present policy of the American Church
abandoning the Articles entirely is sim-
the lopping off of a dead twig. The
ult of it all is a confusion very difficult
the outsider to unravel. Indeed, the
hop of Western Massachusetts told one
his clergy who was trying to point out
lack of logic in the Anglican position
at one really had to be born an Anglican
hold his equilibrium in that body.

Low and lazy,
Broad and hazy,
High and crazy.

ran the doggerel of a half century ago.
t even that classification of the Epis-
pal divisions is too hazy. There are so
ny subdivisions and so much overlap-
ng of the groups that the names High,
w, and Broad are only to be taken in
e most general sense today.

The older type of Low Churchman holds
at about all that separates him from, say,
e Methodists or Presbyterians is the mat-
r of church government and method of
orship. The rule of faith is the Bible in-
rpreted about as a sound Presbyterian
ould interpret it. The main doctrines are
ose of the Apostles' Creed, and the Sac-
ments are the Lord's Supper and Bap-
sm. In the Supper or Holy Communion
e faithful believer receives the body and
ood of Christ in a spiritual manner. That
, the consecrated bread is not God, and
tside of the service it is not entitled to
y reverence. This group also believes
at worshipping the consecrated bread
d wine is nothing less than idolatry. The
ne between the Low and Broad Churches
becoming fainter from year to year, at
ast among the clergy, so that the Low
ergy of the new generation are wont to
ll themselves liberal evangelicals. That
, they are no longer Protestants of "the
ible and Bible only" variety. The higher
iticism of the Bible as well as the opin-
ns of the scientists are given much credit
r them. As time goes on it would be not
all surprising if there were really only two general classes of Episcopalians: High Churchmen and Modernists. The Low Church clergy has in the past recruited its forces from the Virginia Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va., and from the Theological School of Sewanee, Tenn., the divinity department of the University of the South there. The Episcopal Church, like the Democratic party, has a solid South in that the predominating style of belief south of Mason and Dixon's line is of the evangelical variety. But even here the ninety odd years since Keble fired the first gun in the Oxford movement have seen some great changes. While thought among the padres has tended to become liberal, the ritual has become of a type that a half century ago would have been called Romish. The faculty of the Virginia Seminary no longer lays hats, coats, and gloves in the baptismal font when it comes in for morning service. Altars have replaced tables in practically every Episcopal church in the United States. Crosses, vested choirs and even mass candles are not uncommon in the once sacred precincts of Protestantism.

III

The leading evangelical organs have always been the New York *Churchman* and the *Southern Churchman*. The former tends to become more and more Broad, but the latter remains about the only Low paper of general circulation. It is a family weekly appealing to the laity rather than the clergy. Its editors, the Rev. Dr. Dunn and the Rev. C. Cary Montague, call themselves liberals and try to avoid as far as possible the acrimonious theological controversies which rage perennially in their Church. However, no Episcopalian can entirely shut his eyes to differences of opinion that would rend the Church in two if once they were carried out to a logical conclusion. Hence it is that the *Southern Churchman* harbors no illusions about the possibility of reunion with the Roman Church and backs up unblushingly the establishment of Episcopalian missionary

centres in Roman Catholic countries. Recently it strongly attacked those of the brethren who do not help financially the struggling Episcopal Church in Portugal:

> What Catholic custom or canon law, or scripture teaching, can there be that compels Anglican Churches to stand on such restrictive ceremony with a Church (Roman Catholic) that regards them all as malignant heresies and gives them no quarter when the power is hers?

For really militant Protestantism, however, one must look to the *Chronicle*, a quarterly published at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and edited by the doughty Rev. Dr. Cummins, already quoted. So ably edited is this little fire-eating journal that even the most violent of High Churchmen have been known to compliment it upon its excellent showing. Confident that the Low Church party is moribund, the High Churchmen can roar themselves into tears of laughter at the jibes and caricatures of themselves, much as Pope Leo X is said to have done over the parodies of Erasmus. But more discerning members of the opposition are wont to mourn the scarcity of such old warriors as Dr. Cummins and the late Rev. Randolph H. McKim, of the Church of the Epiphany, of Washington. There was always material for making "Catholics" of men who believed in the divine inspiration of the Bible. All one needed to do was to prove to them from the Bible that the High Church position was the true one. The trend among the Lows toward Modernism, albeit there is an accompaniment of Catholic ceremonial, means that the next generation will see the cleavage between the parties wider than ever. The High Churchmen say it will then be not a division into Christian parties, but one into Christian and pagan.

The High Church party has for its main organ the *Living Church*, published in Milwaukee, and edited, strangely enough, by a layman, Mr. Frederick Cook Morehouse. This paper is preëminently the clergy paper of the Highs. The High Church movement, being of a kind to aggrandize the supernatural claims of the parsons, is essentially a clerical movement. Indeed, the Church is often described as one having a Protestant laity and a Catholic clergy. While this is not literally true, the fact remains that the clergy are a long jump ahead of their congregations in the matter of the Romeward drift. Most of the clergy are, however, liberal in welcoming a certain amount of Biblical criticism and in not opposing the hypothesis of evolution or the pleasures of Babylon. They are drawn mostly from the General Theological Seminary, of New York City, and the Nashotah House, near Milwaukee. The first named is the one official seminary of the whole American Church, and loud are the wails from the defenders of the Protestant citadel over its capture by the High Church men. Nashotah is under the joint control of the dioceses of Milwaukee and Fond du Lac, the happy hunting ground of the Catholic party. There is also a fairly good representation of more orthodox seminaries. One of the best known of these is the Berkeley Divinity School of Middletown, Conn. This school has the reputation of being a hotbed of Modernism and Socialism, but from its ranks have come such leaders of the Catholic party as the Right Rev. William Walter Webb, D.D., Bishop of Milwaukee, and the Rev. Joseph G. H. Barry, D.D., rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, of New York. Dr. Barry's church, the lay Pope of which is no less a personage than the Hon. Haley Fiske, LL.D., of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is at the present time in the very vanguard of the ultramarines, as Father Ronald Knox named the extreme Romanizing faction.

There is no sure test to apply to a High Churchman. Some of them are only ritualists who hide their essential Protestantism or Modernism under the cloak of an ornate ceremonial. To be a real "Catholic" one must be a pretty thoroughgoing upholder of everything Roman except the infallibility of the Pope. The aforementioned Dr. Barry goes as far as to say that the Pope is infallible *de jure ecclesiastico* but not *de jure divino*. To translate that into under-

ndable terms, I make use of a lecture ivered by the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Hall the General Theological Seminary at : last meeting of the Anglo-Catholic ngress in England. This is the same con- :ss that electrified the world by sending elegram of greeting to the Holy Father mself.

> Whether or not we accept or reject the claim that Christ formally instituted a permanent papal primacy committed to the Roman See, we have to face the evidence of Christian history that such primacy has been a providential instrument of divine ordering. Moreover, when the Church is reunited, some visible centre of unity and ecumenical business, such as the papal See affords, will be needed for efficiency and for safeguarding Catholic unity. We can grant this, and the probability that a permanent governmental primacy over the entire Church has in effect been divinely committed to the Roman See.

The whole High Church party does not so far as this, and the rank and file of em may be said to range somewhere out midway between the mere ritualists the one hand and the Roman party on e other. Incidentally, it may be said of e Rev. Dr. Hall that he holds really the st place among the theologians of the tire Anglican communion here and road. His "Anglican Summa," a sys- nized statement of Anglican theology, the best known and most widely used xt-book for students for the ministry. nat there is really no opposition any- nere in the Episcopal Church to the eories of the evolutionists is due to the fluence of Dr. Hall's book, "Evolution d the Fall," in which he argues that one n be an evolutionist and at the same time lieve in the Genesis story of the Fall of an. Divorce with the permission of re- arriage is as absolutely condemned by the nglo-Catholics as by the Pope himself. ut the canons of the Protestant Episcopal nurch of the United States allow the ergy to remarry the innocent party to a vorce granted for adultery but do not olige them to officiate even though the rty have a written dispensation from the shop. On the other hand, there is noth- g said about any remarried persons being ept from the communion. The result is that there is a number of divorcées in practically every parish of the Church and nothing is said to them as a rule.

There is dissension in the Church on the Prohibition question. So staunch a High as Bishop Manning has come out for Law Enforcement, while Bishop Fiske, of the diocese of Central New York, and also a High, calls the whole business a failure and contrary to the spirit of historic Christianity. Most Episcopal rectors have been known to enjoy a drink, and certainly it has never been the Episcopalian contention that drink is an evil in itself. So when the House of Bishops came out last Fall for Law Enforcement, and when the Church papers unitedly backed up this declaration, it only meant that they are in favor of keeping the law no matter how they may feel about its advisability. Birth control is another matter that is splitting the Church. Here the cleavage follows party lines. The High Church group are on all fours with Rome in forbidding the practice in theory. But it would not do to offend the influential laity by preaching against a usage so widespread as is birth control among the classes from whom they draw their main support. Also, most of the parsons are married themselves, and it makes a considerable difference in their attitude. The Bishops have issued a condemnation, but as the Bishops have no authority, every one does as he thinks best.

IV

Under the term Broad Church are included all who are not distinctly of the other two parties, High and Low. Many of the Broads are ritualists and many are anti-ritualists, so that the name really applies to belief rather than ceremonial. Their organ is the *Churchman*, a weekly, published at New York. Originally a Low Church paper, it has of late years become decidedly liberal in tone. Just as the *Living Church* upholds the clerical end and the Catholic aspirations, so does the *Churchman* espouse the cause of the laity and the

hope for closer coöperation with the other Protestant bodies. Not only Episcopalians but also members of the other Churches write for its columns. And its interest is not only ecclesiastical but extends as well to matters political, economic and social. Thus it includes among its contributors such radical non-Episcopalians as the Rev. Harry F. Ward, of the Union Theological Seminary, while its editorials go out of the way to express their approval of such things as the investigations conducted by the New York *World* into Prohibition, prison conditions and the like.

The High Churchmen are organized into such groups as the Central Conference of Associated Catholic Priests, and to combat their efforts at capturing the Church the Broads have the National Church League and the Modern Churchmen's Union. The Broad leaders are so well known to readers of the daily press that a mention of their names is sufficient: the Rev. Dr. Elwood of Emmanuel Church, Boston; the Rev. Dr. Stuart L. Tyson, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Percy Grant, formerly of the Church of the Ascension, of New York; the Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie; and the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland, of St. George's Stuyvesant Square Church, where Wall Street exercises its influence in no less a person than the distinguished philanthropist, the Hon. J. Pierpont Morgan. Some of them hold the most radical views on the subject of Bible criticism and the Virgin Birth, and a few are suspected of not even believing in the deity of Jesus. While the orthodox often hint that the Broads are no less than Unitarians, the Broads are careful to avoid any such open statement as would permit a heresy trial. It will be remembered that when the Rev. Dr. Grant created so much excitement on Fifth avenue, he finally wrote a rather vaguely worded letter to Bishop Manning, saving the Bishop's face for not proceeding against him as a contumacious heretic and defiler of the shrine. The Rev. Dr. Guthrie's church is cut off from Episcopal visitation for his repeated rows with the Bishop over such matters as "eurythmic dancing" as a form of church worship, but farther than that it has not gone. Indeed, it is alleged by the malicious that if the orthodox do take any action against them, the Modernists are going to wage a war to the knife over the Roman innovations practiced in the High Churches. Their ministry comes largely from the seminaries at Philadelphia, Cambridge, Gambier, Ohio, and Middletown, Conn. None of these schools is large, all are well endowed, and boast of faculties of considerable scholarship and fine library facilities. All give easy access to neighboring universities for graduate work, except the school at Gambier. So close, for instance, are the relations between the Cambridge Divinity School and Harvard that it is often dubbed the tail of the Harvard dog. Their particular pride is a proclamation of free inquiry and scholarship as opposed to what they call the obscurantism of their rivals.

The shortage of clergy common to the other Protestant Churches is manifested among the Episcopalians also. Something like twenty per cent of their parishes are without ministers. Although there are really clergy enough to go around, the concentration of shepherds in the East, where the pay is better, and the loss of holy ones through superannuation, teaching, and just plain desertion, brings the total far below the needs. New York has 272 parishes and chapels with no less than 409 clergy, while poor old Kansas has only thirty-one parsons for its fifty-six parishes and missions. Again, the diocese of Pennsylvania has 290 rectors for its 215 parishes, while at the same time the home State of Our Lord Calvin Coolidge has but thirty-eight parsons to care for no less than seventy churches. And no remedy is in sight except to give the Bishops power to keep their men in the dioceses for which they are ordained after the manner of the Roman Church. This is just one form of following the Roman example that is unpopular with the parsons—that of mak-

ıg the clergy obedient to the Bishop. he canons of the Episcopal Church de- ıand that the student of theology shall e the graduate of a college or have the quivalent of a college education. About xty per cent of the seminarians really ave the bachelor's degree, and the "equiv- ent of a college education" is interpreted o cover anything from high-school gradu- ion to several years of college. There is, ı addition, a small minority of the clergy ho are neither college nor seminary ained. Ministers of other Churches, when ceived into the fold, usually do not go o any school, but take a parish and serve s lay readers till such time as the canons ermit ordination. There used to be an or- anization out in Topeka called the Kansas heological School. There was a building ı which twice a year for periods of two eeks each lectures were given to a group f lay readers who were actually in parish ork. This was all the training most of em ever received. It was hoped that on rdination they would fill the pressing eed for pastors in the hedge towns of ansas and Oklahoma. As a matter of fact, ıe men were no sooner ordained than ome distant parish would offer them etter salaries and they skeedaddled. This theological school" is now defunct, and oday there is but a small number of par- ons admitted to ordination without some ollege and some seminary education.

The Episcopalians now control only five mall colleges: Trinity, at Hartford, Conn.; Iobart, at Geneva, New York; Kenyon, t Gambier, Ohio; St. Stephen's, at Annan- ale, New York; and the University of the outh, at Sewanee, Tenn. The total regis- ration of the five schools for the year 1925 as only 1165 students, or an average of 33 each. As only about sixty per cent of ıe boys are Episcopalians the number from hich the seminaries may draw is small. ndeed, the Church does not supply itself y any means with its own ministers. Were not for those who come here from Eng- and and Canada, and those who come over rom the Methodists and other Protestant sects, the shortage would be far worse than it is. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the majority of converts from the other Churches come over hungry for ritual and other High Church fancy stuff that are taboo in those bodies. The result is that they usually become rip-snorting ritualists, much to the disgust of the average run of born Episcopalians.

V

The theological row extends even into the foreign mission field. So acrimonious is it that some of the "Catholic" parishes discourage the sending of donations to the General Church Missionary Fund. These parishes collect money for individual missionaries in the foreign field whom they know to be "Catholics." In this way the High Churchmen of the pro-Roman faction boost strongly the Liberian missions of the Holy Cross Fathers. The pet hatred of the High Churchmen are the missions in Latin America. How can this group convince Rome that their Church is really Catholic if it is going to proselyte among the Roman Catholics? The excuse made by the other parties is that they do not proselyte but only take into communion such Papists as would not go to any church but for them.

A peculiar feature of the Protestant Episcopal Church that distinguishes it decidedly from any other of the Protestant sects is the presence in its midst of the religious life. By this is meant nothing less than monks and nuns. Although there are plenty of backwoods Episcopalians who live and die without knowing it, there has been a mighty effort in the last half century to revive that most medieval of all institutions: monasticism. The orders for men are few: the Cowley Fathers, with headquarters in Boston and about a dozen fathers, the Order of the Holy Cross, at West Park, New York, with a membership perhaps double the Cowley Fathers, and a feeble attempt at reviving Franciscanism at Merrill, Wis., and that is about all. It may be remembered that the last Franciscan at-

tempt by the picturesque friar, Father Paul Watson, ended by the entire order, friars and nuns, "flopping," as the facetious say when an Anglican turns Roman Catholic. Father Paul now heads a rapidly growing community at Garrison, N. Y., that has become a popular center for pilgrimages of New York Papists.

But let no one be deceived for a moment about the influence of the monks just because they are few in number. The preaching of missions; the writing of pamphlets, tracts, and books; the editing of their little monthly, the *Holy Cross Magazine*—these are but a few of their tireless activities for the revival of Catholicism. They have "third orders," or societies for clergymen living in parishes, and sodalities for the laity, and retreats for both clergy and laity at their monasteries. In their houses are carried out the full monastic observances, much after the manner of European Benedictine abbeys, with all the allurements that Catholic ritual, vestments, and ceremonial can hold for the mystically inclined. Far above them towers the heroic figure of Father Hughson, the most devoted and most astute theological warrior in the Church. Associated with him at Holy Cross is the gentle, white-haired Father Huntington, founder of the order, a man of deep sympathy for the problems of the poorer classes and fanatically convinced that Anglican Christianity holds the panacea for all human ailments. The other parties in the Church have no means with which to combat the disciplined, devoted work of the monks and only too late are they realizing what a blow was struck the stronghold of the pure faith.

To the outsider, the prospect that a Church so constituted can long endure seems impossible. Yet, there has been really only one small schism in the organization since its arrival on these shores. That was the forming of the Reformed Episcopal Church more than a generation ago. The effort was intended to provide a haven for the faithful remnant that saw the Romeward direction things were taking. It has failed to take root and has today even less members than the few it took with it. True it is that the Church split into North and South at the time of the Civil War, but this was only in keeping with that Episcopalian nationalism which demands a separate ecclesiastical organization for each nation. Once peace came to the land the severed parts were reunited.

As regularly as, and perhaps more frequently than, the occurrence of a financial panic the cry goes up that the old Protestant Episcopal Church has reached the cross-roads, that the house divided against itself can no longer stand, that the Romanizers must either go to their own place or that the true Protestants must hook up with the Presbyterians. But the storm usually proves to be a tempest in a teapot. A few of the rebels go to Rome before it is over. Thus there was the defection of a group that followed the late Monsignor McGarvey early in the century. That time it was over the notorious Canon Nineteen, a rule permitting non-Episcopalian ministers to preach from Episcopal pulpits on certain occasions. A great noise was made in 1916 over the participation by the Church in the Panama Congress, which was a meeting of Protestant missionaries to Latin America. A few followed Dr. Frederick Kinsman, then Bishop of Delaware, to Rome in 1920. But in every such hubbub the sounds of battle soon die down and the soldiers of the Lord settle back to their life work of trying to make the Episcopal Church Protestant or Liberal, or "Catholic," as the case may be. The Romanizers become more Roman, the Liberals become more like Dr. Fosdick, and the Protestants dig in deeper. If the threatened schism ever does come, it will probably be when one of the parties has become strong enough to attempt coercing forcibly the others to its way of thinking. Just now that seems as unlikely as ever.

BAD BUSINESS IN NEW ENGLAND

BY DANE YORKE

Business is bad in New England. She has had reverses. She has seen her foreign commerce decline from the ays when her China-merchants carried er exports to the Seven Seas until, last ear, her outgo of finished and semi-fin-hed goods—always her main dependence -made up only 7% of the country's total xports. She has seen her agriculture windle from the 13,148,000 acres under ultivation in 1881 to the 6,114,000 tilled 1920, a decline of 53.5% in a period in hich her population increased 84.5% rom 4,010,000 to 7,400,000), forcing her import 75% of her food supply. But ese things did not shake her calm; the ew England temperament was invulner-ble. The decline of her sea trade could be ttributed to the accident of steam and the se of the railroads, as well as to the land-ubber laws of an inland, envious Congress; er agriculture went glimmering, not hrough any fault of hers, but because of he gross favoritism shown by a pagan Nature to the fertile Western lands as gainst her own stony hillsides. She ad-itted all those losses . . . and pointed to er mills, solid and substantial, pouring ut their flood of manufactures over the ountry and bringing in wealth in return. hey, she consoled herself, were im-regnable.

But the devil of history is repetitious, nd now New England has awakened to a ew and worse migration, not of export rade or farmers this time, but of mills—f manufacturing capital and manufactur-ng brains. Dazedly she listened when, in une last, the Governor of Maine told the Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce:

> We are permitting our New England offspring in Los Angeles to sell ready-made ladies' hats under our very noses, and bathing suits, made in San Francisco, in many of our great metropolitan stores; and radio horns made in California—while our fifteen millions of acres of hardwood growth in the State of Maine are crying to be used. To cap the climax of the ridiculous, in Aroostook county, Maine, which produces 40,000,000 bushels annually—in Aroostook county last year, with potatoes a surfeit on the market and being dumped on the ground, I purchased potato chips made in Chicago!

"Is all this worthy," cried the Governor, "of the traditions of the [New England] merchantmen who sold ice [from New England lakes and rivers] in Calcutta and Bombay?" While she still reeled with shock, there came to New England's ears the anguished yelps of the New England Chamber of Commerce over the discovery that "cotton goods manufactured in Georgia can be purchased at retail in Boston cheaper than the mills of Fall River can wholesale them." Pocketbook and pride! New England is shaken in her very soul!

For years her main reliances have been the boot and shoe and textile (cotton and wool) industries, both born on her soil and for a hundred years controlled there. But now it appears that she produces only half of the boots and shoes made in the country, and that her leadership has been taken away by new industrial centers in the Middle West. She produces only half of the woolen goods of America today and has only one-third of the cotton mills: the South, risen to crushing rivalry, now consumes "twice as much cotton as the industry's birthplace." To quote from the authoritative *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* of April 15 last:

> In 1897 there were less than 4,000,000 cotton spindles in the South, with an investment of approximately $200,000,000 and giving employment to 50,000 people. Today there are more than 1200 mills in that section, with 17,180,302 spindles, representing an investment of more than $1,000,000,000 and giving employment to over 300,000 operatives. . . . Within the past quarter of a century the Southern industry has increased 318% as compared to only 40% in the older New England industry. And this growth has been continuous, for approximately 530,000 spindles were installed in Southern mills in 1925 as compared to 400,000 in 1924.

So much for pride. What about pocketbook? I quote from the Boston *Herald* of July 1:

> A survey of the cotton mills of New Bedford yesterday indicates that collectively the plants were operating approximately 70 to 75% of the normal in the weaving departments, with the spinning departments falling 20 to 25% below this level. . . . Mill authorities in Fall River placed production at slightly more than 50% of the normal. . . . Four mills have been closed for some time.

Those two cities between them have in place 7,440,000 spindles—still nearly one-fifth of all the spindles in the United States. But they were not all operating, and idle ones show in greatly reduced dividends. "In Fall River, only .68% was paid by fourteen out of thirty-seven corporations last quarter, the lowest average since 1912" (*Cotton*, December, 1925). And in June the Boston *Globe* reported that for the New Bedford mills the "average yield per share [for the quarter] on a capitalization of $70,028,100 is approximately $1.18, or less than $5 for the year. Returns for the half year are the smallest in more than ten years."

There are other and even worse effects. A canvass of Fall River last June "revealed a loss of about 2000 in population and an increase in empty tenements (each supposed to represent a family gone) of over 900." The Lowell *Courier-Citizen* thus commented on these figures: "It reminds us here in Lowell of the interdenominational conference where one of the good brothers, reporting for his church, remarked, 'I regret to say that we have barely held our own the past year, but, thank God, the other churches have done no better.'" In Lawrence, another textile center, the *Telegram* of July 3 printed an assessors' survey indicating that of the 36,178 persons normally employed in the town industries there were at that time 9000 totally unemployed and 4000 more on part-time. Of that normal employment total practically all, or 33,174, were textile workers and of the 9000 unemployed 8922 were from the mills.

Such conditions exist all over New England. In a small Maine town near me, of less than 25,000 population, there are now, even with the town mill in operation, some 700 empty tenements. The columns of the textile press, reporting the discontinuance and liquidation and abandonment of New England mills, read like war-time casualty lists.

II

The inevitable stable-locking began with a conference of New England Governors in the Summer of 1925, followed in November by a glorified town meeting at Worcester, Mass., where a thousand delegates listened to what the newspapers described as "a frank and almost brutal analysis of 'What Is The Matter With New England?'" The note struck at that meeting has been echoed and re-echoed by State and local trade conferences ever since. How New England's own sons have flailed the old girl!

It has come out that progress in the South has not only been made at New England's expense competitively, but that it has been made by the treasonable exportation of New England capital and New England brains. "Throughout Alabama," says the New England Chamber of Commerce, "New England capital is building industries and producing goods that New Englanders cannot compete with." To further emphasize the point a textile paper (*Cotton*, May, 1926) notes that "over $100,000,000 has gone out of New England in recent years to enhance the productive capacity of the South."

"Why, why?" cries New England. The nference experts answer brutally, "Look your prize public buildings, your public provements, your high living standards, ur new labor legislation—in a word, at ur high taxes." They adduce facts. abama's average tax, freely advertised that State, is only $1.55 on the $100 *and no income tax*"), against $2.54 for assachusetts, $2.51 for New Hampshire d $2.13 for Rhode Island. Pride in fine urches, schools and public buildings, as ell as an effort "to keep labor satisfied," l the New England mills in prosperous ars to accept inflations of tax values as form of municipal support, with the sult, in the case of Fall River, that ome corporations were taxed for munic- al purposes as high as 7% of their pital." In a New Hampshire case a mill aimed (and I believe established in court) actual valuation of only $125,000 ainst a tax valuation of $500,000. In ll River the mills, made desperate by the pression, also went into court, and their se was so strong that the municipality funded a million dollars to prevent rther disclosures. Alabama points the ral with an advertisement captioned, Move That Mill Down South To Ala- ma—Then Pay Your Dividends From xes Saved."

In addition, the South offers lower wage ales, and labor laws that place no re- iction upon continuous night and day eration. This last is in sharp contrast such a law as that of Massachusetts, hich restricts minors and women to rty-eight hours work weekly and "ab- lutely prohibits the employment of a man after 6 P.M, whether or not she has rked at all during the day." Southern or, too, is largely native white (New gland is paying now for her earlier ed in importing what was then low- iced foreign labor) and also largely un- ganized; "coöperative and amenable" the Southern advocates word it. Just hat that means is illustrated by an ex- rience in Maine. Near my town a large cotton mill attempted to meet the lower Southern costs by increasing its production per operative—that is, by having each operator tend more machines. The local union promptly struck. Just as promptly the mill rushed work on an Alabama branch. In the end the local union surrendered, the men are now back at work—such as are needed under the new scale of production—and the mill sits pretty, with one foot South and one foot North, and the burden of good behavior emphatically upon the New England operation under penalty of an abandoned mill and an utterly stricken town. It was that very mill that was cited by the Alabama Power Company in a full-page advertisement in a textile paper. Under the headline, "What A Relief!" it said:

> Now that the ——— Manufacturing Company has started operations in Alabama, what a relief they must find it to be able to experiment freely with economic methods of production. What a relief to be confident of workmen *amenable to* any proposed *changes* and *eager to coöperate* in any measures, whether this means operating 20 looms or 40 to the operative.

The extent of such straddling, almost invariably brought about by the same cause, can be seen by noting the number of Southern branches listed by the great New England textile corporations. The South has bidden for them very eagerly. In addition to the attractions already named, she offers a fairly general exemption of new industries from taxation for periods ranging from five to seven years, as well as actual subscriptions of capital to the incoming plants. In one case a small town in Arkansas raised $200,000 among its inhabitants to land a Worcester, Mass., mill. Unquestionably the South is headed for many an industrial bellyache, but that doesn't help New England.

There is yet more. Startling as are the facts I have recited, they still do not fully explain New England's soul-stricken state; they are still capable of consolatory interpretation as simply evidences of the South's backward living conditions, or her economic ignorance, or her downright

foolhardiness. What has really shaken New England is the discovery that the Southern hegira is carried on only by her more progressive mills and that it is forced, by unprofitable business, which in turn is brought about by conditions indigenous to New England herself. For while many mills have fled to the South, more have bled and died in old New England. Says the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* of June 10, under the title, "Some Reasons Why Business Is Not Good:"

> An old mill in Rhode Island with a branch in Connecticut is being petitioned into bankruptcy, perhaps liquidation. This is a well-known old New England corporation, manufacturing . . . in old stone mills—100 years of age. Stone buildings with thick walls and little narrow windows every twelve feet apart, dark and dismal, whose operatives are bound to be the rag-tail and bob-tail type of the industry. . . . Print cloths are the product. The equipment is mule spindles and old plain looms. . . . The man who attempts to produce print cloth on any such mill . . . is doomed to pay his creditors ten cents on the dollar. It's futile to charge the failure of this mill to Southern competition.
>
> Another old corporation in Massachusetts, manufacturing cotton goods, has closed up; its machinery has been dispersed, the operatives have found jobs elsewhere, and what is supposed to have been a fine old establishment is now out of business permanently. This place has 2000 H.P. of water power, which in itself would give the mill an advantage of $100,000 a year net over any mill that didn't have a system of free water power. It wasn't Southern competition that licked this mill, either. It was the fact that it was allowed to become obsolete. Its fabrics largely became relics of the past. . . .
>
> It isn't Southern competition . . . [but] superannuated equipment, poor management, poor merchandising, poor styling . . . not knowing what is going on in the world . . . that is to blame for the failure or liquidation or abandonment of the Seaconnet Mills, the Hebronville, Dodgeville, Thorndike, Whitin, Shetucket and scores of other similar concerns. The tide just went out and left them on the beach.

There is the note that, amid all the clamor of opinion, occurs over and over again: the constant pounding chorus of "New England's conservatism." The Governor of Massachusetts in a public address says he never goes West without being "depressed" by the contrast there afforded to the "congenital conservatism" of New England. "We seem to have less of the buoyant spirit here," he mourns, while at the same meeting another speaker insists that "New England must throw off its lethargy and escape from the spell of past success and tradition. The rock-bound coast, yes, but not the hide-bound feeling of superiority!" Brutal words, but worse follow! "What New England needs," shouts a forward-looker, "is less self-satisfaction, . . . fewer dead hands, . . . more live-wires!" Another laments New England's "satisfied middle-age," and says that her "only lack is youthful vigor. Get it back and New England will leap forward in the future faster than in the past." Insult piles hard upon injury. "You've got to snap out of it, wake up!" storm the experts, "Got to advertise, make people notice you; got to learn to sell. You've *got* to give the public what it wants!" To which the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* adds:

> Many of the mills that are on the verge of going over the dam are in the hands of men of too much refinement and too little actual wage-earning mill experience. . . . With but few exceptions, the recent great textile successes have been made by men who earned their jobs through long practical experience. . . . Most of the successes are rough-neck accomplishments.

Well . . .!

III

Perhaps that is the nub of the whole situation: it is the New England temperament—that blend of pride, dignity, tradition, conscience; of frugality of purse, emotion and manner—that is under fire as never before, and this time by New England's own sons. The effect is serious, too—for that temperament. Stricken of pocket in every class through diminished capital, dividend, employment or communal purchasing power; shaken in her ancient prides so that the very moorings of her life seem slipping, New England stares at the idle and abandoned mills now dotting her countryside in a fashion so painfully reminiscent of the earlier deserted farms, and realizes that she is beaten industrially—to the point at least where she must have prompt recourse to

ne replacing, or at any rate supple-
ntary, line of remunerative effort.
nce the present gloating among those
io love not her airs of Zion.

The immediate thing, the stop-gap, and
I speak for North of Boston—perhaps
e permanent remedy, is the tourist trade.
at trade has been growing quietly for
ars, but somewhat haphazardly and
vays under the suspicion of the New
gland conscience. Twenty-five years
o, in 1901, the Boston *Globe* ran a
nposium on "What Is The Influence On
e New England Community Of The
mmer Visitor?" and a conflict was plain
en in the favorable responses, of which
e following was representative:

Are we better or worse for the coming of our summer friends? It requires no acute observer to discern that the New England community is today many millions richer thereby in dollars and cents, and in that regard most certainly their coming has been a blessing. . . . [However], it would be strange indeed if somewhat of the baser forms of life did not accompany the better, [although] the better . . . wins out.

To which a vice-president of the N. Y.,
H. & H. adds in this present year:

New England *does not like* [the italics are mine] to be considered principally as a Summer or Winter playground, though both are rapidly developing. Its eminence in manufacturing, its attractiveness as a region of both old-fashioned and present-day American homes, are much more the outstanding characteristics of which New Englanders are proud.

As a matter of fact, New England's lack
publicity effort in the past has been due
t to modesty but to a stubborn Yankee
fusal to cater to strangers; to an uneasy
eling that this playground idea was
imical not merely to dignity but also to
ace of conscience: a feeling that reflected
elf in a take it or leave it attitude, the
ime of mind *and* manner (New England
mperament again!) of a seller in a
ller's market.

But . . . but . . . business is now bad in
on. The manufacturing that stiffened
r backbone is no longer "prosperous";
e "eminence" has vanished. More than
er before the "old-fashioned and present-day American homes" are being made attractive in a new sense by placards of "Rooms and Board; Automobile Parties Accommodated." Larger ones announcing that "Maine Invites You," and that "Coolidge-Land *Is* Vacation-Land" are calling the new playground wares, and New England is earnestly praying, with her eyes fixed longingly upon Florida, for a real estate boom. In brief, this devil-contrived industrial decline has delivered her bodily into the hands of the hitherto suppressed booster and today his voice is blatant in the land as he preaches his buoyant doctrine of the great cure, the one and only panacea for all New England's ills—the Summer visitor. Here's a sample, as reported from a convention recently held in Boston:

> What part of the country, or the world for that matter, has such a variety of attractions to offer to visitors? We all hear it continually said that New England doesn't care whether or not people from afar know of her beauties—that *she* knows them. That's all nonsense. New England is by no means dead in her industrial activities, but those industrial activities certainly can stand a little more prosperity! The more people . . . who come to New England, the more advantageous it will be to the industries of New England. It would not only improve the jewelry trade—and right now that needs improvement—but it would also improve the shoe trade, and the woolen and cotton industries; . . . it would make everything better!

Chants another stalwart, "Those who speak of our tourists as a three months' industry should remember that visitors have to be housed, fed, and supplied with the necessities of life. This helps our transportation lines, our farmers and our merchants. . . . Tourists trade has increased non-resident taxation . . . by over 350%. . . . Every tourist lightens the burden of every taxpayer." "Sell our State to the country," yells a third, "by publicity *or any means that will do the trick!* . . . People will flock here . . . and demand real estate. . . . It means millions, millions!" A fourth waves his arms and declaims, "A million people came to Maine last Summer [1925] . . . and are estimated on a sound basis to have spent an average of $90.56, making

the total revenue to the State approximately $100,000,000." Finally, an inspired statistician cites the case of a Maine town, with a population in 1920 of just 901 and a "valuation of less than $700,000," which last year "received from all sources—$336,500, made up as follows:

Boys and Girls Summer Camps	$156,000
Hotels	35,000
Sale of Real Estate	16,500
Village Stores	26,000
Miscellaneous Labor	3,000
Farm and Forest Products	100,000"

"We have the stuff the public wants; get on the band-wagon, let's go, LET'S GO!" shout the boosters, and stricken New England all too plainly follows. Ah, but where? Through all that leather-lunged propaganda, directed, note well, not at the outside world but at New England herself, runs a strong line of scolding, coaxing and badgering. A State publicity bulletin begins:

> The spotlight is on Maine this month. . . . Its rays are on the people of this State, and in a few weeks . . . will reflect whether or not they are to respond to the world-wide attention they are receiving. Whether or not they will develop the business *enthusiasm* that possesses the folk of Florida and California. . . .

"Every single person," insists a new magazine of "progress," "is a worker in the State's Foundry of Success." And an editorial in the Portland *Sunday Telegram* is brutally plain:

> For the promotion of this . . . profitable trade [the Summer tourist] . . . every individual has a job . . . to give our visitors a good impression of Maine hospitality. We don't need to tell the people of this State how to be hospitable, nor perhaps do we need to charge them to be so. . . . But the importance of *cordiality* and *courtesy* can hardly be minimized.

Again it is the New England temperament that is being assailed; the booster is "selling" his people a new manner. New England *is* hospitable—but in her own way. I have lived in various sections of these United States widely famed for their hospitality and have not encountered any better brand—often not nearly so good—as I have found among these quiet-spoken, dry-humored, self-contained, utterly practical Yankees. But the brand is individual, New England's own. Distinctly it is not of the boosting type—the buoyant, breezy laugh, the live-wire glad-hand, the back-slapping, arm-around-your-shoulder style. Personally I like it; I like my New England plain, as is. The sight of a tight-lipped, undemonstrative Yankee trying to ape a California native son or Florida boomer—to both of whom the boosters are pointing as models—is to me as sad a spectacle as would be the sight of a Henry Cabot Lodge, in cold sobriety and all his whiskers, attempting the Dance of the Seven Veils.

Does the comparison seem far-fetched? Then here's an actual occurrence of recent date. In an old New England town, now actively in the resort business, is a divine who is the mentor and exemplar of the leading local congregation. Near-sighted, begoggled, always black-clad, he closely approaches in appearance the traditional type of New England zealot. His normal idea of facetiousness is to call himself the town's "dominie"; his perfect comment on all happenings is "O tempora, O mores!" The phrase, in fact, serves as his nickname among the unregenerate. But he has seen the new light; by determined manipulation of the muscles *ristori* he has achieved the glad grin. And here are the high points of an address delivered by him to a national convention of women's clubs to which he had been sent as a booster for his town:

> Madam President and Ladies of the Convention: I come before you as the representative of old Pine Grove's Board of Trade. I bring a message of friendship and cheer. I offer you the freedom of our old town. . . . Come! . . . Lay aside all care and responsibility and let your spirits bubble over with fun and gladness. . . . I have also been requested to perform a most gallant service by one of our progressive business men. It is a delightful pleasure for me to present to you, Madam President, for your personal consumption, a box of sweet kisses, a product of Pine Grove of which we in Pine Grove are proud.

Bubbling spirits, fun, gladness, sweet kisses—coming from those pinched lips, that hard New England face! O tempora, O mores!

HIS MASTERS' VOICE

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

Back in the occasionally lamented days when the Democratic party still spurned the tainted gold of Wall reet for the honest coppers of humble k, and Calvin Coolidge was but the ong and silent city solicitor of North- npton, a press agent was a gentleman no wore a checked suit, patent-leather oes, possibly spats, a brown derby and llow gloves. He breezed into town ten ys ahead of the circus or the ten-twent'- irt' show, bought the editor a few drinks, ld an unprintable story or two, and re- ived, in due time, a column of free puff. Ivy Ledbetter Lee, who writes blurbs out the activities of such great Ameri- n institutions as John D. Rockefeller enior and Junior), the Standard Oil ompany, Charles M. Schwab, the Beth- hem Steel Company, the Pennsylvania ilroad—and others which he declines divulge—is quite another type. Gone e the yellow gloves, the derby and the udy suit. Mr. Lee dresses with the con- rvatism of any high-toned and con- rvative American. His hobby is cathe- als, a taste acquired like that for olives, nce at first they bored him. He is said be one of the few men in New York ho can keep millionaires cooling their els in his ante-room. But diligent scep- cs report that they have seldom seen y millionaires engaged in that occupa- on.

In the current edition of "Who's Who America" thirty lines are devoted to r. Lee. He is also listed, unlike the gayly essed pioneers of his profession, in the cial Register. He is a member of the best, e most worthwhile clubs. Among them are the University, the Princeton and the Metropolitan of New York, the Rittenhouse of Philadelphia and the Travellers' of London. It is a fact that he rarely visits the New York Newspaper Club, to which he also belongs. His town house is at 4 East Sixty-sixth street, just two blocks from the exact social center of New York, as determined by scientists in the employ of the Social Register Association: it is in Sixty-eighth street, a few doors east of the Park. Miss Alice Lee, his daughter, was this year presented at the Court of St. James.

Mr. Lee has a suite of offices at 111 Broadway. When Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., offers the unappreciative Egyptians a museum or the liberal Baptists a church, one of Mr. Lee's secretaries at once telephones all the city editors in New York. He also notifies the Associated Press, the United Press and the other news associations. A statement, the secretary reveals, will be issued at 4 o'clock. At the designated hour, more or less promptly, a dozen reporters arrive. They are received cordially and handed typewritten statements. Are there any questions? If so, Mr. Lee answers them diplomatically. He expresses regret that Mr. Rockefeller is out of town, but says that any inquiries will be called to his attention. The reporters stuff the handouts into their pockets, one or two of them protesting *sotto voce* against the rôle of messenger boy, and leave. Mr. Lee has told them no funny stories, and offered them no drinks. But he will, that afternoon and the next morning, receive his column or two of free space.

Ivy Ledbetter Lee, however, is not and

never has been a press agent. The most confirmed realist would call him, at the least, a publicity agent. He prefers, himself, to be termed a public relations counsel. His contribution to civilization is that, as Mr. Arthur Brisbane once put it, "he interprets his client to the public and the public to his client." It is twenty years now since, seeing no future in newspaper work, he convinced the Pennsylvania Railroad that its locomotives would run more smoothly, its employés would be more contented and larger dividends would be earned if its activities were properly interpreted to the public. Those were the days when threats of government ownership were beginning to disturb the sleep of railroad presidents as they tossed in their private cars. Bitterly, but belatedly, they were beginning to deplore the unfortunate frankness of the public-be-damned theory of railroad operation. Mr. Lee suggested to them that he could do much for them in the line of constructive work.

Moreover, he added, it also lay in his power to explain the mind of the public to the railroad. What Mr. Lee meant by this was that he could explain the nature and peculiarities of the newspapers. As the century began, newspapers were very much of a mystery to Big Business. Either they were harmless and polite, the type that the *Herald-Tribune* is to-day, or they had the scent of bloodhounds and the disposition of public executioners. The *World* was one of this second class. Big Business, to be safe, avoided all newspapers. It fled, panting and heavily, from their reporters.

On one occasion the late J. P. Morgan was returning from Europe. His trip had been solely for pleasure and he was out of touch with the financial situation. Had he been more sophisticated in matters of publicity, he would have chatted pleasantly, being careful to say nothing, to the ship-news men. But Mr. Morgan was taking no chances. He barricaded himself in his stateroom, and after a time the ship-news reporters abandoned the chase.

But among the writers who had boarded the vessel at Quarantine was a veteran *Herald* man assigned to the specific task of interviewing Mr. Morgan. After the financier had retired to his cabin the veteran slipped a card under the door. Presently Mr. Morgan poked out his head. He declared, with some heat, that he had told the ship-news men that he had nothing to say. Nothing!

"I was not with the ship-news men," said the *Herald* representative quietly. "If you don't wish to talk it is quite satisfactory to me. I was assigned to see you and I sent in my card to make certain. Good day!"

The door opened more widely. Mr. Morgan emerged, apparently astonished that a reporter could also be a gentleman. For several minutes, then, he conversed affably. To-morrow, he said, he would again be conversant with affairs and would be glad to see a man from the *Herald*. The two shook hands. A slightly dazed financier again retired.

It was this state of mind, this combination of contempt for reporters and terror of newspapers, that furnished fertile soil for the growth of Mr. Lee and his imitators. The talents of the publicity agent are many. Not the least amazing, to the innocent business man, is his ability to predict the manner in which a speech or a public statement will be featured in the newspapers. He can forecast with uncanny accuracy whether it will get on the front pages and what the editorial comment will be. He can even guess at the size of the headlines. This clairvoyance is possessed, of course, by any good newspaper copy reader.

But of even greater importance are his services during that journalistic atrocity, the mass interview. Sooner or later every public figure must face it. When it is necessary, Mr. Lee is present to hold the hand of his client. A formal statement is prepared in advance. The reporters are presented to the great man about to be interviewed, not as hungry sensation-hunters

t as gentlemen—even as equals. But
e mass interview remains a silly institu-
on, for when any large group begins to
rl questions the net result is bound to
very little information. Some jackass
om the tabloids invariably asks Joseph
onrad for his wife's favorite recipe, the
ince of Wales whether he still deserts
s mounts, and the Crown Prince of
veden whether he believes in Swedish
assage. The efforts of the more intelli-
nt newspaper men present are buried
der the avalanche of imbecility. If the
terview is aboard ship the photographers
owd up and snap twenty-eight shots
iece.

During all this confusion the public
lations counsel is calm, smooth and
icient. He coughs when an embarrassing
estion is asked and his client smiles
olitely, regretting that some matters,
ally, are confidential. When the barrage
tabloid idiocy begins he turns it off with
joke or two. After the ceremony is over
e reporters find that they have little to
int but the statement handed them at
e beginning of the session. This prepared
atement, crudely called "canned," is to
e press agent what gasoline is to a
ling-station. By means of it he can place
e desired emphasis on what his client
saying. It enables him to capitalize the
ziness which newspaper men share with
e rest of the human race. His story
sured, the reporter is reluctant to exert
s burdened mind by asking embarrassing
estions.

One afternoon a year or so ago the city
itor of a New York morning paper re-
ived word that a statement was to be
sued at the offices of Ivy L. Lee and As-
ciates. He despatched one of his bright
oung men. In an hour or two the reporter
turned. Was it, the city editor wanted
know, a good story? What was it all
out?

"Oh!" said the seeker after news, haul-
g a sheet of flimsy out of his pocket and
anding it over. "I don't know. I haven't
ad it yet."

II

A decade or so after the Civil War there lived in the small village of Cedartown, Georgia, a Methodist clergyman by the name of James Wideman Lee. He seems to have been a gentleman of unusual talents, a preacher of a distinction seldom found under the hot sun of the Cracker State. Although not of the sainted Virginia Lees, both he and his wife, who had been Eufala Ledbetter, came of excellent stock. When, in 1877, a first son was born to them, they named him Ivy, after the clergyman's uncle. The Rev. Mr. Lee prospered in his work for the Lord. In due time he became pastor of Trinity Church in Atlanta, the largest and most influential Methodist establishment in the South. For a time, also, he had a parish in St. Louis.

Young Ivy Lee attended the schools in Atlanta and St. Louis and then was sent to Emory College at Oxford, Ga., his father's *alma mater*. Emory was then a small, more or less educational, institution of the Methodist persuasion, favored by ministers for their sons. Since those days it has p ospered under the patronage of Asa G. Candler, the Coca Cola King. Now it is Emory University, has an endowment of well over $1,000,000 and is located in the outskirts of Atlanta. Ivy remained at Emory for but two years. The Rev. Mr. Lee was eager to have him study in the North, and so, for his junior and senior years, he was at Princeton.

Ivy had a happy boyhood. The walls of his father's home were lined with books, and the son was encouraged to cherish and know them. Atlanta had not yet been stirred by Rotary, and no Chamber of Commerce sought noisily to make it the metropolis of the South. It was still content to slumber through the long Summers, its streets fragrant with the honeysuckle that climbed the fences of its old houses. Not far from the Lee rectory lived a shy old gentleman named Joel Chandler Harris. He had been, in happier pre-war days, a

plantation neighbor to the Lees. Ivy often, as a boy and a young man, visited the home of Mr. Harris. In 1908, already rising in his chosen profession of public relations expert, he found time to return to Atlanta and write a book which was a labor of love. It was "Memories of Uncle Remus." Only a small edition was published, for private circulation among the friends of the old gentleman.

Members of the Georgia Lee family, pointing with pride to the career of their most eminent member, recall that Pastor Lee had a habit of reading newspapers with great care, of making voluminous clippings, and of sending them to people he believed might be interested. He was also, it is said, a very energetic correspondent. He wrote to his friends on every conceivable subject. He expressed in his letters his own opinions and asked for their opinions in return. In his later years he went abroad and during the course of the journey wrote at least one letter to every single member of his congregation.

Thus, the Lee family explains, Ivy inherited his taste for spreading ideas broadcast. And thus, too, he inherited his taste for an extensive correspondence. But instead of letters written in the courtly handwriting of the old school, his modern epistles are in many cases in printed form and sent out by the thousand. Instead of going to the members of a country congregation they go to business and civic leaders, to editors and government officials, and to all other men of vision. And the newspaper clippings, once cut by hand, are now assembled on a printed sheet headed "Information" and mailed from time to time from the offices of Ivy L. Lee and Associates.

The Ivy Lee clip-sheet "may be used as desired by those who receive it," according to an announcement that always appears in the upper right-hand corner. Newspaper editors, seeking filler material, are among those particularly welcome to it. By a strange coincidence many of the items concern corporations and individuals who are clients of Mr. Lee. The Bethlehem Steel Company is mentioned in one issue. F. Edson White, president of Armour & Company, is also quoted. In another issue Charlie Schwab, LL.D., for whom Mr. Lee writes speeches, has a paragraph devoted to him. In still another issue the Copper and Brass Research Association expresses optimism about copper. One week's clip-sheet points out that the miners, refusing to arbitrate, were responsible for last Winter's hard coal strike. "Carriers in Better Favor With the Public" is the heading on another article —and then it is recalled that Mr. Lee works also for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

III

The young man destined to become publicly the voice of many great corporations (and secretly the voice of perhaps as many more) was in 1898 graduated from Princeton as a bachelor of arts. So excellent was his standing that he was awarded a small scholarship. With it he sought further learning and for that purpose went to Harvard. There, for several months, he studied law. But his funds did not last, and soon he was found on Park Row, a cub reporter on the New York *Journal*, then a morning paper. Probably it is just as well that he did not go further in Blackstone. At all events, he now has small use for the legal mind, believing, as he once said, that "whenever a lawyer starts to talk to the public, he shuts out the light."

Mr. Lee advises his clients to avoid legal obscurities. He urged, in a recent address, the use by public utilities companies and others of language that the people could understand, and he held up Billy Sunday as a model. What Mr. Sunday "has done for religion," he said, would be an excellent thing for the railroads to attempt for business. "Billy Sunday," he continued, "speaks the language of the man who rides on the trolley-car, who chews gum and who spits tobacco juice. The people know

ly Sunday and he knows them. He goes the heart of a subject."

vy was a competent but not a brilliant orter. He left the *Journal*, after a time, l worked successively on the *Times* and *World*. The stars of his day report that did not, at least not often, get really stories to handle. But he had one racteristic that few of them possessed. st of them despised the prominent men ose virtues and vices were first page ff, but not Ivy. The energy of the stars gan to wane, their facility of expression die. They drifted out into other pro- ions or remained to rot on copy desks. , meanwhile, was cultivating acquaint- es. He never failed to impress his per- ality and his talents upon the conscious- s of the great and good men he met in hering news.

By 1903, five years out of college, he nd progress in journalism too slow. th uncommon vision he began to see possibilities of press agentry as applied Big Business. Within the next few rs, he became spokesman for sev- l corporations and began to dabble political publicity, though the latter s not to his liking. The years of his atest growth were from 1906 to 1914. ring them he went to work for the nsylvania Railroad. Despite an inter- tion during which he travelled abroad a Wall Street house, he was, by 1914, executive assistant on the staff of the d. He was living in Philadelphia by t time and looming large as an influ- ial citizen. Public speaking was one of diversions—and also furnished him portunities for spreading his ideas about ubrious publicity. Many of his addresses has since caused to be published. They illuminating documents. In May, 1914, instance, he warned a gathering of lroad men that they were "in the midst a swirling flood of legislation and gulation." He deplored the carelessness certain officials in fighting the Full ew Law. If, he suggested, this obnoxious tute were only called the Extra Crew Law the public would swiftly grasp the unfair burden that it had placed upon the railroads in the name, but falsely, of safety. He deprecated, also, the custom of using the phrase "all the traffic will bear" in discussing freight rates. "We can never," he said in concluding the lesson, "be too careful in the terms we use."

It was in this same year, 1914, that the younger Mr. Rockefeller began to feel acutely uncomfortable under the bludgeonings of public reviling. His father, who had retired fifteen years before, had been protected by a thicker skin. Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., had blandly ignored the attack of the once militant Ida Tarbell, knowing, perhaps, that he would live to see the day when she would write a gushing eulogy of Judge Elbert H. Gary. But Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., had turned his affairs over to his serious and more sensitive son, and was busy with golf and the collection of bright new dimes for future distribution.

The immediate cause of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, discomfort was the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company strike. Ugly rumors were abroad concerning this dispute. There were charges, later admitted to be true, that the company in which Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., was a director and in which the House of Rockefeller held $24,000,000 in stocks and bonds had paid the wages of the State militia, used to put down the strikers. Reports from the field were that the latter were living in tents and starving. The climax came when twenty were killed at Ludlow, Col., in a brawl with armed guards.

All of this might not have disturbed the builder of Standard Oil. But it troubled the more squeamish John D., Jr. He sought advice from his friends. They all recalled that "a young fellow with the Pennsylvania" was doing some fine work. They knew about his ideas, they said, because they received his form letters. Good, sound, constructive ideas! It was thus that the House of Rockefeller "took the public into its confidence." Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., decided suddenly that publicity paid. He

described his change of heart during his testimony, some months later, before the Commission on Industrial Relations, of which Frank P. Walsh was chairman. An investigation of the Colorado strike was in progress.

> MR. ROCKEFELLER: When this situation developed last year, finding that it was difficult to get the facts before the public, I personally took pains to inquire who could assist us in what I believed an important public work. After careful inquiry I was told of Mr. Lee, and asked him if he could undertake to assist the operators' committee and ourselves in the matter of properly presenting the facts in the situation.

Mr. Rockefeller testified that Mr. Lee, graciously loaned for a time by the Pennsylvania Railroad, had been paid $1,000 a month for his services. The funds came out of the pocket of Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., "as a contribution to the general public situation." A day or two after the testimony by his new employer, Mr. Lee was also called as a witness. He said that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., had summoned him to discuss the evils of the hour in May, 1914.

For several hours Mr. Lee answered questions regarding his services to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He had suggested, he said, a policy of "absolute frankness." The best way in which to educate the public, he had told the operators, was to issue a series of bulletins containing the facts of the situation and mail them to a list of prominent people and to the newspapers. It was these bulletins, written by Mr. Lee in Philadelphia but mailed from Denver to make it appear that they were the offspring of the operators, that later aroused unseemly curiosity on the part of the Commission on Industrial Relations. They also prompted Mr. George Creel—who later was to learn publicity methods on his own account—to write an article for *Harper's Weekly* in November, 1914. This he captioned "Poisoners of Public Opinion" and in it he charged, with high wrath, that the Colorado operators had "neither truth nor any saving instinct of decency."

The coal barons, wrote Mr. Creel, had branded the white-haired Mother Jones a bawdy-house keeper and had caused the slander, through the kindness of a friendly Congressman, to be inserted in the *Congressional Record*. They had published a symposium purporting to give the views of Colorado editors regarding the strike. The editorial opinions, as set forth in this bulletin, were definitely favorable to the companies and hostile to the miners. Ultimately it developed, however, that but fourteen of the 331 editors in Colorado had collaborated on the document. These fourteen were employed by company controlled newspapers. One fascinating bulletin assembled by Mr. Lee described the wages paid to certain of the strike leaders. Mother Jones, for example, was declared to be receiving $42 a day for her agitating. One F. J. Hayes was being paid $32,000 a year. Later, before the Walsh Commission, Mr. Lee admitted that in all this there was a slight error. Wages which actually covered a year had been made, in compiling the statistics, to cover but nine weeks. Instead of $32,000, Mr. Hayes had been paid only $4,052.92 annually.

Cross examined on this miscalculation, Mr. Lee said that he deeply regretted it. Undoubtedly, he confessed, it had tended to arouse criticism against their leaders by the rank and file of the laboring men. The error should have been corrected immediately, but had, as a matter of fact, been allowed to stand for three months. In January, after the miners had succumbed to hunger and given up the struggle, a corrected bulletin was sent out. Chairman Walsh asked a great many questions about the bulletins, the manner in which they were written and the source of the so-called facts that they had contained. Mr. Lee's policy of "absolute frankness" had consisted, Chairman Walsh brought out, of disseminating propaganda containing anything and everything that the coal operators in Denver wished the public to believe. The official testimony is again rather interesting:

CHAIRMAN WALSH: Mr. Rockefeller told you to be sure to get the truth?

MR. LEE: Certainly.

Q. Just detail now what steps you took to ascertain the facts before you wrote any of these articles. Give all of the steps.

A. I had no opportunity, Mr. Chairman, to ascertain the facts from my own point of view. It was their story I was to assist in getting before the public.

Q. And therefore you did not question any fact that was presented to you, any alleged fact, as to its authenticity?

A. Not when presented by Mr. Welborn [Jesse F. Welborn, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company] or one of his committee.

Q. Did you make any effort to secure the statements of disinterested persons?

A. I did not.

Q. From the workers themselves or their representatives?

A. I did not.

BY COMMISSIONER GARRETSON: Your mission was that of the average publicity agent, was it not, to give the truth as the man you were serving saw it? [*Laughter*].

MR. LEE: That would represent a characterization on your part, Mr. Commissioner. I have tried to tell what happened. As to your characterization, I don't know that I can give an answer.

But all this is ancient history. The ory is to be found only in the musty and orm eaten reports of the Commission on dustrial Relations, which nobody ever ads, and in that scurrilous volume by pton Sinclair, "The Brass Check," which o one in this great Republic but Mr. Sinair himself would undertake to publish.

IV

leanwhile, Mr. Lee continues to prosper. nly recently Ivy L. Lee and Associates creased their office space. Gifted young en from the New York papers are ocsionally added to the staff. But Mr. Lee not easy to work for. He is nothing if ot temperamental. He flies into rages when statement is prepared without the proper iesse, when terms and phrases are used relessly. These rages are terrifying but ort lived. During them Mr. Lee proaims loudly that stupidity is the prevant characteristic of mankind. He pounds on his desk until the inkwells rattle. ut after a short while the storm is over, id then, not infrequently, he begs forgiveness with tears of contrition and Christian brotherhood in his eyes.

But the newspaper men summoned to his office when an announcement is ready see none of this. To them, Mr. Lee is always a cordial and affable gentleman. He is smooth, but not oily. He never directs that a story must be published in a certain way. He hands out the canned statement, waits for questions, and then suavely terminates the interview. What he offers for publication stands on its worth as news. He uses no personal influence to get space, and boasts that he has not been in a newspaper office four times during the past twenty years.

Why is it then that this amiable gentleman, who provides so many good stories, is so generally disliked by newspaper men? Chiefly, I suppose, it is because, like all publicity men, he is a buffer. Not his least important function is to shield his clients. Every reporter who has tried to see old John D., Sr., on his birthday knows this. So does every man who has been assigned to interview the son of the old man. Mr. Lee does not like to admit that he is a buffer. In an address before some teachers of journalism in 1924 he described how, if he were an active newspaper man, he would deal with press agents. He said that he would "insist upon seeing any of the principals" that he wanted to see. He would demand, he told the slightly surprised pedagogues, "first-hand access to anyone I thought had any information." The publicity man has "no right to be there" if he is "a barrier against newspaper men getting to the source of information."

At this point, however, Mr. Lee left the realm of imagination and returned to real life. He pointed out that reporters were not entitled to interviews about "any question." This philosophy makes the press agent entirely safe, for he himself is the judge as to whether the question is proper or not. And his judgment is based, not on the news value of what may result from the question, but on the welfare of

his client. In the case of the Rockefeller family, it must be apparent, there are few proper questions.

Nor is this "master of public relations counsel" any too finicky about confidential matters between himself and the reporters. When a story is destined for release he makes every effort to have it appear simultaneously in all the newspapers. On the afternoon of February 25, 1925—the story is still being told in the city rooms—the New York *American* received a tip that Abby Rockefeller, the somewhat turbulent daughter of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was to be married to one David Milton. The engagement, Mr. Hearst's informant stated, was shortly to be announced.

This was obviously a story of the first rank. The engagement of Miss Abby was, in itself, an international matter. But Mr. Milton gave it an added flavor. He was the comparatively impecunious young apprentice attorney who had obtained, for Abby, a suspended sentence when she had been nabbed for the second time by an irreverent traffic patrolman. The city room of the *American* buzzed at the prospect of an old-fashioned beat: "Daughter of Oil King's Son to Wed Humble Speed Case Benefactor."

The reporter assigned to determining the truth of the rumor was a man who had already proved his ability, even although he had not worked in New York for long. He had never heard of Ivy Lee and went, naïvely, to the Rockefeller home. Mrs. Rockefeller was having a reception and could not see the reporter. But she sent a servant with a message, scribbled on the back of a letter. It suggested calling upon Mr. Lee at 111 Broadway.

The *American's* representative, journeying downtown in a taxi-cab, chanced to look at the letter on which Mrs. Rockefeller had written her message. To his surprise he saw that it was from a friend of the family, expressing delight that Abby was to be married to Mr. Milton. This was confirmation enough—the *American's* beat was assured. But the reporter decided to do the decent thing and called on Mr. Lee. He told Mr. Lee that the story already was confirmed and that it was an *American* exclusive. But Mr. Lee, to the reporter's horror, said that beats were less than nothing to him. Inasmuch as the fact of the engagement had thus prematurely leaked out, all the newspapers would be notified. At 8 o'clock, he said, a formal statement would be given out at the Rockefeller home. The *American* man's protests were in vain. The next morning the story appeared in all the papers instead of in solitary splendor in the *American*.

The incident did Mr. Lee more harm than that usually astute gentleman is, perhaps, aware of. Ugly epithets were applied to him along Park Row, and reporters with important rumors will in the future seek authentication from every other possible source before they see him. It affected in no way, however, his relations with the Rockefellers. Mr. Lee was on hand again when Abby was united in matrimony, and provided alphabetized lists of the dignitaries who attended the ceremony. He was present, also, when Abby sailed on the *Paris* for her honeymoon in France. Again he fraternized with the, this time, suspicious newspaper writers. He told them, in man-to-man fashion, that the bride and groom were extremely nervous. It would be a graceful thing not to demand an interview. Mr. Lee was thus busily performing his duties when Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller, Jr., boarded the vessel. Mr. Rockefeller, unconsciously brushing Mr. Lee aside, smiled jovially, as befitted a man who had just seen his daughter safely married. Then he led the reporters to a corner of the deck. The bride and groom faced them, still nervous.

"These gentlemen are your friends," he soothingly told Mr. and Mrs. Milton. A short interview took place. Everyone was happy.

Again there was gossip in the city rooms. "He's slipping," some of the more outspoken said. "Didn't John D., Jr.,

ve him aside when Abby was sailing?" ut that was nonsense. Ivy is not slip- g. He is in no danger. He can afford to le (and does) about foolish theorists o call him a menace, who say that he s but one side of a story, who growl t he and his kind are breaking down the old spirit of better days, when news- er men went out like the Royal North- st Mounted and got their facts. Mr. ckefeller, Mr. Schwab, the Standard , the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Beth- em Steel Company, the Interborough pid Transit Company, the Eastern sidents' Conference, the Copper and ss Research Association—such are ong his publicly known clients. He is se to Otto H. Kahn and assists that inent patron of the arts from time to e. He is close, also, to Armour & Com- y, to the Washburn-Crosby Company l to the national association to which st of the manufacturers of cement be- g. These he serves in a general advisory pacity, largely with respect to their d advertising. His staff writes a market ter for Dominick & Dominick, a stock change house.

Not all of his work is for financial gain. often volunteers his services for public ses. He took charge of the publicity the American Red Cross during the r and did not even receive his expenses. hen Bishop Manning, adopting Twenti- Century methods to build a Twelfth Century cathedral, created a large campaign committee, Mr. Lee was among those on it. In this case, though, friction developed, and Mr. Lee subsequently resigned.

It is his proud assertion that he never offers for free publication material that belongs in the advertising columns. In the light of this definite position, and in view of his one time connection with the cathedral campaign, it is not out of place to examine a document distributed, about a year ago, by the Copper and Brass Research Association. It will be recalled that this organization is one of the more or less publicly acknowledged clients of Mr. Lee.

The article in question was mailed to a large number of newspapers as coming "From the Copper and Brass Research Association." It contained photographs of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and of the choir which sings in that edifice. The reading matter described the beauties of the new church, "built to stand for ages." And then:

> Its walls are of massive masonry, while the roofs and other important metal parts, such as flashings, gutters and downspouts *are constructed of copper, a metal whose worthiness has been proved by its centuries of service on churches and cathedrals in England and on the continent. Various water pipes are of brass.*

It probably is not necessary to point out that the italics were not provided by Mr. Ivy Ledbetter Lee.

ALABAMA POETS

RUTH McCLELLAN

Fancy

SOMEDAY
I shall die
And be canonized a Saint
I know that this is true,
And also I am sure
That I shall have a crown with little stars,
Genteel as stars go,
And a long white robe with blue lights in it
As thin milk has blue lights.
All day I shall sing my tiny song, on two notes
Until I weary.
And at night I shall put off my crown of little stars,
Dreaming of you,
Your voice too far away to answer my monotone song.
And I shall wish that I were on your arm,
Singing that naughty song we laughed at in the street,
And that the Pleiades were far away,
Instead of in my crown of tiny stars,
Lying on a chair
'Til morning.

Evening

THIS April evening
Wears the veils of
Half-mourning
Like one whose tears
Are stopped
At sounds of music.
This April evening
Wears the last pale lavender
Of half-mourning.
To-morrow she will take another lover,
Donning the joyous garments
Of betrothal
And fold away the faded veils
Of mauve and lavender,
Scented with hyacinths and daffodils,
Too early to be strong,
Until another April mourns
As lightly.

HART GILDRAND

Dance of the Nudes

HE IS old . . . . senile with striving through many vacuous years. The girls in the ready-to-wear department, with their hard brilliant eyes and their lovers, laugh at him.

After hours, when the store is dark and deserted, he lags behind, setting things to rights. Golden mist from the lighted street comes into the upper floor. The disrobed mannikins seem to him beautiful women dancing at dusk, dryads in the nuances of a forest.

Every evening the girls laugh at him as they hurry away. He dodders along so, after everybody else, setting things to rights.

SUSAN MABRY

Portrait of a Virgin

AND I move on serene,
And do not know of love,
And am not shaken by its tempests—
I am like the small slim olive-tree
In the corner of the wall by the old mosque;
The great gusts do not reach it,
But it quivers with delicate emotion
When the deep bronze gong in the turret is struck.

V. H. CORNELL

Envy

LL my neighbors move.
. Whenever it is Spring or Autumn,
and sometimes between times,
oss the street or up or down in the
block,
e furniture vans standing
l sense the bustle of departure.
re is an air of, at once, disdain and
enthusiasm,
ontemptuous leaving off of the old
l eager putting on of the new.
e old house had a furnace and laundry
tubs in the basement,
such things go stale—
new one is on the car-line
l the back-yard has a grape arbor!)

ish that I could know some of these
enthusiasms.
year in and year out I live in my own
house
l do not move.

HUMPHREY C. TRAYLOR

Quilts

AUD has lots of quilts,
More than anybody.
makes one a month,
l sometimes two
he can get the scraps.
orders remnants,
s of remnants
m the advertisers.

likes to talk of quilting.
says, "This quilt is Sugar Bowl;
ot the pattern at the Eason's quilting.
l this is Joseph's Coat;
ook a year to get the scraps together.
l this is Bachelor's Puzzle,
e first I ever quilted.
l this is Old Maid's Puzzle.
u like it best?
n't blush, I'm only joking!
l this is Swinging Corners.
You like to dance?
I bet you cut a lot of steps.
I like to dance, too, but I'm a Baptist.
The Baptists turn me out for dancing,
But take me back again when I repent.
Maybe I'll dance with you sometime.
And here is Lover's Links.
You like the girls?
The girls who quilt?
They know all the names of quilts,
But other girls don't know one name
from t'other."

I try to buy her quilts.
She says she'll maybe sell one,
Just one that's not too pretty.
She shows me all of them,
And every one of them is pretty,
And I want one of them so badly
I almost cry.
But she folds every one of them
Back up again and says,
"They're all too fine to sell."

IVER GRANATH

Alabama Moon

You sing of your Moon as he beams
down upon you in crystalline brilliance,
And you have told me that he is far
beyond your understanding.
But I know my Moon, for my Moon is
an architect. . . .
Each time he comes, he builds temples
for me with infinite patience.
He builds slowly and indefinitely,
but he builds well and with rare beauty.
His materials are simple and unsightly
in the glare of the sun,
But at twilight he begins to design,
and this desolate creek bottom takes
on its massive structural form slowly
under its subtle influence. . . .
This yellow creek he converts into a nave
with a magic floor of black and gold,
inlaid mosaics of moving flamboyant
designs.

That muddy bank at the bend is the altar; those
overhanging trees form a Gothic colonnade;
The black coves are mystic, apsidal chapels;
The spires of pine on the hill rise in grace and majesty.
Now that my Moon has built, he joins me at vespers;
The wind whispers its nocturnal hymns through the pines;
The air is misty with the fragrant incense of the dew, and a sweet, silent spirit of reverence reigns throughout my vast cathedral—
Nay, tell me not of your Moon who is a spendthrift,
For, though my Moon is a slow builder, he is a master architect.

LAWRENCE LEE

The Tigress

She half forgets, when night drifts down,
Black whispers in the little town,
The women of the shaded street,
And eyes that watched her passing feet.

Wrapped in a veil of candlelight,
She shutters out the moon to wait
Her lover, stealing through the night
To enter at her moonlit gate.

She frees the storm of her black hair,
Lies down with catlike grace to rest,
And loosens from its silken lair
The lightning of her cold white breast.

The blinds are closed, and drawn the shade,
For it's a timid thing she stalks—
A lover who would be dismayed
Should stars gaze even while he talks.

Brief love, a mockery of sleep,
And then the little passion's done.
She would not toy with village sheep
If there were bucks to pounce upon.

The Singing Hills

I came at dusk to that blue land
Whose hills have haunted me;
From sky and earth, on every hand,
Beauty leaned breathlessly.

Far past the land, while darkness grew,
A sunset marched to die,
And hill toward hill went winging blue,
Like birds across the sky.

At last daylight had slipped away
From all the earth about,
And green-sea deep the silence lay:
The day had flickered out.

A happy stir of chirping things
Rose where the tree frogs hide,
When dusk had folded its grey wings
Over the countryside.

The vibrant music slowly crept
The moonlit slopes along,
Until it seemed the hills had slept
And wakened up to song.

Beneath a sky that nightly thrills
To the slow fire of Mars,
Out of the dark the gathered hills
Sang up the white-winged stars.

Since from that land I turned about
The starry birds wing by,
And still my heart can carol out
Blue hills against the sky.

CARL LAMSON CARMER

Alabama Twilight

Black-bearded horsemen
Ride the old trail;
The last sunset ray
Strikes crimson from a breastplate.
A gust blows it
Against the fluting banner of Spain.

Ghosts walk at Twenty-one Mile Bluff
Above the blackness gathering below
On the Tombigbee;
The walls of St. Louis de la Mobile

shadows in the mist—
ins—
eir notes are scampering through the
dusk)
nen's voices—
r le pont d'Avignon
danse."

nd-topped wagons
ying behind the slow, slow oxen,
ying into Alabama.
e smoke;
of the half-light—a war whoop.
ins at St. Stephens,
ins at Cahaba,
umpka and Eufala,
uga, Sylacauga,
kalusa, Tallapoosa,
igee.

g fields of cotton
white,
ite as the columns of the Big House
ong the dark oaks,
ver door-knobs and carpets of white
velvet.)
inor chant, long drawn,
and husky as the air,
fts
m somewhere in the shacks
vn at the quarter—
couldn't hear nobody pray!
Lord,
uldn't hear nobody pray!"

alt! Who comes here?"
labama Corps Cadets. Who goes
there?"
urth Kentucky. Give 'em hell, boys!"
ool-boys march in white-faced retreat,
April sky behind them alight with
intermittent fire.

gs of flame
unt molten passion
oss the after-sunset skies;
m black girders
the world.
mmers clang high in the air,
earth is a blackened honeycomb.

LULIE HARD McKINLEY

Fear

My little children hovered miserably
about me,
For all the world like little shivering
birds, cold and afraid,
For their father was away—and it was
night.
"Of course, we try to have faith," whis-
pered the eldest quaintly,
(She feared to speak aloud)
"But so many things happen nowadays—
and to Christian people, who have
faith—"
And they shuddered and gathered more
closely about me—
And little dreamed that I, too, was afraid.

JULIAN RAYFORD

The Old Man Whittles

By a yellow box-car,
On some lumber on the wharf,
A one-legged old man
sits out in the sun
and whittles.
He wears old pants,
and an old black coat.
And a rusty black hat
shades a blue-veined face
of white whiskers.
He puffs away
on an old brown pipe,
And cuts away
on a peach-stone.
I sat down beside him,
and asked him,
"What's that gonna be, Grandpa?"
And he never looked up,
but answered,
"Oh, nothin' much in partic'lar.
Just fixin'."
And he whittles away
and imagines strange things
on a peach-stone.

Dusty Bottles

Cobwebs stretched
like elfin parasols
in subdued rays of light
Streaming through panes
of many colors
in rainbow streaks,
Down into a cellar,
where ginger-brown
and green and blue bottles
Doze in warm shadows,
and like wise old men
harbor many secrets.

ALFRED BATTLE BEALLE

To an Old Man Sitting in a Chair

Hey there, old youngster!
Old, spavined, withered, outworn
shell of a man. . . .
But you know better: I see that clearly
In your twitching at the coverlet;
In the twist of the chair when the gnats
bother you:
When your defiant eyes lift to the horizon.

I know you have conquered cities some-
where;
That shrunken torso (or the You within
it)
Has been catapulted in heroic games.
The approach of Death cannot fool me
. . . or what they call Death:
These hymning sycophants, these pious
know-nothings,
Fearful of the next breath.
They cannot understand the Crouch lurk
ing within you,
The fighting cavalier, the overcomer o
cities,
Only resting a while for bigger adven
tures. . . .

I see the gleam in your eyes, old scout.
This ugly tenement housing you can'
fool me.
I know you'll break the walls down and
get free pretty soon.
But what grinds my soul
Is that you haven't a single fighting hand
Left from old tournaments to strike with
That you haven't, alas, even the Wil
left you
To raise your voice in one last wind-flung
challenge.

ROBERTA HAYS

Boligee On Saturday Night.

Broke-down wagon, lank old mule,
Stopping to drink at the bored wel
trough,
Sudden laughter, high and cool;
The prick of a banjo not far off.

Cornfield nigger totin' a 'lasses jug,
Fat old mammy tradin' at the store;
Little nigger baby sleep on a rug,
Sniffed by a hound-dawg at the door.

Lean yellow girl in a purple skirt
Laughing and jawing with a strong young
buck,
Saw-mill nigger in his undershirt:
"Come on, you bones, and gimme luck!"

EDITORIAL

ıs astonishing how little New York figures in current American literature. Think of the best dozen American els of the last ten years. No matter ch way your taste and prejudice carry , you will find, I believe, that Man- an Island is completely missing from east ten of them, and that in the other it is little more than a passing scene, nportant to the main action. Perhaps explanation is to be sought in the fact very few authors of any capacity live he town. It attracts all the young rants powerfully, and hundreds of n, lingering on, develop into very pro- nt hacks and quacks, and so eventu- adorn the Authors' League, the Poetry ety, and the National Institute of Arts Letters. But not many remain who e anything worth hearing to say. They keep quarters on the island, but they do r writing somewhere else. Primarily, ppose, it is too expensive for them: in er to live decently they must grind ough so much hack work for the cheap gazines, the movies and the Broadway atres that there is no time left for their ous concerns. But there is also some- g else. The town is too full of distrac- s to be comfortable to artists; it is fortable only to performers. Its ma- ery of dissipation is so vastly de- oped that no man can escape it—not an author laboring in his lonely room, blinds down and chewing-gum plug- his ears. He hears the swish of skirts ough the key-hole; down the area-way es the clink of ice in tall glasses; some sends him a pair of tickets to a show ch whisper promises will be the iest seen since the time of the Twelve stles. It is a sheer impossibility in New k to escape such appeals to the duct- less glands. They are in the very air. The town is no longer a place of work; it is a place of pleasure. Even the up-State Baptist, coming down to hear the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton tear into sin, must feel the pull of temptation. He wanders along Broadway to shiver dutifully before the Metropolitan Opera House, with its black record of lascivious music dramas and adulterous tenors, but before he knows what has struck him he is lured into a movie house even gaudier and wickeder, to sweat before a film of carnal love with the lewd music of Tschaikowsky dinning in his ears, or into a grind-shop auction house to buy an ormolu clock disgraceful to a Christian, or into Childs' to debauch himself with such victuals as are seen in Herkimer county only on days of great ceremonial.

Such is the effect of organized badness, operating upon imperfect man. But what is bad is also commonly amusing, and so I continue to marvel that the authors of the Republic, and especially the novelists, do not more often reduce it to words. Is there anything more charming and instructive in the scenes that actually engage them? I presume to doubt it. There are more frauds and scoundrels, more quacks and cony-catchers, more suckers and visionaries in New York than in all the country west of the Union Hill, N. J., breweries. In other words, there are more interesting people. They pour in from all four points of the compass, and on the hard rocks of Manhattan they do their incomparable stuff, day and night, year in and year out, ever hopeful and ever hot for more. Is it drama if Jens Jensen, out in Nebraska, pauses in his furrow to yearn heavily that he were a chiropractor? Then why isn't it drama if John Doe, prancing

in a New York night club, pauses to wonder who the fellow was who just left in a taxi with Mrs. Doe? Is it tragedy that Nils Nilsen, in South Dakota, wastes his substance trying to horn into a mythical Heaven? Then why isn't it tragedy when J. Eustace Garfunkel, after years of effort, fails to make the steep grade of St. Bartholomew's Church? New York is not all bricks and steel. There are hearts there, too, and if they do not break, then they at least know how to leap. It is the place where all the aspirations of the Western World meet to form one vast master aspiration, as powerful as the suction of a steam dredge. It is the icing on the pie called Christian civilization. That it may have buildings higher than any ever heard of, and gin enough to keep it gay, and bawdy shows enough, and door-openers enough, and noise and confusion enough —that these imperial ends may be achieved, uncounted millions sweat and slave on all the forlorn farms of the earth, and in all the miserable slums, including its own. It pays more for a meal than an Italian or a Pole pays for a wife, and the meal is better than the wife. It gets the best of everything, and especially of what, by all reputable ethical systems, is the worst. It has passed beyond all fear of Hell or hope of Heaven. The primary postulates of all the rest of the world are its familiar jokes. A city apart, it is breeding a race apart. Is that race American? Then so is a bashi-bazouk American. Is it decent? Then so is a street-walker decent. But I don't think that it may be reasonably denounced as dull.

II

What I marvel at is that the gorgeous, voluptuous color of this greatest of world capitals makes so little showing in the literature of the United States. If only as spectacle, the city is superb. It has a glitter like that of the Constantinople of the Comneni. It roars with life like the Bagdad of the Sassanians. These great capitals of antiquity, in fact, were squalid villages com pared to it, as Rome was after their kind and Paris, Berlin and London are today There is little in New York that does no issue out of money. It is not a town o ideas; it is not even a town of causes. Bu what issues out of money is often ex tremely brilliant, and I believe that it i more brilliant in New York than it ha ever been anywhere else. A truly over whelming opulence envelops the whol place, even the slums. The slaves who kee it going may dwell in vile cubicles, bu they are hauled to and from their wor by machinery that costs hundreds o millions, and when they fare forth t recreate themselves for tomorrow's task they are felled and made dumb by a gaudi ness that would have floored John Paleo logus himself. Has anyone ever figure out, in hard cash, the value of the object of art stored upon Manhattan Island? narrow it to paintings, and bar out all th good ones. What would it cost to replac even the bad ones? Or all the statuary bronzes, hangings, pottery, and bogu antiques? Or the tons of bangles, chain of pearls, stomachers, necklaces, and othe baubles? Assemble all the diamonds int one colossal stone, and you will have weapon to slay Behemoth. The crowd pour in daily, bringing the gold wrun from iron and coal, hog and cow. It is in visible, for they carry it in checks, but is real for all that. Every dollar earned i Kansas or Montana finds its way, soon o late, to New York, and if there is a par of it that goes back, there is also a par of it that sticks.

I contend again that this spectacle lush and barbaric in its every detail, offer the material for a great imaginative liter ature. There is not only gaudiness in it there is also a hint of strangeness; it ha overtones of the fabulous and even of th diabolical. The thing simply cannot last If it does not end by catastrophe, then it will end by becoming stale, which is t say, dull. But while it is in full blast it certainly holds out every sort of stimula

that the gifted literatus may plausibly
ınd. The shocking imbecility of Main
ɛt is there and the macabre touch of
ɔn River. But though Main Street and
ɔn River have both found their poets,
hattan remains unsung. How will the
ɔrian of the future get at it, imagining
ture and assuming that it will have
ɔrians? The story is not written any-
re in official records. It is not in the
of the newspapers, which reflect only
surface, and not even all of that. It
not go into memoirs, for the actors
the melodramatic comedy have no
e for prose, and moreover they are all
id to tell what they know. What it
ls, obviously, is an imaginative artist.
have them in this bursting, stall-fed
—not many of them, perhaps—not as
y as our supply of quacks—but never-
ess we have them. The trouble is that
either hate Manhattan too much to
its portrait, or are so bedazzled by it
their hands are palsied.

III

ɣmn the town without loving it. It is
ıensely amusing, but I see nothing in
o inspire the fragile and shy thing
ed affection. I can imagine an Iowan
ng the black, fecund stretches of his
ve State, or a New Englander loving
wreck of Boston, or even a Chicagoan
ng Chicago, poets, Loop, stockyards
all, but it is hard for me to fancy any
onal human being loving New York.
s one love bartenders? Or interior
ɔrators? Or elevator starters? Or the
d-waiters of night clubs? No, one de-
ıts in such functionaries, and perhaps
respects them and even reveres them,
one does not love them. They are as
ɔably cold and artificial as the Cathe-
l of St. John the Divine. Like it, they
mere functions of solvency. When the
riff comes in they flutter away. One in-
vests affection in places where it will be safe when the winds blow.

But I am speaking today of spectacles, not of love affairs. The spectacle of New York remains—infinitely grand and gorgeous, stimulating like the best that comes out of goblets, and none the worse for its sinister smack. The town seizes upon all the more facile and agreeable emotions like band music. It is immensely trashy—but it remains immense. Is it a mere Utopia of rogues, a vast and complicated machine for rooking honest men? I don't think so. The honest man, going to its market, gets sound value for his money. It offers him luxury of a kind never dreamed of in the world before—the luxury of being served by perfect and unobtrusive slaves, human and mechanical. It permits him to wallow regally—nay, almost celestially. The Heaven of the Moslems is open to anyone who can pay the couvert charge and the honorarium of the hat-check girl—and there is a door, too, leading, into the Heaven of the Christians, or, at all events, into every part of it save that devoted to praise and prayer. Nor is all this luxury purely physiological. There is entertainment also for the spirit, or for what passes for the spirit when men are happy. There were more orchestral concerts in New York last Winter than there were in Berlin. The town has more theatres, and far better ones, than a dozen Londons. It is, as I have said, loaded with art to the gunwales, and steadily piling more on deck. Is it unfecund of ideas? Perhaps. But surely it is not hostile to them. There is far more to the show it offers than watching a pretty gal oscillate her hips; one may also hear some other gal, only a shade less sightly, babble the latest discoveries in antinomianism. All kinds, in brief, come in. There are parts for all in the *Totentanz*, even for moralists to call the figures. But there is, as yet, no recorder to put it on paper. H. L. M.

COWBOYS

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

SITTING in an Italian restaurant below Fourteenth street, in Manhattan, a few weeks ago, I happened to remark to the four young Italians with whom I was dining that I had once ridden cow ponies, roped steers, assisted in cutting out yearlings and two-year-olds, and performed all the other tasks incident to the operation of a ranch in Texas. Immediately they were pop-eyed with interest. All other topics faded into insignificance; they fairly spouted questions. The nature of these questions clearly disclosed what popular fiction and the movies had taught them about our last frontier. They were disappointed to learn that I had never killed even one man, much less ten or twelve; they were plainly suspicious of the whole recital when I confessed that the first Indians I ever saw were on a reservation in what was then Indian Territory; and most distressing of all was my statement that I had not found ranch life a bit romantic, but on the contrary extremely dull. The preconceived notions of those four young Italians would not, I confess, be important were it not that three of them were educated in the public schools of New York City and all four of them are very fond of Western stories. Incidentally, their notions of ranch life are not greatly different from those entertained by my own twelve-year-old son, whose sources of information—over my protest—are about the same as theirs.

It is, indeed, an interesting commentary on life and art that the few authentic, realistic records of life in the West and Southwest compiled while there was still a frontier were seldom well received when they appeared, or even regarded as inter esting. No small number of them hav been utterly lost; others are treasured nov as rare Americana. But after the erosion o time had effaced most of the details a filr of romance was spread over what remained and, presto, a certain peculiar breed o Western story galloped into popularity The cowboys became persons of such dis tinctive characteristics that one may nov regard them almost as a separate racia group. For example, you may have notice that they care absolutely nothing fo money. On the slightest sentimental provo cation they will wave away all their claim to wages. Now, it is true that such thing sometimes happened in reality—but ther were always other motives behind ther than sentimentalism. Very frequently time were hard, and the ranch-owner foun himself poorer than his poorest employé The latter was at least free from debt, bu the owner might be mortgaged to the ex tent of $25,000 or more above the marke value of all his holdings. So the cowboy let their wages stand, waiting for bette times. But, as a rule, they were no les keenly interested in money than othe working men. How else would they hav had any hope of getting started in busines as proprietors on their own accounts?

Whenever I read of some noble cow puncher disdaining cash I am reminded o the circumstances under which a friend o mine made that gesture. His wage, at th time, was twelve dollars a month. Time were hard and the ranch owner announce a reduction to ten dollars. Not bein familiar with the nation's economic situ ation, my friend decided that such a re

tion after two years of faithful service stituted nothing less than an outrage, he went on a private and personally ducted strike. To be specific, he dled his horse, bade adieu to no one, set out across the prairie. After riding m dawn until about noon he stopped r a little stream to rest his horse and . Presently another cowboy appeared they entered into conversation. The ker learned, to his dismay, that a jority of the neighboring ranches were ing even less than ten dollars a month, that the man with whom he was king received no wages at all, but, ing nothing better to do, was staying the job in the hope that specie payments uld eventually be resumed. Having de these disclosures to each other the o men found themselves somewhat em- rassed. As they ate their lunch they red at each other furtively, after the nner of two poker players in a game for od. The last few mouthfuls of food re swallowed in haste, and each saddled horse. By the time they were mounted re was no longer any pretense. The ernoon was devoted to a desperate race k to the ranch where wages were still dollars a month. My friend was tunate in arriving about an hour ahead his competitor. The anxious ranch ner again expressed a hope that the old ges could soon be restored. In the rket reports, he said, there were in- ations of better days to come. Would friend remain? Would he accept the o dollar cut?

'Hell, yes," he replied. "What's two llars between old friends?"

II

e cowboy of fiction, it appears, is almost vays one who was born and reared in the w country, and is steeped in its tradi- ns, and amusingly ignorant of all other ndards. As a matter of fact, the cow untry constantly drew recruits, not only m every State in the Union, but from England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Mexico and other countries. Many of its most picturesque characters were born in places far remote. Billy the Kid, for example, was from New York City. Most of the younger men earnestly hoped to establish themselves in the cattle business. When I was a school boy in Southwest Texas one of my best teachers was a young Englishman, the graduate of a university, who had emigrated in the hope of acquiring a Texas ranch. He failed, and that was how I happened to have the good fortune to meet him.

Land was at first unfenced and free; cattle were cheap; it seemed that there ought to be unusual opportunities for an enterprising person of good character to get a start with very little capital. These opportunities really did exist, but the great difficulty was to accumulate even the small amount of capital needed. The whole ranch country was short of money; that was the basic reason for most of its difficulties. Anyone with gold to lend was almost forced by the fierce competition among borrowers to become a usurer. In addition to this basic economic obstacle, there was the fact that the business of slaughtering steers and distributing beef internationally had not yet been organized on a large scale. Consequently the market bounced up and down in a ridiculous manner. One or two good years were mathematically certain to induce overproduction and cause two or three bad years. Not only had our country more cattle than were needed for home consumption, but both international and domestic distribution were primitive. An industry no better organized than that will usually find itself paying low wages and establishing very few cities.

It happens to be the function of a city to purvey, among other things, entertainment, an item that ranks very close behind food, clothes and shelter among the necessities of life. A poor, straggling community of frame shacks seldom has much to offer in the way of entertainment,

but even that little was eagerly seized by the lonely men who worked on the ranches. There is little need to itemize the amusement menu of the average cow town. At the head of the list came drinking, gambling, and prostitutes. And that was about all.

The cowboy of fiction is therefore disclosed to us as an ardent drinker and gambler, probably the most rollicking hail-fellow-well-met since piracy languished. The plain truth of the matter is that the percentage of teetotalers and very temperate drinkers among the cow men probably equalled that to be found in any other part of the country. The arduous, often dangerous work prohibited drinking on the ranches, so the cowboy's temptation to excess on his rare visits to town was precisely that of a sailor. When he did get to town he was starved for entertainment and human companionship, but I don't think there ever was, among cowboys, the same degree of spendthrift recklessness commonly exhibited in seaports. Whenever the people of the ranches could find something else to do beside gamble or drink they embraced it eagerly. I well remember when the first moving-pictures came to the little cow towns of Texas; the saloon-keepers were astounded and alarmed that such poor entertainment gave their business such a terrific wallop. The cowboys would ride almost any distance to attend a pathetic, bedraggled little Spring carnival or street-fair. I have seen them stand for hours trying to toss wooden rings over pocket knives when there were gaudy gambling-houses right across the street. And still more amusing, I have known them to ride twenty miles to a fair or carnival, spend the whole evening on the wooden hobby-horses of the merry-go-round, and then mount their ponies and ride twenty miles home. Anything, anything, for light and laughter, music and gaiety! For theirs was a drab, dull life, overshadowed with poverty and uncertainty. Rollicking, piratical, drunken, gambling spendthrifts were not nearly so numerous in the cow country as in the big cities of the same period.

As a rule the cowboys gambled very much as the boys in the army camps during the World War gambled—there wasn't anything else to do. It was a relief from the deadly boredom. Cowboy ballads referring to what are now accepted as their gay, good times show clearly how low they actually rated them. Not many real cowboys ever gambled away money, horse and saddle with blithe indifference, only to come home singing. Like most simple-minded losers they came home talking to themselves. They had got in farther than they intended and then couldn't turn loose. The gay and carefree gambler, as a type, was once upon a time to be met at his authentic best among the Negro crews of Mississippi river-boats. Those happy colored men took it for granted that at the end of every trip one man, or two at most, would have all the cash. That was the way of their life. They were sincere gamblers. I have sometimes observed a point of view comparable to this among tramp printers, a breed that had not quite disappeared when I was a cub reporter. But not among cowboys. Many of them were models of thrift.

With regard to their drinking they show in their ballads that they regarded it as offering very poor entertainment. Many of their drinking songs would serve excellently as Prohibition propaganda. I have never encountered one that made me thirsty or that I thought would be delightful if set to music. There is one entitled "The Boozer"; incidentally, note that title! No praise of drink in that word! All of the stanzas are very much alike, so the following will serve just as well as the whole song:

I'm the double-jawed hyena from the East.
I'm the blazing, bloody blizzard of the States.
I'm the celebrated slugger; I'm the beast.
I can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits.

A man inspired by drink to sing such a song would have done just as well, I think, to let it alone. And that, I believe,

what most of the cowboys thought did. Here is another drinking song t clearly shows the same point of view:

ink that rot gut, drink that rot gut,
ink that red eye, boys;
don't make a damn wherever we land,
e hit her up for joy.

e've lived in the saddle and ridden trail,
ink old Jordan, boys;
e'll go whooping and yelling, we'll all go a-
helling;
ink her to our joy.

hoop-ee! drink that rot gut, drink that red nose,
henever you get to town;
ink it straight and swig it mighty,
ll the world goes round and round![1]

he cowboy's main purpose in drinking s to escape from the drabness of his ribly uneventful life. He wanted to wn his gray, dust-covered environ- nt even at the price of a sick stomach a blinding headache. Therefore, he ed very little for beer and seldom sted time on wine. Whiskey was his nk, and not very good whiskey at that. a drinking man he was utterly devoid good taste; indeed, he was about the rst that ever lived. No matter whether temperature was above one hundred below zero, he still drank whiskey. ry often he drank it straight—and a er beverage than straight whiskey for zling hot weather can scarcely be agined. His favorite food when in town s a large steak, fried almost to a crisp. so, he ate large quantities of beans, rice d hot bread. When out for a session with bottle he drank whiskey before his al, with his meal, and afterward. edical examination of some of the men o thought they were drunk would ubtless have disclosed that what they fered from was simply a severe indi- tion. No wonder the world went round d round! That the people of the cow ntry were thus not natural-born drink- seems to me beyond dispute. Their ex- rience with alcohol gave them no reason sing joyous drinking songs.

[1] In quoting all these songs I follow the versions nted by John A. Lomax in his "Cowboy Songs"; w York, 1911.

If you will look at a map of Texas you will find quite a number of rectangular counties. Many of these are in the cow country and nearly all of them once were. They were marked out by surveyors at a time when the majority of them had less than a hundred population; some didn't have any at all. Later, as they became populated, county governments were organized. By that time there was local option in Texas; a county could be either wet or dry as it wished. Most of these counties were organized as dry and have never had a saloon in them. I offer that in evidence as a criticism of the cowboy of modern art! Of course, I don't expect it to be accepted; nevertheless, it is the truth.

During 1920, when Prohibition was somewhat younger than it is today, I met in New York City the editor of a magazine which printed a great many Western stories. He was bitterly against Prohibition and asked me eagerly about the views of it held by the gallant cowboys of Texas. Would they tamely submit? Wouldn't their trusty six-shooters blaze in protest? Had any enforcement officer dared show himself among them? I had to tell the gentleman that Texas had gone dry in advance of the nation and that opinion in the cow country was then about as divided as anywhere else. He dismissed me as a hopeless ignoramus. The cowboys, as he very well knew from his own magazine, spent most of their time riding in mad pursuit of something or other, shooting, brawling and boozing.

III

And how these cowboys of modern art do shoot! Great guns! Life, to them, is just one long battle. If they had ever been real nothing less than tin soldiers that could have been stood up again for tomorrow's carnage would have saved the prairie country from total depopulation.

When I was a boy in San Antonio, I knew at least twenty-five cowmen fairly well. They ranged in age from about forty

years to more than seventy, so that their experiences and observations covered no inconsiderable period of time. Only two of them had ever killed a man. One of these never recovered from his remorse, and I sincerely believe that it was the primary cause of his death. The other was extremely reticent about the occasion on which he used his gun with fatal effect. The old-time cowmen, no less than other normal beings, felt a natural horror of homicide. When conditions forced battle upon them they acted with the same reluctance that characterizes other men.

The primary purpose of the cowboy's pistol was to protect him against dangerous animals. It might also be useful in an emergency during a stampede. Cattle thieves seldom operated as raiders, and the last thing on earth they wanted was open combat. Branding mavericks, *i. e.*, stray calves, was the most profitable and easiest form of theft in the cow country, principally because the cowboys were in considerable doubt as to whether or not it really was theft at all. Many energetic young men got their starts in that way. The other cowboys looked on approvingly, or managed not to look, provided the entrepreneur followed the code, which stipulated that poor men should enjoy comparative immunity, rich men less immunity, and foreigners none at all. There is and always has been a very considerable amount of foreign money, mostly English and Scotch, invested in Texas ranches. Cattle-stealing in various forms went on as a comparatively safe industry for decades until associations of cattle-raisers hired detectives and the detectives wiped it out. The proverbial honesty of the cow country was not enforced, as in the movies, by thundering squads of cowboys. All goods save cattle were quite safe from theft, as they usually are in primitive communities, living close to the soil. For all of its magnificent distances, the cow country people remained a community, and men didn't think it sporting to steal a cache of food, for example, because it might come perilously close to murder.

But I had been talking about guns and fighting. At one time there was open warfare between the cattlemen and the sheepmen of Texas. They tried in every way they could think of to settle the matter amicably but nature was against them. Cattle cannot graze on pasture over which sheep have passed because the sheep eat the grass down so close to the ground that there is nothing left for any animal except another sheep. Moreover, the odor of sheep is very offensive to cattle. Finally, the cattlemen and the sheepmen fought it out. In one of the biggest battles that ever took place in Northwest Texas about fourteen sheepmen were killed. The victorious cattlemen, instead of celebrating with a drinking bout, gave their victims Christian burial, marked the graves, publicly expressed their deep regret that no better way to settle the matter had been found, and then departed for their homes, many of them with tears streaming down their cheeks. Later, when the barbed wire fence was introduced in Texas, it caused another war. Men whose holdings were small said that they were completely hemmed in by the fences surrounding the larger ranches. They cut these fences because they had to; this damaged the owners, and warfare ensued. But just as soon as sober heads could counsel together a rule was established requiring gates at specified intervals. The war was slow in developing and very quickly settled, considering the poor means of communication then existing. The number of casualties would never satisfy the author of ranch fiction.

The cow country was not at all quick on the trigger and the few men who were expert pistol shots easily became famous. As for the two-gun man, I have never heard of one save in the movies. It is possible that there may have been such wizards, and I do not deny their existence, but no cattleman in my hearing ever mentioned one. The pistol is about the most difficult of all firearms to handle. I am speaking of the old-fashioned six-

ter; I have never owned or fired the ern automatic. But in our modern s of the wild West there is always eone on hand who can shoot the oscis off a mosquito *without taking aim.* ch a group of children playing cow- nowadays and you will observe that take it for granted that all cowboys d shoot accurately without aiming. en I was a child and played similar es we never said "bang" until we had ed one eye and made all the gestures gestive of taking careful aim. To do erwise was considered not only unfair sloppy and inartistic. We knew some- g about firearms.

he first time in my life that I ever heard ny man firing a pistol accurately with- apparently taking aim I was so inter- d that I made a careful investigation to settle the point for my own satis- ion. At the time I was a reporter. A dly famous bad man had sent warning he proprietor of a little saloon that he s going to clean it out. Three men were dy for him when he entered and four s blazed. The bad man wounded all ee of the defensive force and escaped, a few hours later he was captured by police. The statements of the three unded men agreed on the point that erested me most: they said that on ering the saloon the bad man had fired re rapidly than you could say bang- g-bang—and the fight was over. I nted up the Negro porter who had very willingly viewed the festivities. His noclastic version of it was that the g-bang-bang contribution came from defensive force, and that the bad man t only took careful, deliberate aim but pped clear of his smoke after each shot. ter I questioned the bad man himself, d he corroborated the porter. His fame ted upon the other fellows' excessive ste in firing.

Just as an experiment I tried a few years er to draw a pistol very rapidly and oot a five-gallon can at a distance of enty feet, without taking aim. The pistol was an old-fashioned .45 on a heavy frame, one I had been familiar with since about the age of eight. I didn't come within two feet of the can in six shots, and one of them missed it by at least eight feet. That was the best I could do with nothing dangerous in front of me. In fact it is necessary, at fifty paces, to take careful aim in order to hit even a horse. But in the movies they do a great deal better. And in fiction their skill is simply marvelous.

Once I came very close to a gun fight between two cattlemen. Both had been familiar with firearms for at least a quarter of a century, and were considered good shots, but in the fight neither was hit. One bullet struck an innocent bystander who was at least ten feet out of line with the target. That British Tommy who offered to trade his pistol for a fi' pun hammer has always seemed to me a much brighter fellow than those who told the story appeared to consider him.

IV

The cowboy of modern art has a remarkably developed appreciation of the beauties of nature, especially deserts. He simply dotes on them. The drier the better. And why not, since the steed he rides is utterly indestructible? Distance means virtually nothing to such horses. They scorn any pace under twenty miles an hour, even on an all-day trip. To persons who have felt horses wilt under them after a mere three miles of hard galloping through desert temperatures all this is very thrilling. No wonder the cowboy of modern art is so passionately devoted to the great open spaces! Think of the modern equipment he enjoys! Incidentally, the actual ranches of today, the large ones, use Fords.

Was the real cowboy who played his part in the winning of the West actually devoted to his romantic environment? His own testimony certainly doesn't prove it. I turn again to the cowboy ballads and pick a stanza from that cheerful dirge entitled "The Dying Cowboy":

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow flies free—
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!

Here is one from a ballad entitled "The Kansas Line":

The cowboy's life is a dreary, dreary life,
All out in the midnight rain;
I'm almost froze with the water in my clothes,
Way up on the Kansas line.

And this is from "The Cowman's Prayer":

Prairie fires, won't you please stop?
Let thunder roll and water drop.
It frightens me to see the smoke;
Unless it's stopped I'll go dead broke.

Here, again, are two verses from a very popular ballad entitled "The Lonesome Cowboy":

I ain't got no sweetheart,
I ain't got no sweetheart,
I ain't got no sweetheart
To sit and talk with me.

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy
And a long ways from home.

There is a ballad entitled "Westward Ho" which, after giving far from complimentary mention to Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Kansas, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, concludes:

I'll seek the gulch deserted
And dream of the wild red man,
And I'll build a cot on a corner lot
And get rich as soon as I can.

The following is from a ballad entitled "Texas Rangers":

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister too,
And maybe you have a sweetheart to weep and mourn for you;
If that be your situation, although you'd like to roam,
I'd advise you by experience you had better stay at home.

At least ninety percent of the cowboy ballads are doleful. A fair competitor for first honors would be the one entitled "When Work Is Done This Fall." It laments the singer's long absence from his home in Dixie, and tells of a broken-hearted old mother who begged him not to leave. Then it relates the details of his death in a cattle stampede. The concluding lines follow:

Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise, no tombstone at his head,
Nothing but a little board and this is what it said,
"Charlie died at daybreak, he died from a fall,
"And he'll not see his mother when the work's all done this Fall."

Here is the opening stanza of "Sioux Indians":

I'll sing you a song though it may be a sad one
Of trials and troubles and where they first begun;
I left my dear kindred, my friends and my home
Across the wild deserts and mountains to roam.

This ballad concludes with a drab, sorrowing account of the burial of three slain comrades. "We hitched up our horses and we started our train . . . and we left them to rest in a green shady dell." Indian fighting became glorious only long after it was over. The men who took part in it did not consider themselves swashbuckling conquerors, nor were they looking for battles. Their search was for land and a peaceful living.

"The Old Chisholm Trail," a very famous ballad in its day and beyond question a valuable historical document, relates nothing but difficulties, dangers, and hard work. One popular version of it concludes as follows:

I went to the boss to draw my roll
He had figgered it out I was nine dollars in the hole.
I'll sell my outfit as soon as I can,
I won't punch cattle for no damned man.

A popular ballad entitled "The Cowboy" opens as follows:

All day long on the prairies I ride,
Not even a dog to trot by my side;
My fire I kindle with chips gathered round,
My coffee I boil without being ground.
I wash in a pool and wipe on a sack;
I carry my wardrobe all on my back;
For want of an oven I cook bread in a pot,
And sleep on the ground for want of a cot.

There are scores of these ballads, and over and over again the word "lament" occurs in them. The reason is not obscure. Most of the pioneers failed.

V

e cowboy of modern art seems to have a gious philosophy distinctly his own. is a queer compound of pantheism, ure worship, and agnosticism, but at er times he is represented as a Deist. y rarely is he orthodox; on the con- y, he scorns religious ceremony and ds preachers in contempt. There is ble evidence against this conception. To in with, the cowboy, as a rule, came n some more settled part of the country. his youth he had received the usual erican religious instruction. In conse- nce, almost every record of tragic death the range, as preserved in cowboy lads, includes some reference to the for- eness of sin, or to an effort to provide istian burial for the deceased. Preachers o served in the cow country were ally welcomed and always treated with rtesy. The vast majority of the ranch- ners and cowboys were at heart ortho- Christians in spite of their long aration from church, and most of them very uneasy about the risk of dying hout benefit of clergy.

The cowboy of modern art shares at least one characteristic, however, with the lad of flesh and blood who spurred a pony across the range. Both may honestly lay claim to being models of chivalry. Women were scarce in the cow country and regarded as very precious. They were symbols of the old home, and represented mother, sisters, and a far pleasanter life. They spoke of civilization to lonely men who led dreary lives of drudgery. So they were treated with great respect. Imagination could not possibly exceed the facts about the cowboys' fanciful and often beautiful courtesies to the few women that they ever saw.

One other resemblance between the legendary and the real cowboy, and then the list is closed: when his buddy was in trouble he stood by. But this is also characteristic of sailors, soldiers, miners and virtually all men who labor dangerously for low wages. Beyond these two points the real cowboy did not even remotely resemble the apparition which today stalks through cheap print paper and the movie theater. I'll go farther. Even their horses aren't alike.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE science of homiletics in Marysville:

> In order to carry out the theme of his sermon the Rev. D. Lloyd Morgan stood upon a huge cake of ice in his pulpit Sunday in the First Christian Church. The subject of the sermon was "Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet, They Shall Be Whiter Than Snow."

THE deleterious effects of hellish German ideas on a 100% American of Los Angeles, as set forth by the illustrious *Examiner:*

> The final rift in the Hulms' marital relations came when Attorney Walter Ham brought the wife to Judge Gates' court and won her a divorce. The German philosopher, Nietzsche, was the cause of her unhappiness, Mrs. Hulm was sure. She said her husband always had a few "queer" ideas, but for the most part had been kind. Then he read, "The Genealogy of Morals."
>
> "He began to talk about something he called 'master morality,'" Mrs. Hulm testified. "He told me that everything I had been taught to consider good was really bad from the standpoint of the race. He said it was the philosophy of weaklings, and that the strong and really good did as they pleased.
>
> "He began to act awfully funny. He would stick out his chest and say he was a 'blond beast,' although both his hair and eyes were dark. He started bringing liquor home and giving parties at the house, and when I remonstrated, he just laughed. He said he was using his 'master morality' and what he did was all right, because he was strong.
>
> "One night he went the limit, and brought home some other woman with him. I went wild, and he laughed at me, and said I ought to develop a 'master morality,' too. If I did, he said, I would simply overcome him or else forget him entirely. Forgetting, he said, was one of the best attributes of 'master morality,' because then you didn't hold any grudge, and feel someone had put something over on you. That left you free of any inferior feeling, and you remained a master, instead of a slave."

THE progress of ecclesiastic music in the same great Christian town, as revealed by a pronouncement of the Rev. Dr. Frank Dyer, a distinguished local divine:

> I will entertain my parishioners every Sunday with syncopation. . . . There is as much spiritual uplift in a good jazz band as there is in a pipe organ or choir, or a symphony orchestra playing the classics.

FROM the programme of the Hollywood Bowl Concerts:

HIS WORK

God thot of Light when He made the sun, the stars and the moon;
God thot of Beauty when He gave the fields, the trees and the flowers bloom;
And out of Love He formed a thot and that was you and me;
God thot of Power and thus were formed the mountains and the hills
Symbolic of the Truth as against our human wills;
And when God thot of Talent, He expressed Himself in Soul,
And right in the heart of Hollywood He carved out a mighty bowl
Where tones of His reflection in music and in song
May echo and re-echo to His Immortal Throng!

THE HOLLYWOOD LAUNDRY
Cahuenga at Sunset Holly 4770

CONNECTICUT

INCIDENT of the sacerdotal life in South Manchester, from an eminent Hartford print:

> The 500 ministers attending the Methodist Conference at South Manchester were presented with black silk ties, and a booklet on silk manufacturing, by Cheney Brothers. Announcement of the gift suggested the singing of the hymn, "Blest Be The Tie That Binds," which was done enthusiastically.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BOLD, devilish doings of the Pope in the nation's capital, as brought to light by the *Fellowship Forum*, published there:

> Great forts of cement, stone and brick surround the national capital and command the principal approaches to Washington. Strategic spots suitable for artillery exist throughout the city and on eminences commanding all public buildings—all owned by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This startling fact is definitely established by a recent survey of the Catholic properties of the District of Colum-

a by the research department of the Methdist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and ublic Morals.

FLORIDA

M the masthead of a leading journal olk county:

THE AUBURNDALE TIMES

ublished in the fear of God and by grace of ublic favor, in Auburndale, The Charming ity, Imperial Polk County, Florida.

GEORGIA

ITUAL activities of the Presbyterians Macon, as reported by the *News:*

Members of the Westminster Club of the First resbyterian Church will stage a "womanless edding" at the Westminster Presbyterian hurch on Jeff Davis street Friday evening. n appropriate musical programme has been ranged. The Rev. Dr. W. R. Mackay, pastor, ill render a solo, "Yes Sir, That's My Baby."

ILLINOIS

TRIBUTION to criminology attributed Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, health comsioner of Chicago, by the Murray Iceam Company in an advertisement:

there is one way of preventing crime it is to ed people and children ice-cream.

ERARY judgment attributed to the Right . Edwin Holt Hughes, A.B., A.M., .B., S.T.D., D.D., LL.D., ordinary of Methodist archdiocese of Chicago:

dgar A. Guest is the poet-laureate of God.

EST triumph of Law Enforcement in nnetka, as revealed by a news-head in Chicago *Tribune:*

VINNETKA BANISHES BARBER POLES AND PAWNSHOP BALLS

LIBERATIONS of the City Council of cago, as broadcasted to the nation over wires of the Associated Press:

fter an amendment had been offered to compel ats and dogs to wear tail lights at night, the City Council voted down a resolution that would have required horses to be equipped with red tail lights at night. "This is a serious natter," Alderman Donald McKinley, author f the resolution, declared heatedly.

IOWA

RISTIAN sport in the rising town of nandoah:

Moses will be tried for first degree murder before the men's class of the First Presbyterian Church Sunday morning. An indictment for slaying an Egyptian will be drawn by Earl Ferguson, the teacher. Claude Porter, of Centerville, Democratic Senatorial nominee, will act as judge, and D. L. Wilson and C. R. Barnes, as attorneys. Class members will be jurors, providing they have not made up their mind as to Moses' guilt from reading the story in the Bible.

MORE of the same:

Rules governing Iowa's first official hog-calling contest, a feature of the Iowa State Fair, were announced today. The selection of the champion hog-caller will be based on the point system of judging, a certain number of points being given for each of a half dozen different characteristics manifest in the contestant's call. The rules provide:

Thirty points on volume, loudness or carrying capacity of voice. Volume is necessary, the rules state, to reach the ears of hogs, especially if the wind is from the wrong direction. It also enables the neighbors to know one is at home and attending to his work. Twenty points is given on variety. A varied appeal is always more effective than a monotonous, uninteresting call. Variety in calling might be correlated with a variety of feed. Ten points will be allowed for charm or appeal to the hog, the rules stating that the hog-caller's voice must have the ring of sincerity and honesty and that it must carry conviction to the porkers or the calling is not a success. Ten points each will be given for originality, clearness or musical quality and the appearance and facial expression of the caller while in action.

YET more from Columbus Junction:

The Rev. Loren Pecaut will eat his straw hat at a downtown intersection if he can't prove that the Bible is the Word of God. The test of the evangelist's powers will be made Sunday at the union evangelist services in the Trinity Reformed Church. The audience will judge whether the Rev. Mr. Pecaut proves his contention, and should he fail the straw hat will be eaten at the corner of Ninth and Main streets at 10 A.M. Monday.

KANSAS

WHAT happens when a Kansas Kiwanian rolls his eyes heavenward and the Holy Spirit descends upon him, as brought to light in a recent issue of the *Kiwanis Magazine:*

(*To the tune of the "Old Oaken Bucket."*)

How dear to my heart is my little "K" button,
The little gold button I wear on my coat.
It stands for the spirit of coöperation,
That little "K" button I wear on my coat.
The little blue button, the white lettered
button,

The gold circled button I wear on my coat.
With pride do I wear it, with love do I cherish
That little "K" button I wear on my coat.

And so when the days of my life are completed
And Gabriel transfers me to the Heavenly Club,
May the last earthly sight that greets my vision
Be the little gold button I wore on my coat.
The little blue button, the white lettered button,
The gold circled button we wear on our coats.
May Heaven have harps with Kiwanis stamped emblems
For those who now wear the white "K" on their coats!

WILLIAM VOGEL,
Emporia, Kansas.

MASSACHUSETTS

CRYPTIC news item in the North Adams *Transcript:*

Practically all the Summer residences in or about Williamstown are now opened for the season. The Summer residents, accompanied by their servants, come to town early each morning to do their shopping and then return to their respective homes, where they seem to remain in seclusion until the following morning.

MICHIGAN

ADVERTISEMENT in the Jamestown *Evening Journal:*

Opinion, if it is honest, is an unbiased expression of Experience. Let those who have availed themselves of our professional services tell others of their experience

L. M. PARTRIDGE
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
5 W. 4th St.
Phones—Office 110; Res. 1249

THE progress of Service in Mt. Clemens, as reported by the eminent *Leader:*

William Witt was in charge of the Rotary meeting held Thursday noon at the Colonial Hotel. He devised novel stunts in which seven of the members were compelled to ride toy horses, and the rest of the members bid on the winner. For every dollar bid, the member received a ticket for the Boy Scout Benefit to be held soon.

MINNESOTA

CONTRIBUTION to history by the Rev. Mr McNeil, of Red Wing, as reported by the *Daily Republican* of that pious burg:

Had there been a Kiwanis Club in the Civil War days that great conflict would have been averted.

FROM a learned reader of the Minneapolis *Evening Journal:*

A. N. Lee expresses himself in this column vernacularly in concatenation with the lugubrious anfractuosities of the Minnesota primary law. We should cogitate deeply, anterior to copious expatiations at random.

When the nominating law of Minnesota spreads its excruciating spawn over our succulent prairies, we are obstinately conjoined with the most inarticulate dinosaurs that ever tickled the political æsophagus of our rapidly growing body politic. But better fifty years of this Aurora Diaboli than a cycle of the innocuous desuetude of political equilibrium.

The indefeasible dangers of the present should be swallowed in silence, rather than to indulge in reminiscent speculations as to the indigestible vagaries of futurity.

The inscrutable excesses of the tariff should be treated with sympathetic exegesis and alacrity. Will The *Journal* help to bring this about?

REUBEN STEADFAST, Jr.

MISSISSIPPI

ECCLESIASTICAL advertisement in the *Bolivar Democrat:*

WE ARE REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES:

CLOTHING Stays Clean — Tailor Made—Guaranteed to Fit — The Robe of Righteousness.

FOOD One Loaf will last a life-time—Thoroughly Seasoned—Never gets Stale—The Bread of Eternal Life.

DRINKS Fresh from the FOUNTAIN—The only DRINK that lasts a LIFE-TIME.

The oldest business in the world. Organized in the Year 0. MILLIONS of satisfied customers vouch for the integrity of this BUSINESS. You are cordially invited to look over our stock of goods. Every article and package bears the trade mark—JESUS. One price to all. Local Office—BAPTIST CHURCH.

1st and 3rd Sundays. B. W. WALKER, *Pastor.*

MISSOURI

How the Kansas City Men of Vision relax:

even Kansas City girls, every one of whom nfidently expects to win the title of Miss nsas City in the *Journal-Post* beauty contest, d a trip to Atlantic City to try for the title Miss America, paraded before the Rotary ub at its noon luncheon today in the Hotel ltimore. The girls, each attired in a bathing t, were introduced by Sam Carver.

C-IMPROVEMENT news from St. Louis:

gum-spitting contest for women and girls s held yesterday at Forest Park Highlands a feature of the annual picnic given by the irty-Ninth Street Business and Improvement sociation. The picnic was attended by 8,000 rsons. The struggle for superiority in the of gum-spitting was ended after an hour diligent effort on the part of all the entrants, nen Mrs. Helen Hruby, of 3841 Folsom enue, succeeded in putting the gum a distance thirty feet, a record so far as is known.

NEBRASKA

ALISTIC suggestion by a prominent of Vision of Omaha, as reported by *Morning World-Herald:*

T. Rector, of the Fairmont Creamery Com-ny, has suggested to J. M. Gillan, secretary the agricultural committee of the Chamber Commerce, that Nebraska take the lead nong Middle-Western States in adopting milk the baptismal fluid for christening boats, uildings, highways and bridges. This symbol ould make Nebraska regarded as one of the remost dairy States, he believes.

NEW YORK

MOROUS note in the *Monroe Legionnaire*, lished at Rochester:

hanks to divine guidance, the American egion is as free of hypocrites as it is humanly ossible to be.

IMEN of sweet writing from one of nhattan's eminent gazettes:

ist the gentle little touch of a woman's hand. enters into the great picture at the Yankee adium to-night. Those of us who have seen illy Stribling box in this city and other places ave always remarked that he has worn black tin religiously. It seemed to be his lucky olor, but lucky or not, he won't wear black -night. Yesterday morning, early, Ma Strib-ng went shopping and came back to her hotel ith a big roll of baby blue satin under her rm. And then she sat down and, with deft ands, cut and fashioned a new pair of fighting unks for her first-born. All day long she sat the Hotel Cumberland stitching and hem-ing the new tights. She sang a little lullaby herself as she sewed. And only she knows he picture she saw—but it was of her boy—her tot—in new baby blue tights, standing in the centre of that great mob.

Her eyes filled as she saw in her mind's eye the crown being placed on the head of the Apollo she has given to Fistiana. And she sewed feverishly.

Just the gentle little touch of a woman's hand—a mother's!

CIRCULAR distributed in gaudy Manhattan:

MARRIAGE BROKERS OFFICE

GIRLS BOYS

Pleasant and Surprising News!

At last we have found means to remedy the great evil of America. In this country, where thousands of boys and girls come from all countries, it should have been easy to bring about good marriages, but the system was wrong.

We have therefore organized this Central Marriage Bureau, where only respectable people may be registered. Information is free and if one cannot appear personally, he may write or telephone, explaining all difficulties. It is the duty of every respectable boy or girl, who wishes to make a good match, to register in this bureau.

Such an office has never before existed in America, and it is the duty of parents to see that their children are registered here. Study carefully this advertisement and you will see that this is one of the greatest accomplishments in America. Do not lose any time. Come to the office which is open every day from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. Friday until 4 P.M. It is closed Saturdays and holidays.

MARRIAGE BROKER'S OFFICE
59 East 7th Street, N. Y.
Between 1st & 2nd Aves.
Ground floor.

ÆSTHETIC note in the 100% American *Herald Tribune:*

Art is art, be it only that of three humble seals artistically and with perfect rhythm tossing a rubber ball from one nose to another. The writer, for instance, is a motion picture cameraman. On more than one occasion, timed by a split-second watch, he has revolved a camera crank at speeds of twelve, fourteen and sixteen pictures per second without a single false beat in five minutes' consecutive turning. Yet my highbrow friends tell me there is no art in photography!

E. J. SKEAVINGTON.
Chappaqua, N. Y.

FROM the department entitled, "Voice of the People," in the distinguished *Daily News:*

Kindly give me space to enter my protest to an insult to the Jewish race. My indignation was aroused when I saw in one of the fish cases at the Battery Aquarium a long-nosed fish, and

beneath it read "Jew Fish," and close by it was another fish described as a "Pork Fish." We Hebrews object to such an insult to our honored race and I feel it to be my duty to arouse the Jewish people of New York to protest to the directors of the aquarium and cause either the removal of those offensive signs or removal from office of the public servant who placed the signs on the fish cases.

J. J. Branigansky.

Editor's Note—The *Daily News* investigated this alleged condition and found that these two specimens are separated by eight tanks. They are at least fifty feet apart, and the distance between them is about one-third of the total footage on tanks on the ground floor. The *Daily News* feels certain no slight or insult is intended by those in charge of the aquarium.

From a patriotic reader of the illustrious *Graphic:*

If I had the power, I would give six months in jail and $1,000 fine to any one who did not display the stars and stripes outside his or her residence or business place on the Fourth of July.

John Alfieri.
285 Bowery.

The Rev. Walter D. Buchanan, A.B., A.M., D.D., LL.D., pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian Church, as reported by the *Times:*

I believe that any one who stands for atheism is punishable and deserves to be punished under the Constitution of these United States.

Specimen of modern corporation advertising, from the *World:*

THE SHRINE OF PATRIOTISM

"*No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beams, but the love and gratitude of United America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine.*"

Edward Everett.

Not only America but all the world makes its pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, the home from which went the "intrepid warrior who knew no glory but his country's good." At Mount Vernon can be seen the room in which Washington died, and on the chair by the bed at the moment of his death lay the open Bible from which Mrs. Washington had been reading to him.

This proves that the man we love and call Father looked to our Heavenly Father for guidance and wanted to hear His word to the last.

Knickerbocker Ice Company

The net effects of moral endeavor in Manhattan, as reported by the Associated Press:

Col. Margaret Bevill, territorial director of the Salvation Army's social service, said that 42% of the patients cared for in the Army's fifteen maternity homes during the past two years were "school girls of high or elementary grades, averaging 16 years of age." "To have an average of 16," she added, "means that we must have an astounding number of girls who are becoming mothers between the ages of 11 and 14. Of 397 girls now in the homes, 169 were declared to be of school age." "Twenty years ago," the director explained, "our rescue homes were always filled with women of mature age. From whatever source we found these women, however, they were, with only a few exceptions, women who had deliberately chosen what has mistakenly been called 'the easiest way.' This is not the situation today. Red-light districts have been largely done away with, and so have the saloons with back rooms, and, between the police and the activities of citizens' committees, we have practically eliminated open prostitution on the streets. In spite of these reforms, the Salvation Army in this one territory now has twice the number of maternity homes that it operated in those lurid days of the past, and they are all filled to capacity—by whom? Not by professional, deliberate and conscious violators of the social code, although we still work among that class, too—but by school children, many of whom have been obliged to leave their desks in either the high or elementary grades to go direct to our institutions for the ordeal of motherhood."

NORTH CAROLINA

Specimen dithyrambs by F. E. Perkins, an eminent Tar Heel bard:

There are fathers and mothers all over this land
A-chewing and smoking as hard as they can,
While children are scolded and pushed off to bed,
All dirty and ragged and crying for bread.

Many thousand young men in our land day by day
Are puffing cigarettes and dying away,
The filthy old snuff fair ladies will dip
And spoil their great beauty by filling their lip.

A father once said with his eyes full of tears:
"I cannot quit chewing—I've tried it for years."
While the dying young man says he sadly regrets
That he ever did learn to smoke cigarettes.

O snuffers and puffers, ye slaves of the weed,
Will you now reach heaven? Is hope sure indeed?
Are you snuffing now to the glory of God?
Are you trav'ling the path our Saviour once trod?

Incident of life in the Piedmont, as related by the Burlington corresponden

the Pittsburgh *Courier*, an eminent merican journal:

elley Lee, a colored barber of Burlington, ith a shop catering only to white people, osed up his place after midnight Saturday, d was standing outside, when he was at-cked by a bandit, who shot him through e abdomen, robbed him and fled. Instead of mitting him to the local hospital, the thorities at Burlington rushed him to urham, forty miles away in an ambulance. e arrived there in great agony at 2 A.M. Dr. W. Cordice at once sewed up the wounds in s abdomen and intestines but Shelley died fore morning. Dr. Cordice says that but for e loss of blood, and the shaking caused by e long, hurried ride, Shelley might have been ved. Burlington has the reputation of being regular cracker town. In passing through it ne sees a sign bidding one a hearty Rotarian elcome.

M the want ad columns of the Wash-on *Star:*

EMETERY SALESMEN, need five A1, ex-erienced, with car, at once; extra large ommissions. *Live leads furnished.* M. L. hipps, 13 E. 5th st., Charlotte, N. C. 15*

OHIO

INEMENT of Law Enforcement by the n. Karl Pierce, municipal beach in-ctor of Akron, as reported by the veland *Plain Dealer:*

n the interests of common sense and public afety, I shall insist that bathers on beaches hich come under my jurisdiction wear wimming suits that will permit freedom of ovement in the water. If I catch anyone, male r female, wearing a bathing suit of such pro-ortions and design as to invite exhaustion, amps or drowning, thus making needless ork for the life guards and undertakers, shall cause him or her to be locked up for afe keeping and arraigned before Probate udge L. D. Slusser for mental examination.

ORCE news from New Philadelphia:

Mrs. Ada Bair, 61, granted a divorce from her usband, Medill W. Bair, allowed his request hat she give him the song books in their home o that he can sing at her funeral. She also con-ented to let him use the organ and offered to rovide him with a musical instructor.

OKLAHOMA

e worship of God in McAlester, as cribed by the eminent Oklahoma City *ahoman:*

n order to illustrate his point of view that ridge parties where prizes are given are as nuch a violation of the law as a crap or poker game, the Rev. C. E. Wilbanks, pastor of the First Baptist Church of McAlester, with the aid of his assistant, the Rev. H. L. Marlor, conducted a crap and poker game at the evening service of the church Sunday night.

OREGON

NOTE on the rapid spread of Big Ideas in the Republic, as set forth by a Salem dispatch:

Loganberry juice, served from a bathtub by a pretty girl, *à la* Earl Carroll of the famous New York bathtub party, is to be Oregon's contribution to the festivities marking the gathering of Lions at San Francisco in international convention next week. The loganberry juice, 320 gallons of it, already has been shipped from Salem. The stunt of the Oregon Lions, it is explained, will differ from that of the notorious Carroll party in that the pretty girl will be well clothed, except for that portion of her shoulders visible above the sides of the bathtub.

News item from Portland:

Red lights and churches don't match, according to the Rev. Oswald Taylor, who has petitioned the City Council to set aside a building code requirement that all exits in public buildings be marked with red lights.

PENNSYLVANIA

CONTRIBUTION to literary criticism by the Hon. J. I. Abernathy, in the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

The writer of poetry requires a suitable brain and sensitive nervous system in order to be keenly sensitive to all external influences. Persons with a natural talent for poetry and who especially love it, require a broad and warm sympathetic nature in order to portray the tender emotions and love sentiments. Therefore, a writer of poetry must possess the capacity of feeling, must have strong love for home and of the opposite sex. The latter trait is large in all of the great original writers, for this faculty assists creative efforts.

The writer must not only be able to feel and portray these sentiments, but also to reproduce them upon paper. They are possessed of remarkable features, their hair generally is dark and fine, often inclined to curl. The skin is clear and white, the eyes dark and full, the forehead high and full, especially in the mid region and the top. The nose is of the Grecian type, the lips long and full, and the expression mild and kind. Look at the photograph of any great poet and sentimentalist and you will see the striking resemblance to the above description.

THE state of civilization in Uniontown:

Wholesale arrests are anticipated in Uniontown if Mayor R. D. Warman insists on pressing a new charge which cropped out at a hear-

ing before him Tuesday morning. The crime was specified as "riding in an automobile with a man not her husband." Under this indictment a well-known Uniontown woman, who pleaded that her name be omitted from the case, was arrested. The arresting officer claims that she was riding around with a man who he knew was not her husband.

SOCIETY item from the Sunbury *News:*

August Ebach, 37, a baker employed at 132 North King street, Camden, is in the Cooper Hospital, suffering from gas poisoning, after an argument with his wife.

SOUTH CAROLINA

MASTERLY compromise with the Darwinian heresy by the Right Rev. William T. Russell, D.D., LL.D., Catholic ordinary of the diocese of Charleston:

It does look like an ape might have developed into a man, but we have no instance of it.

VIRGINIA

EXTRACT from the official Assembly Schedule of the University of Virginia Summer Quarter:

Wednesday—Dr. Robt. L. Ramsay: How to Be a Born Story-Writer.

WEST VIRGINIA

SIGN hanging in a Christian barber shop of Clarksburg:

RULES FOR TODAY

DO nothing that you would not like to be doing
WHEN JESUS COMES
GO to no place where you would not like to be found
WHEN JESUS COMES
SAY nothing that you would not like to be saying
WHEN JESUS COMES

WISCONSIN

NOTE on the Higher Learning at Beloit College, from the *Beloit Alumnus:*

Field day for coaches at Beloit College ended Monday, with Roy Bohler, formerly of Washington State College, Pullman, Wash., as high point man. Seventy-two athletes competed to succeed Tommy E. Mills, who resigned early in May to become assistant coach at Notre Dame.

Twenty-two States, ranging East and West from Massachusetts and Rhode Island to California and Washington, and North and South from Michigan and Minnesota to Texas, Georgia and Mississippi, were represented by the seventy-two applicants for the position.

Preliminary to making the appointment of Mr. Mills' successor, ten applicants were personally interviewed at Beloit by President Irving Maurer and the four members of the Alumni Committee; two meetings of the alumni were held, one in Chicago and the other in Beloit; eight times members of the Committee gathered for serious discussion and collation of information of applicants. President Maurer made one 1000-mile and three 200-mile trips of investigation and interview, and various members of the Committee conducted campaigns of investigation, some traveling considerable distances for information relating to special candidates; and 191 letters and twenty telegrams were sent out from the President's office relative to the position.

THE PHILIPPINES

THE spread of American *Kultur* to these benighted regions:

A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives of the Philippine Legislature to prohibit the teaching of the theory of evolution in the public schools of the Islands. The measure was referred to a committee. An explanatory statement accompanying the bill said: "The Filipino people are Christians, and firmly believe the story of creation of man narrated in Holy Scripture."

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

EXTENSION of the boons of malignant Americanism to the Motherland, as described by the eminent London *Daily Mail*

The bench of magistrates at Hastings has this week had to try a case which, carefully considered, is of great importance to English seaside towns and pleasure resorts, suffering as these now are from Continental competition. The case raised the question whether ice cream with a wafer or a biscuit might be supplied after 10 P.M. on Saturday and 8 P.M on Sunday. The decision was that ice cream may not legally be supplied in these conditions and after these hours.

Who can wonder that crowds of people go to Continental resorts, where everything possible is done for their pleasure and convenience, while our own English coast towns are handicapped by restrictions at every point? Besides this ban on ices, we have prohibitions on the purchase of chocolate after certain arbitrary hours and prohibitions on the purchase of cigarettes after a certain time, though for an hour or two hours later the Englishman is permitted to buy as much alcoholic refreshment as he likes. Even in the case of cigarettes there are now regulations by which the public within certain times must not buy them in a shop but may put money for them into a machine (if there happens to be one within reach). The purchaser, however, may not ask for change in a shop in order to be able to put the exact amount in the machine.

PONTIFEX BABBITT

BY NELS ANDERSON

ENATOR SLOCUM has the floor. "Mr. President," he says, "I ask unanimous consent to print in the *Record* a communication in the nature of a petition the Giles County Corn Growers' ociation, protesting against the morals mechanical age." And then:

ATOR SMOOT: I would suggest that the Senator r the matter to the Committee on Printing. hould like to add for the benefit of other ators that yesterday the *Record* contained enty-one columns of such material, and the al cost of printing it was $834.55.
ENATOR SLOCUM: Does that mean that the ator from Utah objects?
ENATOR SMOOT: I feel it my duty to object.

Whereupon Senator Slocum, refusing to rt his constituents, and taking advan- of a time-honored right, proceeds to the memorial into the *Record*. Five utes pass and Senator Smoot begins to rm with impatience. Ten minutes pass he looks worried, as well he may, for valuable time of more than sixty ned Senators is being wasted. But the istent Slocum reads on and fifteen utes pass. Still he is only half finished n Smoot yields, Slocum sits down ing and the communication goes into *Record*.

What would the morning hour be in the ted States Senate without a scene like , with the eagle-eyed Smoot as the cipal actor? For twenty years, as self- ointed censor of the *Record*, he has ed his war against this printing of n. For twenty years he has been power- and assiduously on the job. How rent this Smoot from the lamb-like ce who came to the Senate in 1903, for two years thereafter was the butt of anti-Mormon virtue! He is still tall and soberly garbed, and still he wears the high poke collar that threatens to lacerate his throat should he turn his head quickly. He is still grave and unsmiling, and the years have dried him out and left him lean and gray. He is still as sparing of words as he ever was. But in his voice there is now a ring of authority. He is no longer lamb-like, no longer meek and timid. The uncertain, furtive air of a hunted man has been shuffled off, and in its stead has come the self-confident mien and manner of a master.

Reed Smoot, Apostle of the Mormon Church, on his first appointment to the Senate was the object of a hurricane of protest. All the old pious rage against the Latter Day Saints flared up again, and Christian pastors and political opponents left no stone unturned in their zeal to oust him from office. But he stayed on, working, and waiting. He said nothing, but sawed wood. Today, it is probable, he has more real power in his hands than any other man in Washington, not even excepting Dr. Coolidge. He knows more about the actual workings of the government than any of his colleagues. In all national legislation, and especially when it relates to finance, he has become a dominating influence. No important bill dealing with revenue or expenditures can go on the books before he has left upon it the impress of his dour and suspicious personality.

The exponent of a harsh and unyielding economy in government house-keeping, he is the son of a frugal, unimaginative race among whom thrift and hard work are the

chief virtues of this life and the only assurances of salvation in the life beyond. His father, a Mormon who crossed the plains with Brigham Young and the other pioneers, became one of the first mayors of Salt Lake City. He was its mayor when the United States Army came to destroy it, when the people fled to the mountains and left a few men behind to apply the suicidal torch. Later the elder Smoot became the leader of the region around Provo, where Reed was born in 1862. The brunt of pioneering had passed by then, and the Indians had ceased to trouble. But the Mormons were still having clashes with the Federal government over polygamy, and their struggle with the forces of Nature had only begun.

The elder Smoot became the ecclesiastical head of the Provo region. He was a devout man and the Lord blessed him in his stock and store. He became the owner of woolen mills, and a merchant, and later a banker and real estate man. He was a worker and a praying man. In Zion he was the *Stammvater* of the royal dynasty of Smoot. Young Reed, while he never showed any startling ability, was from the beginning a patient worker. At the age of seventeen he graduated from the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, now the Brigham Young University, and his father gave him his choice of studying medicine, becoming a lawyer or going into business. He chose the last, and took a petty job in the Provo Woolen Mills. In Provo the story still floats about that on one of the walls he wrote: "I will yet be superintendent of these mills." He became superintendent. Forty years later while battling for raw wool in the Senate, he declared with no little pride: "I don't care what happens to me financially. I know that I can go into a woolen mill, and I can run a woolen mill."

It was evident to the future Senator that a good business man ought to know something about politics, just as now he insists that a politician ought to know something about business. A good business man ought to have a political party. So he subscribed to two New York newspapers, one Republican and the other Democratic, and these he read religiously for more than a year before making up his mind. He finally concluded that a business man could sleep with greater comfort in the Republican bed. He then proceeded to put his house in order, and so carefully did he plan that no detail was missing when the call came. His first move was to step into his father's shoes in business. Then he proceeded to don his father's ecclesiastical pants by following him in the leadership of the Provo branch of the Mormon Church. Here he was so useful and efficient that he soon outstripped his father. Presently he was elected to the august Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. He became a sort of Mormon cardinal. Getting so far at thirty-nine was no small achievement, but Smoot, the go-getter, was still out for more. He found that the financial affairs of the Church had dropped into a dreadful rut. For thirty years only dreamers had been at the helm. So he set himself to straightening out the tangles, and it was not long before he had completed the job. Out of gratitude his brethren in authority, finding Utah in need of a Senator, saw to it that he received the appointment.

II

For a Mormon to be sent to the Senate at that time was akin to being nominated for martyrdom, and it was in this spirit that he took the call. The halo he won in the struggle he still wears out in Utah. The fruits still drop at his feet. But he entered the Senate a very humble man. His ambition was to learn what all Senators are supposed to know and what a Republican Senator is expected to do. He came in like an office boy in a big firm. He sat at the feet of those great and good men, Lodge, Penrose, Aldrich and Platt. They found him an apt pupil, safe, sober and steady. They recognized that he was a lion for efficiency, a tiger for economy and a wolf for detail. But for a number of years he

ndered. He was like an untrained man
ne mechanic's bench, not knowing just
to take hold of the tools. He was put
arrying water for the players and lent
sional aid in rubbing down the stars.
etimes he would try to get the floor,
he was slow of speech and *gauche*. The
osition Senators razzed him and the
spapers kidded him. The Mormon
rs still glared at him, eager for a
nce to undo him.

ut all that is now past. Today he is on
The public no longer thinks of him
Smoot the Mormon. He has become
ebody. A word from him gets more
s attention than an hour of the best
uence found in the two chambers on
hill. He is chairman of the Finance
mmittee, ranking member and virtually
irman of the Committee on Appropria-
s, the watch dog of the Treasury,
ilitant proponent of economy in gov-
nent, and one of the chief financial ad-
rs to the President. Eloquence in the
ate is becoming a lost art, a sort of
igial hangover from the Daniel Webster
s. Government is more and more a
ter of patient grinding in committee
ns—and here Smoot excels. In these
mittee rooms laws are made, mutilated
killed; appointments are made, deals
made, and men are made. In them there
o playing to the galleries, no beating
om-toms. Work is the chief thing—
Smoot is the most untiring worker in
Washington.

et he is also conspicuous for other
ons. For example, for his romantic,
ost voluptuous guardianship of wool,
his veneration for the sugar beet, and
his dogged attempts to inject what he
rds as efficiency into the administra-
of the government. His adoration of
ol scarcely needs explaining. All the
e he was an owner of woolen mills a
ody war was being waged between the
le and sheep interests in Utah. In spite
he trusty rifles of Mormon cowboys,
rmon sheep-herders overran the hills
Zion—and the change was surely not
unwelcome to the operators of woolen mills. His relation to sugar is hardly more subtle. He is loyal to sugar for sentimental as well as for material reasons. It was beet sugar stock that saved the Mormon Church financially. The first beet sugar mill west of the Mississippi his father imported from Germany. By this precedent the whole surrounding region was committed to beet growing. He is loyal first to beet sugar, and then to any sugar produced in the continental United States. But all the talk about his being the defender of the Sugar Trust sounds foolish when one remembers that the beet sugar people and the cane sugar people stand opposed in two warring camps. They never unite save to keep out raw sugars imported from the islands.

The nearest we have to an actual Sugar Trust in this country is the combination of sugar refiners along the Atlantic seaboard. They import and refine raw sugar. On this raw sugar they want a low tariff, and Smoot always stands in their way. Often he has been accused of having vast holdings in sugar stocks. One time, when the charge was made in the Senate, he offered to sell all the stock he owned, 440 shares, to Senator LaFollette for $10 a share. Long ago he sold his share in the family woolen mills.

Official Washington thus has no bone to pick wi h him because of his devotion to sheep and sugar. In the very nature of things every Senator is the bosom of Abraham for some pet product of his home State. But in his unrelenting determination to make of the government an efficient machine he is forever measuring swords with his colleagues. With his objective they have no quarrel; they all admit the need of efficiency and economy. But with Smoot as the champion of the cause and with his arrogant individualistic methods of accomplishing his ends they do quarrel. In so far as he has made his drive a personal responsibility he has made himself as popular on Capitol Hill as a hangman.

There is in Washington an institution known as the United States Bureau of

Efficiency. It is a Smoot creation, pure and simple. He conceived it, and when it was established one of his armor-bearers was placed in charge of it. What the bureau was delegated to do officially Smoot had been doing as an individual for years. It is on the lookout for clock-watchers, it devises short cuts in work, it tells department heads how to sell old typewriters for a better price or recommends that three rooms be used where four are used now. The bureau is the official censor of official Washington, and were it not for the powerful protecting arm of Smoot it would soon be torn to pieces.

It is argued that it now duplicates in many respects the work of the Bureau of the Budget, but the latter is not a Smoot tool, and hence he refuses to yield to it. Before even the Bureau of Efficiency was born Smoot was his own watchman on the tower. When vacancies occurred at strategic positions in the older bureaux and commissions he pulled wires to have men or women of his choosing appointed. If he could appoint Mormons, as when he put ex-Governor Spry of Utah in the Land Bureau, so much the better. But the big thing was not whether they were Mormons but whether they were loyal to Smoot. Only recently, in spite of all the opposition that could be mustered, he prevailed on the strong, silent man in the White House to appoint a woman of his selection to the Civil Service Commission. Thus, by planting a loyal person here and another one there, he has built around himself a perfect fact-finding and gossip-gathering machine. The Bureau of Efficiency gears perfectly into this private organization. By means of his network of lines and cross-lines he is in touch with the workings of the most obscure units of the national headquarters. Like a spider in a web he sits at the center. This is power.

All of it was honestly acquired. He grew up in the stern and sobering shadows of the Wasatch Range and in the society of toil lovers. The Mormons are the super-Puritans of American culture. To them the earth is only a place to prepare for Heaven, and Heaven is simply a place of eternal order. Life on earth must be a thing of serious effort, a sort of tuning up for the life beyond. To them there is no virtue like keeping one's lamp trimmed, and no joy in this life or the next that does not come from work. Thus Smoot instinctively busies himself with keeping the national house in order.

Other Senators work at the eternal problem of reëlection, and need to turn to one another for aid and comfort. Smoot, who can stay as long as he wants, has been free to turn his attention to other things. It has never been necessary for him to exchange favors. He doesn't have to court his voters by inserting their communications in the *Record*. He never goes on baby-kissing or hand-shaking tours. He is never found at teas, nor does he address women's clubs or graduating classes. He never invades the White House on social calls. He is sure of his job.

III

True to his clerical background, he believes in the sanctity of authority and in fidelity to leadership. There must be leaders and followers, and it is the business of the followers to follow. There are two classes of followers, the common folks and the subordinate leaders. When harmony prevails between followers and leaders one always knows what is going to happen next. Such a perfect relationship maintains itself between Smoot and his constituency. He always gets from them what is his due as their faithful leader. They constitute his flock, politically and ecclesiastically.

At the lower end of Provo, in an area of the city no longer inhabited by the best people, stands a monument to the loyalty of these sheep. This is the Smoot family home, which has stood vacant for years, with the windows boarded and the grass growing tall in the yards. The natives accept it unquestioningly as the sign of a

ice. They believe that during all the that Brother Smoot has been in ington serving them he has been ing himself the comforts of home. He never sought to disillusion them. n he spoke at Provo in the last Presi- al campaign he even gave them a e reminder. He was forced to move near the light to read some documents which he was quoting. "Fellow ens," he said, "you will pardon me, sure. I have nearly ruined my eyes cing for the good people of Utah." *lause.*]

aving this view of loyalty and believ- n the divinity of the American govern- t, it is natural for him to regard its agement as a solemn and even re- us business. He takes his senatorship ess seriously than he does his apostle- . In both rôles he brings to bear the habits of mind. In his orthodox ity to the one he is no more immovable in his orthodox fidelity to the other. his theological loyalty he has been ecuted, but for his senatorial loyalty party and the *status quo* the Babbitt s has never ceased to extol him. To v how much both these rôles are one, needful only to recall how, during strained days of April, 1917, while the te was deliberating on war, he halted proceedings long enough to make what ermed "this simple but earnest appeal: bless and approve the action to be n by the Senate this day. Our Father, erve our government and hasten the when liberty will be enjoyed by all peoples of the earth." Saints and tiles rejoiced at his piety, and the day come when loyal Utah will cast this er in bronze and chisel it in stone. ot has never had reason to doubt his e folks. He holds them in the palm of hand.

Iore than once, to be sure, he has been sed of failing to coöperate with his y in the Senate, but that charge has ays had reference to petty details and lly to personal relations between himself and other men. On the main issues he has never left the shadow of the party standard. He is reported to have looked very, very frightened and worried during the investigation of the Navy oil leases, but he did not run amok. He voted to seat Lorimer, of the corrupt Illinois machine. He upheld Newberry of Michigan. He voted to retain in the party the turbulent Brookhart because he thought it was wiser to keep bad boys at home where they could be disciplined than to permit them to run hog wild around the country. When the matter of punishing LaFollette for leading a third party came up he was four-square for discipline. He said: "We should have taken this step fifteen years ago, when LaFollette first kicked over the traces. The party would have been better off."

In Utah Smoot is considered a great statistician and the most able economist in Washington, with the possible exception of Andy Mellon. They remember with pride how he once talked against time for thirty-three hours, and didn't have to read any poetry or tell any funny stories: he talked only facts. Smoot, in truth, is so much the statistician that he has almost ceased to be a human being. His devotion to numbers has converted him into an adding-machine. He never smiles; he is devoid of humor. They say he loves children, as do all Mormons, but if he loves adults he never shows it. His apostolic face never lights up except when he goes into the parks to feed the birds. Here for the moment he becomes a man of flesh and blood, but even this diversion he indulges in solitude. He burns the midnight oil over columns and percentages, over deficits and surpluses, always and ever with one end in view: to prove his side right and the other wrong. He is a Republican statistician.

When he confronts a good debater in the Senate he is a sorry spectacle. At repartee he is a failure; the words clog in his throat or he flies into a rage that anyone should impeach his word. But give him his own

weapons, his charts and curves, and the tide of battle comes his way. When he turns on the enemy with: "Let us take the facts; not windjamming, but the facts," it is rarely that he is beaten. But it is hard to qualify him as a political economist. If protecting large incomes and rushing to the defense of vested interests is sufficient to justify such a rating his reputation is secure. Unfortunately for his Utah admirers, scientists are not rated that way. The *laissez faire* political economy, alas, is rapidly passing from the world. It is only found in the most antiquated universities. But even the most ardent *laissez faire* economists would not accept Smoot. He leans so far toward the let-it-alone philosophy that he becomes the champion of an almost theological *laissez faire*. Things are as they should be by divine arrangement. Providence will see to it that everything stays on the track, and the world isn't going to go haywire. Man must not throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery. With this naïve philosophy Smoot would solve all the social and economic problems of the world. He would tell the crook to be honest, the unemployed to go to work, and all people to practice clean living, prayer, and loyalty to their leaders.

No one has ever heard the chairman of the Finance Committee raise his apostolic voice in the interest of what is called humanity. He never thinks of people in the concrete. He is above and beyond the groveling masses. The mines in his own State are veritable mantraps. Most mines in the West are bad, but nowhere can a worker get leaded, gassed, crushed, or poisoned with arsenic or copper water more readily than in Utah. Yet let a Senator try to start an investigation of mining conditions out there, and at once Smoot finds his voice—the same voice that is heard when sugar probes and other such villainies are suggested. The uplifters never go to him for favors, nor have they ever sent him any bouquets.

Alarmists point to the possibility that Apostle Smoot may one day become the President of his Church, and so begin to speak directly and familiarly to God. According to precedent, when the head of the Church dies the senior Apostle in point of service takes his place. Heber J. Grant, the present head of the Church, is an old man, but hale. Rudger Clawson, the president of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, is next in line. He too is old, but also hale. Both these men must die before Smoot can be elevated to the dizzy splendors of the presidency, which will make him God's personal representative on earth. The alarmi ts fear for the rest of us if he should one day hold in one hand the keys to the Everlasting Kingdom, and in the other the keys to the Committee on Finance. The Lord would then whisper to Brother Reed and Brother Reed would whisper to Brother Calvin. But I don't believe there is any cause for real alarm. Smoot, as Apostle, would not get any disturbing revelations. His head doesn't work that way. He knows that we already have the kind of government that God wants, that the Constitution is an inspired document, and that the Heavens are most tranquil when the Republicans are in the saddle. The Heavens are most tranquil then because he, Smoot, holds a front seat on the band-wagon. He would be very loath to uproot anything or change anything. His God likes to sit tight.

Thus, if he were President of the Mormon Church his habits of life and manner of thinking would be altered very little. He would plod on as usual, gathering the right brand of stand-pat Republican statistics and piling them high in his encyclopædic mind. He might become more austere and his vote would probably change to a benediction, but nothing else would happen. He has been too long in the game to get the voices mixed. He knows the still small voice of the Holy Spirit, but he also knows the still small voice in the White House. Both are authoritative and they never contradict each other. Smoot would never confuse them.

A VERMONT FAMILY

BY ROSE C. FELD

FOR several years I have been going up to a little farmhouse in Vermont to spend my holidays. I go for a month a time, in the Spring, when the house ree of other boarders. The members of household no longer look upon me ely as a source of income; I am now a ing friend. I eat in the kitchen with the ily, I help prepare the meals, and when ghbors come to visit, I sit around and in the conversation.

Here is a family that can probably trace descent to the *Mayflower*, though I have er heard its members do it, which, of rse, is a point in their favor. They have ne old name and their neighbors have old names. All the people of the neighhood are the descendants of America's est stock. I shall call my friends the nners, though that is not their name. the one they actually bear is just as d.

The Sumners make their living selling k to the village five miles from their n. They own about thirty head of catand several hundred acres of land, and considered one of the prosperous fams of the countryside. Their farmhouse over a hundred years old, and it was lt by men inspired by the permanence the surrounding hills. Downstairs is a ge kitchen where the family cooks, eats sits in the kerosene-lit hours when res are done. It is a most friendly place, friendliest room in the house. On the e floor are three bedrooms and a parlor. stairs there are three more bedrooms a huge attic, called by the Sumners shed-chamber. Here you will find the al rubbish of a family that has lived in the same house for scores of years—old trunks, old bedsteads, a spinning-wheel not yet acquired by an antique dealer, a tool-chest, and a tool-table covered with bits of harness, farm machinery, scales and the hundred and one other things connected with farms and stables. Here, too, you will find cartons of crackers, cases of breakfast food for the boarders, canned fruit, and piles of newspapers. These things fill part of the huge chamber and give it an air of confusion that is not uninteresting. I like to visit it when I come to the house; it is unlike anything to which a person who has always lived in the city is accustomed. But I do not like going up there when I leave, for reasons which will appear.

Four generations live in this house today. First there is Grammy Sumner. She has a bedroom downstairs. In a second bedroom on her floor sleeps the hired girl, a lass of sixteen. John Sumner and his wife, son and daughter-in-law to Grammy, sleep in one of the rooms upstairs. In the room next to them sleep John, Jr., his wife, and their two children. The third bedroom on the second floor is occupied by the two hired men. This arrangement holds for the Winter months, when the family is undisturbed by boarders. Every May, however, a general exodus takes place; the house is prepared for its Summer occupants. By the time I arrive, the hired men have already been moved into the shed-chamber. Their bedroom becomes mine. In one dark unventilated corner of the huge attic, for that is what it is, stands their double bed, a bureau and a chair, and on all three are scattered in careless disarray the intimacies

of their private life. When they need anything, they light a lamp, for never does a ray of light penetrate to their bedside.

The rest of the family continues to live in the hermetically sealed rooms of the bitter Winter months a few weeks longer. Then, to make room for boarders, John Sumner and his wife move into the shed-chamber. Their new headquarters are in the corner opposite the hired men's. An old bed is put up for them, most of their belongings are piled into one of the discarded chests that stand empty during the Winter, and the rest are hung on pegs on the wall. A calico curtain, strung along two sides of their corner, shuts them off from the view of the hired men. They have a little attic window. John Jr. and his family are the last to come to the attic, for Spring in Vermont is still cold and the large draughty shed-chamber is a bit dangerous for the two children, a boy of seven and a girl of six. John Jr. and his wife take a corner at the farther end of the room and share a window with the tool-chest. Calico curtains give them the same kind of doubtful privacy enjoyed by the older Sumners. Behind these curtains in a big bed sleep John Jr. and his wife. Close to them, in a little cot, sleeps their little girl. In the center of the shed-chamber, up against the chimney piece where it is nice and warm, a bed is made up for the boy, and near that another for the hired girl. Grammy is the only one who keeps her room throughout the year. The house is now ready for its Summer occupants.

Often of a morning I am waked by the alarm clock that goes off at four-thirty and startles the sleeping household into activity. Only a thin wall and a badly hinged door separate me from the shed-chamber and I can hear the morning sounds therein. John Sumner is the first to rise. His gruff voice calls out to the hired men to bestir themselves. He has but to put out his hand beyond the calico curtain to shake them. One hears clearly the sounds of rising, the unsuppressed yawns, the frank throat clearings, the stretchings, and other measures of physical relief. Calico curtains deprive but one sense of its function. A few minutes later the family is heard downstairs and the shed-chamber is left to the two sleeping children, the empty disheveled beds and the closeness and density natural to a room that has been overcrowded with people whose clothes and bodies reek of hard labor in fields and barns.

I also hear them at night after they have gone up to bed. Sometimes their laughter makes me feel very lonely as I lie within the conscious privacy of my own room. There is much bantering, an easy give and take, and free discussion of their habits and inclinations. This is the real parlor of these people, the place where they relax and talk of the things that fill their minds during the long working day. For about half an hour this continues. Then somebody drops off and a light snore brings out a giggle. Soon many and various snores fill the room.

II

John Jr. has been to an agricultural college for two years and the farm for the first time is feeling the hand of an expert. He has introduced several kinds of fertilizer into the soil, he has learned how to watch his cows and keep them free of germs, and he has bought some fine new farm machinery. But the house, aside from the installation of a telephone, is pretty much as it was in his grandfather's day. It is lit by kerosene lamps. It has no plumbing of any sort. The little outhouse still stands near the woodshed, only a step or two across from the kitchen.

Saturday evenings a washtub is filled on the floor before the wood stove. While the seven-year-old boy is kept religiously in the barn, the little girl, thin and pale and undernourished, is bathed. The boy is then called in for his turn, and the little girl and I are sent out of the room. Before the children are taken up to bed, each gets a dose of physic. This seems to be the

tine in all this section of the country. s not strange that they need it. Even children eat fried potatoes and meat breakfast, dinner and supper. The older nbers of the family take their weekly hs in their rooms. One by one they end the stairs with a pitcher of water en from the stove reservoir. That is the y I take my baths when I am there, and t is done often enough, keeping clean not an impossibility. But when tradi- n rules that the rite be performed but e a week, it is small wonder that the ors of the stable are often present at the ner table. Especially is this true when hired men sit down, for bathing is a re complicated problem for them. They ve no calico curtains. The lake, a short tance from the house, is considered only somewhat foppish amusement for the nmer boarders.

The women folk use water more often. dance, a grange meeting, or a church ial calls for special effort. I have often ne to dances with the Sumners. Because ere is no one to stay at home with the ldren, they are brought along. The ed girl and the hired men, it should be nembered, are of the same social class the farmer and his wife, and the dance ls to all with equal insistence. When e fiddler tunes up, the children are passed those who remain seated on the benches ng the wall, be they grandmothers who not dancing, or a friend, like myself, o has not yet mastered the intricacies the figures. Often have I held a sleeping ld, a year old, sometimes less, whose ung head bobbed uncomfortably in arms accustomed to such service. The sound the fiddling, the call of figures, the ythm of beating feet must bring strange eams to these youngsters. Yet one never nks of berating their parents. Certainly n and women who rise at dawn and rk until nightfall can occasionally dis- gard the orthodox tenets of good hygiene d child training. The day after a dance a dour one in the household, for whether e goes to bed at eight at night or at one in the morning, the alarm clock rings at four-thirty.

Outside of an occasional dance, minstrel show, fiddling bee or grange meeting, the Sumners have little recreation. When I was last with them, their phonograph, a recently acquired possession, was droning out "The Death of Floyd Collins" and "The Burning of the *Shenandoah*." I had to search my memory to recall both events, but to the Sumners they will live forever, or at least until some reckless boarder manages to drop the records. If I am not mistaken, however, they are of the unbreakable kind. The Sumners will keep them just as they keep their bookcase full of old yellow-backs by Laura Jean Libbey and Horatio Alger. Many a night the kerosene lamp has shed its rays over the pages of these volumes. In New England tradition dies hard. Books and kerosene lamps they must have. Well, here they are. I found a copy of the Arabian Nights with an inscription to one of the Sumner boys written by a Sunday-school teacher. But neither the boy nor any other member of his family had ever looked into the book.

After supper, when the wood-box has been filled, the horses put to bed, the cattle watered, and the other chores of the day completed, the men, if they are not too tired, open the daily Boston paper that comes to the farm. The weather report is the first thing they read, the comic strip the second. As a rule, John Sumner reads both aloud with gruff comment or deep-throated guffaw. He appreciates the kindly humors of Cicero Sapp and Mutt and Jeff. If you make the mistake of being over-attentive to him, he will search his mind for your pleasure and produce as precious gems the doings of these American heroes the week before or the month before. The Sumners all have a highly retentive memory and can store up unimportant details to a degree that is staggering. Without memory tests, without courses in Pelmanism, they can tell you anything you want to know that has ever come within the circle of their experience.

III

With the women folks, this memory shows its excellence in the matter of courtships, marriages and births. Mention the name of a neighbor casually, and at once you will be swamped with an avalanche of personal facts, many of which have been gleaned through the general indoor sport of listening in over the party wire. The things that are told are rather devastating to the idea that New England morality is synonymous with strict observance of the Ten Commandments and especially of the Seventh. Invariably the announcement of a marriage is met with the question, "Was she *obliged* to?" and almost invariably the answer is "Yes." Not that this answer makes any difference in the social standing of those members of the community who have fallen by the wayside, as it were. The Sumners and their neighbors have an understanding of human nature that is astoundingly akin to that found among the farming folk in France and Germany. True, they are not quite as frank and outspoken in their actual speech but you can never mistake their meaning. Sometimes first babies are five-month babies or three-month babies. But no one questions the ways of Providence.

Nor does the girl always succeed in bringing her swain to the altar. Sometimes he balks, and even argues that he is not the only one on whom the responsibility can be hung. If he has six hundred dollars he can usually get out of it. That seems to be the standard price for a settlement. If he hasn't the money, he marries the girl and they live as happily afterward as do most of the other couples of the region, many of whom were tied up in the same way. Six hundred dollars is a sum not to be sneezed at in that community, and a girl is considered no fool when she has acquired so much money instead of a husband. The Sumners, pillars of society as they are, have not escaped. They, too, at one time had to borrow money from the bank to pay for a mid-Summer night's madness.

Yet it has not darkened their days. It is part of the business of living. They answer to no one for their feelings, their habits, their manners. Their standards are their own. They go to church when they please and most often they do not please. Once or twice I have been dragged along to prayer-meeting by the good wife of John, not because she thought my soul needed saving, but because she knew I would increase the congregation by twenty per cent. Their personal habits and manners are not beautiful, but they are certainly practical. They eat with their knives and swab their plates. But they are reasonably happy, and no one among them dares to tell them to change.

THE TABLOIDS

BY RICHARD G. de ROCHEMONT

When the New York *Daily News* sprang into being, in June, 1919, there was considerable speculation no little scorn in newspaper offices ughout the country. Many editors icted that the new paper, which was the usual size and broke not a few of other conventions of American news- er production, would disappear in two ths. Others saw alarming possibilities ne very brazenness of the new creation, wing its promoters to be hard-boiled successful publishers. After a time rts drifted in of the paper's gains in ulation and advertising, and converts an to speak of the small-sized picture y as the newspaper of the future. nors that journals long established were n to be reduced to tabloid size passed ly. Every new publication would be oid, it was said. The little papers could old at a low price, and yet meet ex- ses with the money received from circu- on alone. All their revenue from adver- ng would be clear profit. The tradition- imperturbable Fourth Estate began to excited. Now seven years have passed, the subject is still full of interest to spaper workers. The first tabloid has ceeded, and in greater measure than n its sponsors dreamed. Other tabloids e entered the field, in cities much ke New York. What has been their cess? What is their future?

t the beginning of this year fifteen y tabloids were being published in the ted States, and many weekly and bi- kly papers in the smaller towns had pted the tabloid form. The daily tab- ls all have the same size. Without exception, their width is about twelve inches and their depth sixteen to eighteen inches. From four to six columns, of about 200 agate lines in length, take the place of the normal eight-column page.

They are of two distinct orders. There are those which attempt to present principally news, and a smaller number which feature pictures. Into the first class fall the unfortunate papers of the Cornelius Vanderbilt string: the defunct Miami *Tab*, the suspended San Francisco *Illustrated Daily Herald*, and the Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily News*, which was recently sold by court order. The Scripps-Howard tabloids in Washington and Baltimore are of the same type, as is the tabloid morning edition of the Louisville *Herald-Post*. The Philadelphia *Sun*, a recent addition to the Curtis stable, features news and pictures about equally, but is not sensational. St. Petersburg, Fla., supports a daily tabloid, the *News*, a popular advertising medium for the subdividers but otherwise rather neutral and colorless. The second group includes such stimulating publications as the New York *Daily News*, Mr. Hearst's New York *Mirror* and Boston *Advertiser*, and Bernarr Macfadden's New York *Graphic* and Philadelphia *News*. The Buffalo *Star* tries assiduously to be startling, but rarely maintains the sensational pitch beyond its first page.

The news tabloid originated in New York City in 1891, when two attempts were made to operate a compact daily paper providing predigested news for the hurried reader. Colonel John A. Cockerill, early in that year, brought out the *Morning Advertiser*, with four pages of four columns

each, and proclaimed it to be "The Ideal Paper for Busy People." It was an immediate failure. On February 1 the late Frank A. Munsey brought out the *Star*, which he had acquired a short time before, in a new tabloid form under the name of the *Daily Continent*. The *Continent* carried a considerable amount of advertising, and received a great deal of favorable comment at the time, but, like the *Morning Advertiser*, it was not a commercial success. Munsey discontinued its publication on June 30 of the same year, and did not experiment further with tabloid journalism.

The genealogy of the picture tabloid goes no farther back than 1903, when Lord Northcliffe began to experiment with little papers in London. In America the archetypal tabloid is the New York *News*, which at present has a cliéntèle of over a million patrons. All the other papers of the same class have been brought out in an attempt to duplicate the success of its owners, Col. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who first proved conclusively that only a sharp lowering of the IQ of a newspaper was necessary to make it attractive to a hitherto unexploited portion of the great metropolitan rank and file. These gentlemen, operating the *Tribune* with unbounded energy and great success, visited London after the war, and were greatly impressed by the tabloids of that city, and notably by the London *Mirror*. So plans were made to start a similar enterprise in New York. Two considerations prompted the launching of the venture in New York rather than in Chicago. In the first place, the Eastern city's population is by far the more cosmopolitan, and was therefore thought to be more susceptible to the benefits about to be offered it. In the second, it was feared that in case the *News* should not prove successful, its failure would reflect on the *Tribune*, if both papers were published in Chicago.

The original intention had been to make the *News* an evening paper, since the old-time yellow journals had been most successful in the afternoon field. But a careful survey of the situation showed a changing trend toward the morning papers, and the new paper was established as one of them. In June, 1919, the first issue went on the streets. Its popularity was immediate. It was backed by plenty of money, but as the event proved, less than $250,000 was needed to start it on its way, and it began to yield enormous profits after a little more than a year. Bull-dog editions, dated as of the next day and put on the street as soon as the afternoon papers' sale slowed down, helped to swell the circulation. At present, it is estimated that the sale of these bull-dog editions constitutes at least 30% of the total circulation. The close of 1923 saw the *News*, after a little more than three years, with a daily sale of 633,578 copies, with 569,381 on Sunday. During the following year these totals rose to 786,398 and 807,279, respectively. The daily circulation for 1925 went over a million, while the Sunday edition reached 1,122,065.

II

In a recent issue of the weekly magazine published by the Chicago *Tribune* organization, Mr. William H. Field, general manager of the *News*, related in detail the history of the paper, with particular emphasis on the benefits Moronia has received at its hands. Two of these boons are its red-hot pictures of great news events and its inspiring prize contests. In the matter of the news pictures Mr. Field is somewhat romantic, for they were printed years ago by many very conservative papers, including even the Boston *Transcript*. Rhapsodizing over the contests, he argues feelingly that "no one can deny that they bring a bit of sunshine into otherwise dull lives." As many as two million replies have been received in a single contest, he says.

The tabloids that have arisen in the wake of the *News* have all shown steady, but much slower growth. They at once adopted the principal features of the *News*, and have continued to copy them almost exactly.

habitual tabloid reader knows just re to find them, no matter what paper appens to pick up. Diagrams, with the w showing the way the slayer fled or suicide fell; strips of pictures, not too erly faked by the "art" department to l the story"; dismal cartoons, making lutely no sense except to a constant er, for they all tell continued stories; ity, fashion, household and health s; the stimulating and philanthropic e contests; the Voice of the People, the iring Photographer, the advice to the on smitten with the tender emotion, sporting department, the editorial page alf-page, and the daily instalment of a el dealing with the difficulties of a gay moral stenographer in eluding the icous embraces of her wealthy em-yer—all these things are in every one hem.

he pictures, of course, are the very kbone of the tabloid. Editors differ as to it gives a picture appeal, some declar- for sex interest, some for news value, others for a vague "human" interest. ll truth, it does not seem to matter tly, so long as there is some attack n a simple emotion. The true tabloid ler will gape at any picture, whether it ns anything or not. The front page, ept for a headline in 96-point Gothic, is rely given up to pictures, as the two er pages also often are. The latter are wn as the double truck, and are usually ed over for editing to a caption writer h an alleged knack of composing puns nifties agreeable to the lightweight ler. News, with the exception of a few ured stories, is cut down to a point ere it often becomes unintelligible. The ple concoction is spiced with half-mn portraits of undistinguished and eautiful persons. But in the *News* it-, the news matter is often very compe-ly handled.

he other party in tabloid journalism, ving to the pure and the dull, has not d as well as its more sensational com-tors. Its papers have shown gains in advertising and circulation, but in no instance more than might have been expected from any newspaper, regardless of its format, which had contentedly steered a middle and uneventful course. These more saintly tabloids employ many ancient dodges to lure circulation, and as the cost of producing them is less than that of a full-size paper, the majority of them have kept above water. The exception is provided by the Vanderbilt chain. Its collapse came in the early months of this year. The Los Angeles paper had begun to sag in 1925, and in April of this year, according to Mr. Vanderbilt himself, it had a circulation of only 95,000, almost 120,000 less than that two years before. The Miami and San Francisco papers also lost heavily in circulation in the same period of time. Late in April the news of the young publisher's difficulties was broadcast. Vanderbilt had been heavily in debt for some time, having borrowed over a million dollars from his father, in addition to using the capital subscribed by some 5,000 stockholders. Beside the three tabloids, the organization maintained the *Vanderbilt Farmer*, an inspirational agricultural weekly issued with the Miami paper for the edification of the Florida crackers, the *Vanderbilt Weekly*, an innocuous Sunday supplement, and the C-V Photo Syndicate of Los Angeles. When the creditors set accountants on the books their report was discouraging, but young Vanderbilt made it known that another $300,000 would set the business firmly on its feet. When this was not forthcoming, either from Vanderbilt, Senior, or from the coffers of other financiers, the San Francisco paper was put up for sale, and suspended shortly. The Los Angeles tabloid went into a receivership and the Sunday edition of the Miami paper was done away with.

The circulation of the Vanderbilt tabloids was greater than that of many other dailies paying good dividends, but they were unable to get the advertising revenue necessary to keep them solvent. A brief glance at comparative advertising rates

shows the situation. The New York *News* has a rate of $1.30 a line, but even during the boom times in Miami Vanderbilt's *Tab* got only nine cents. The idea of a conservative tabloid paper is persistent, however. Shortly after the Vanderbilt débâcle, announcement was made of a new tabloid to be published in New York. The policy of the paper, it is said, will be to follow the methods of the New York *Times*. The support of Bernard Baruch and his millions has been secured for the enterprise, it is reported.

The West Coast of Florida is represented in the tabloid field by the St. Petersburg *News*, with a circulation of 23,800. Its first edition, issued on March 6, 1925, consisted of thirty-two pages of syndicate mats, wire news and features, real estate "readers" and "good-will" copy, and paid advertisements. One year later it got out a special anniversary edition of 232 pages of exactly the same breath-taking material. The *News* is published by Frank Fortune Pulver, an eminent realtor and formerly mayor of St. Petersburg, who is also the sponsoring genius of "Pass-a-Grille, Florida's Most Beautiful Mile." The more direct concerns of the paper are left to Major Alfred Birdsall, the assistant publisher, who was formerly associated with Vanderbilt. It has apparently succeeded in enticing away some of the circulation of the *Times* and *Independent*, the competing full-size papers of the town.

The Scripps-Howard tabloids, started with less hullabaloo than the Vanderbilt chain, seem to be on a sound basis and are doing fairly well. The Washington *News*, established in 1921 and credited with an average circulation of 53,508 for 1925, is a readable sheet and one of the best of its kind. It seems to avoid the idiocy of most of the little papers, and carries a few features suitable to the adult mind. A dramatic department, conducted by Leonard Hall, apparently does not come under the immediate control of the business office. The paper's comparative sanity may account for its relatively small circulation among the men who control the destinies of the Republic. The Baltimore *Post*, started in November, 1922, has increased its circulation from 77,555 to 87,322, during the past year. The population of Baltimore is 800,000, so a gain of 10,000 is not inconsiderable. The paper itself is not impressive. Sporting news is given preferred space. The syndicate features, mostly furnished by the Newspaper Enterprise Association, are devoid of character.

The morning edition of the Louisville *Herald-Post* is in tabloid form, but since it has the Associated Press service it contains more and better national news than most papers of its kind. Since the change in make-up, in 1925, it has made considerable gains in circulation. As Louisville is not a cosmopolitan city, by any means, this increase tends to disprove the theory that a tabloid can only succeed among recent immigrants or their children. It is evident, however, that cities with a large alien population have supported the new journals most liberally. The publisher of the *Herald-Post*, Roy B. Brown, attempts to provide the same sort of entertainment and instruction as the enterprising metropolitan tenement sheets.

The Curtis tabloid, the Philadelphia *Sun*, arose as the *North American* sank into the oblivion of consolidation with the *Public Ledger*. It is not quite of the gutter variety, but is as dull as might be expected. On the other hand, Bernarr Macfadden's Philadelphia tabloid, the *Daily News*, supplies efficiently the steam that the Curtis paper does not furnish. As both of these papers are quite new, neither having been in existence much more than a year, it is impossible at this writing to obtain verified circulation figures. Unofficial reports indicate that the *Daily News*, which follows closely the policies of the New York *Mirror* and *Graphic*, is showing the more rapid growth. With the possible exception of the Buffalo *Star*, published by the *Courier* organization for the past two years, the papers modeled after the New York *News* have done better than the more restrained group.

III

ew York the *News* thrives mightily, as een noted. The *Mirror*, established by st in 1924 to meet the demands of the that finds the *Evening Journal* too arly for its taste, has made good prog- n circulation, but it has not succeeded aining the support of advertisers as as the *News*. The *Mirror* was officially ted with 218,431 daily readers in 1925, claimed an even greater number. Mac- en's *Graphic*, also established in 1924, as a circulation of over 300,000, but officially rated as having 100,000 at lose of 1925. It is useless to attempt to rze the policy, ethics, or intelligence ese papers. As soon as they have seem- settled to a monotony of barbarous an, some new feat of perverted journal- such as the handling of the Chapman ation by the *Graphic*, sends them crash- o a lower depth. Chapman was shown full-page embrace with an inamorata— thetic picture palpably constructed by paper's "art" department—and love rs questionably his were exhibited in me display.

earst's first tabloid venture, the Boston *rtiser*, has been reasonably successful. *Advertiser* had been struggling along as mmercial paper for many years, until rst purchased it to secure the Associated franchise, which had been hitherto ed him in Boston. At the beginning of the paper was submerged. The next e was the purchase of the Boston *d*, and the appearance of the *Advertiser* bloid form from the press-room of the *d*. The culmination of the manœuvre, 920, gave Boston a picture tabloid in e of two conservative dailies. Edited from the old *Record* rooms in Washing- street, under the somewhat erratic but rtheless competent guidance of T. V. ck, the *Advertiser* has now been closely bined with the evening *American* and is harge of one of the assistant managing ors of that great journal. At the expira- of Ranck's term, Wayne Randall, a former New York tabloid news-editor, took charge of the paper, inaugurating a series of prize contests which sent the circulation up rapidly. It reached over 150,000 in 1925. At the same time, however, Randall changed the policy of the paper in an attempt to cater to a hypothetical Boston Puritanism, and removed many of the features that had held some of its readers. As a result, when the stimulation of the contests was removed, it suffered losses.

During Randall's régime a large staff of reporters was employed. When he departed the staff was cut 75%, and John J. Fitzpatrick, of the *American*, began to edit the paper with a staff principally composed of rewrite men and photographers. Circulation began to pick up as the paper laid more and more stress on pictures and features, paying little attention to news. At present the circulation is about 130,000. The *Advertiser* has built up a fair trade in its bull-dog editions, sold during the evening. Since the time the New York *Mirror* was barred from Canada, the *Advertiser* has been issuing a Canadian edition of about 30,000 copies. This edition contains the absolute minimum of news, and consists almost entirely of pictures, comic strips and ready-made features. Its interest is not that of a newspaper, but as a daily gloom chaser it has a brisk sale.

Strangely enough, the foreign language press has in its ranks a paper that is without doubt the most intelligent and attractive of the entire tabloid group. The *Corriere d'America*, an Italian daily published in New York, has picked up, since its establishment in 1922, a circulation of 56,186 in the larger cities of the Atlantic coast. As its chief purpose is to present news of Italy rather than local news, it is impossible to judge the paper by the same standards that must apply to the tabloids written in English and near-English. Yet it is apparent that the *Corriere* presents its foreign news intelligently, has sane editorials, and consistently uses news pictures of merit. Luigi Barzini, the editor, has in a few years raised it to the second or third rank

among the Italian dailies of the country, but by methods quite different from those of the American tabloid journalist.

The future of the tabloid press in America is a matter of dispute. It has been predicted recently by Carr V. Van Anda, of the New York *Times*, that in a few years all the daily newspapers will be forced to adopt the tabloid form. Undoubtedly the increase in the cost of newsprint and the convenience of the new size in production and distribution point to its further proliferation. But many advertisers do not believe that it affords sufficient room on its pages for effective display advertising, and say that they thus find its space more expensive than the results justify. Careless make-up and slipshod printing have been deterrents to profitable advertising accounts in many cases.

The news tabloids, as differentiated from the picture variety, have done but indifferently well. Their gains have been slow, and the public has shown no great enthusiasm for the benefits of the new size. It is doubtful if it makes any great difference to th average reader whether his paper is bulk or compact in his pocket, or whether obscures the view of his neighbor in th street-car more or less. The curious dullne of these tabloids has reduced them to th dead level of the greater part of the Amer can press. Neither do they make any appe to the more ingenious newspaper min The story of the old-timer who quit h reporter's job on a tabloid "to go back t newspaper work" is typical. No aspirin reporter cares to work on a paper whic allows no space for presenting a colorfu reasonably complete story. When give a free choice, such men head for the ful size papers. Thus the tabloids, in th main, are staffed by old hands in a state disillusionment, beginners who are glad t get any sort of job, and a few smart boy and girls who have mastered the trick writing cheap slush. If these are to be th journalists of the future little can be ex pected from the tabloids in the nature sound newspaper work.

Physics

THE VIOLIN

By John Redfield

e historical development of the bowed
struments of the orchestra has been
nted in great detail again and again.
he reasons for the successive changes
em, and what has been gained there-
f anything, have been much less fre-
ly considered. This is as might have
expected, for chroniclers are more
rous than writers on the philosophy
story. To enumerate the changes that
been made in the bow instruments
nuch easier task than to estimate the
of those changes. Why the violin
ts cousins have assumed their present
s, whether those forms are the best
ble, and whether further changes
be advantageously made in them—
are questions which can be answered
in the light of a thorough compre-
ion of the essential nature of the in-
ents and of the methods by which
accomplish the results they are de-
d to produce. And any understanding
ever of their action is enormously
ult.

all musical instruments, indeed, the
ed are, with the sole exception of the
an voice, the most indirect and com-
ted in their method of tone produc-
In the brass instruments, of which
horn may be taken as a type, the pro-
ion of tone is comparatively straight-
ard and simple. The lips of the player
o compressed and stretched as to allow
o escape into the instrument only in a
s of puffs. These puffs travel from the
thpiece of the horn to the bell and
the atmosphere in which we live
ersed, producing a succession of pulsa-
tions which the ear interprets as sound
This process is easy to understand. In the reed instruments, of which the clarinet is an example, a reed flutters back and forth between the air cavity of the mouth and that of the instrument, likewise compelling the air to escape in puffs. This, again, is easy to understand. But now consider the process by which the violin produces its atmospheric pulsations. A rosined bow is drawn across a taut string, pulling it away from its position of straightness between bridge and nut. When the string has been drawn so far that its pull against the bow is greater than the rosin can withstand it escapes from the hold of the bow and flies back toward its original position. Whether it goes the entire way to that position, or stops short of it, or goes beyond it, is, I believe, not yet definitely known. It must be remembered that the bow is all the time seeking again to lay hold of the string and stop its retreat. When the bow does again finally get hold of the string, the little drama begins all over again. It is evident to my mind that the bow, because of its constant clutching at the string, does not permit it to recede quite to its position of rest; although this latter is not the orthodox view. But it is certain that neither the progress nor the recession of the string is at a uniform rate; its rate of motion varies continuously. That this is the case is shown very clearly and conclusively by photographs of the sound the string makes.

But if an understanding of the string's motion is not easy, that of the bridge is difficult indeed. Is the bridge pulled back and forth in its own plane by the action of the string, does it jump up and down on

the belly of the violin, or does it move forward toward the neck and backward toward the tail-piece? All these questions are in dispute and entirely unsettled. So far as the vertical motion is concerned, it is known that the right foot of the bridge is less free to move than the left. The view most generally accepted seems to be that the right foot is approximately stationary while the left foot pounds up and down on the belly like a hammer, but without ever entirely leaving it. To me this view appears incomplete at least, if not fantastic. I am convinced that the amount of motion communicated to the atmosphere by the motion of the bridge toward and from the neck is greatly underestimated. The effect of a mute on the tone of a violin would tend to indicate to any reflective mind that the bridge is pretty nearly the whole show. Yet only a few students of the subject seem to have grasped the tremendous importance of the forward and backward motion of the bridge.

It is generally believed that by far the major portion of the string's motion is communicated to the atmosphere by way of the belly. I am willing to concede that the portion so communicated is large; but the effect of the mute, like a troublesome ghost, will not permit me entire acceptance of the conventional view. But, be the amount greater or smaller, it is obvious that whatever motion the belly has it must receive through the two feet of the bridge. And Savart has shown conclusively, by clamping first one foot of the bridge and then the other, that the motion received from the right foot is small indeed. This is, of course, due to its proximity to the sound-post, which serves to damp its motion almost completely.

With the sound-post we arrive at "the soul" of the violin, as the French call it. But whether *l'âme* is a beneficent spirit or an evil one does not so easily appear. The removal of the sound-post does, indeed, greatly impair the tone of the instrument; but this proves only that it serves *some* useful purpose. What that pu pose is, and whether it might not be muc better served by some other means, is n at all established thereby. It is usuall assumed, rather hastily it would seen that the function of the sound-post is t communicate motion to the back of th violin, but this view I can't share. Th principal duty of the sound-post is u doubtedly its most obvious one—and i most overlooked: to enable the back t assume part of the downward pressure the bridge upon the belly. This downwar pressure varies considerably for differe instruments and with different strings, bu is usually somewhere in the neighborhoo of fifteen pounds—too much to be born continuously by the belly alone. The sound post transfers part of this pressure to th violin's back. But wouldn't some othe form of support permit greater freedom motion by the right foot of the bridge Wouldn't a treble-bar, for instance, pro vide adequate belly support and still allo as great freedom of motion to the righ foot as the bass-bar now allows to the le —or even greater? Or wouldn't some othe type of strut between belly and back giv better results? Or, again, shouldn't th ribs be tied together for the belly to res upon like a roof, and the belly bear th whole pressure without other assistanc except possibly some additional thicken ing? The problem is essentially one for a engineer, not for a musician. This much however, is approximately certain: what ever method of belly support will permi the greatest freedom of motion to the tw feet of the bridge will give the most satis factory tone.

Nor must it be forgotten that the string are tied indirectly to the ribs of the violi through the neck at one end and throug the tail-piece and button at the other, an that a small portion of the string's motio is therefore contributed to the atmosphe by way of the ribs. This fact is usuall overlooked, and its significance entirel missed.

It will have been noted that the influenc

ıe varnish, that subject so dear to the
t of the violin connoisseur, has not
enlarged upon. This is for the reason
the vast accumulation of doctrine
ıt the tonal importance of the varnish
ırgely unadulterated superstition. So
as I am aware no one advocates the
ishing of the inside of the violin; yet
tever tonal reason exists for varnish-
the outside calls with equal force for
milar treatment of the inside.

Vith all these matters of fundamental
ortance regarding the manner in which
violin essentially behaves still in
bt, with the precise function of each
ts constituent parts as yet unknown,
can any sober-minded person not en-
y devoid of fiddle knowledge assert
the violin has reached a state of per-
ion? To do so is arrant nonsense. Have
the steps by which the bow instru-
ts have reached their present status
ı taken in the wisest possible direction,
has the last step been taken? No one
enough positive knowledge on the
ect to warrant our becoming disturbed
a single moment by any man's answers
hese questions, be he an "authority"
ıot. Any expression of opinion on the
ter is a statement of faith pure and
ple, and not of knowledge actually
sessed. My confession of faith with
ect to the violin runs counter to the
conventionally accepted: I believe the
in, together with the rest of the bow
ruments, can be improved; and that
erially.

et us note some of the defects in it
t are persistently ignored by those to
om Cremona is the holy city. In the
place, the tone of the violin is in-
usably weak. When twenty-four first
lins are necessary to balance one first
e, one first oboe, and one first clarinet,
ıething is wrong. A musical instru-
ıt is a machine for producing periodic
sations in the atmosphere. Its efficiency
ıeasured by the degree of success with
ich it accomplishes this end. No method
t present known of determining what
portion of the bowing energy in violin playing is actually communicated to the atmosphere to produce pulsations, but the fraction is probably small. But it is also more than likely that the efficiency of all bowed instruments can be materially increased. If anyone thinks their tone quality would necessarily be impaired by increasing their volume, let him listen to the playing of a string quartette amplified by present day improved methods almost to the sonority of a concert band. So far from losing in quality, the tone gains if anything.

And the violin possesses wolf-tones—notes so objectionable both in quality and volume that they would be considered inexcusable if found in the voice of a first-rate singer. The wolf is due to the fact that the machine, for some reason, almost completely fails of its purpose so far as the production of a particular note, or notes, is concerned. The failure is, of course, due to defective structure, of which three varieties are already known: faulty placement of the sound-post, faulty construction or position of the bass-bar, and faulty graduation of the belly's thickness. That a wolf may be caused in each of these three ways is shown by the fact that it has been removed by treatment in each direction.

A third fault of the violin is that the open tones differ from the stopped ones, both in quality and volume, to such an extent that the evenness of the scale is seriously impaired. The cause of the discrepancy is not far to seek; for stopped notes the string is terminated by the soft finger-end, while for open notes it is terminated by the hard nut. The result is that the open notes are much more resonant and brilliant in quality than the stopped. Of course this discrepancy can be more or less concealed by avoiding the use of open notes; but it would vanish entirely if either the nut were soft like the finger-end, or the finger-ends were hard like the nut.

All these defects of the violin can be

remedied; but, as I have said, they present problems for the engineer, not for the musician. Put a violin in the hands of an able engineer—one capable of designing a suspension bridge—furnish him with a moderate amount of fundamental information about sound, tell him to improve the instrument, and in a year or so he will turn out such an instrument as Stradivarius dreamed of all his life but never succeeded in building. If this be blasphemy, make the most of it!

Cookery

VICTUALRY AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

By Bland Johaneson

Pennsylvania has three eastern counties, Berks, Lehigh and Lancaster, which for a hundred and fifty years have been celebrated for their cooks and respected for their digestions. The ad-writers with their add-water-and-serve cuisine have not seduced them. The dietitian's charts of calories and diagrams of the human pancreas wrestling a steak have neither interested nor impressed them. The Pennsylvania Germans, whose proud tradition is that every infant comes into the world equipped with a cast-iron stomach, have obstinately preserved the individuality of their cookery.

Strangers have been too ready to label that cookery poisonous. They have visited some hospitable farm and left with dyspepsia, denouncing the butter and the seasoning, when the sin was not the cook's but their own. They simply overate. The food was so fondly prepared, so succulent and distinguished, that they lost their heads and forgot the polite art of knowing when to stop. The native does not eat so frivolously. He has been schooled. He knows the dangers. The very babes are apprenticed with crusts soaked in ketchup. Without this training, the tourists naturally find the diet exhausting. Their first meals progress into pains. Blinded by the ensuing bellyaches they cast a noble cuisine into disrepute.

Schnitz und Knepp is probably the most misunderstood of the local delicacies. A poetic alliance of ham, slices of dried apple and puff dumpling, the dish is far prettier than its name. The dumplings, studded with the *Schnitz*, are dropped into the caldron with the boiling ham and steamed. The very mention of *Schnitz und Knepp* will send the novice into agonies of heart-burn. But if tenderly prepared there is no dish in the Pennsylvania répertoire more alluring or less suicidal. No responsibility is mine if you are introduced to it by a cook who has taken the cover off the pot and spied upon the dumpling steaming. A dumpling is shy at its boldest, and if surprised *in fragrante delicto* with apple *Schnitz* and boiled ham, it will be hopelessly depressed. The privacy of the rite should be sacred for at least twenty-five minutes. When the apples are home-dried and the ham home-cured, *Schnitz und Knepp* is as seductive as whipped cream.

Sauerkraut is another homely delicacy which the Pennsylvania Dutch properly respect. Their version of it is unlike the German, which is watery, and the Hungarian, which is creamy. It is closely related to a meat and vegetable stew, and is usually attended by potatoes, mashed and whipped with cream and butter. The kraut first must be thoroughly soured to a rich gold color—none of your pallid canned stuff, redolent of immaturity. Then it must simmer for three hours with fresh pork—chops, or tenderloin, or other parts that are decently edible. No odds and ends of questionable stewing meat. Nor are flavorless and rubber-skinned doggies ever admitted to the kraut kettle.

The homely doggie itself assumes in Pennsylvania many more ethereal forms. It appears as blood pudding and as a rich

ked sausage. But its most exquisite
ession is in the juicy, fragrant zep-
called Lebanon bolony, a farm-made
ty as unlike the delicatessen *Wurst* as
non itself is unlike Sixth avenue.
tidbits are not designed as labor-
ng substitutes for cooked meals. They
on the table as running accompani-
ts and appetite stimulators through-
so that the guest may suspend his en-
ment with the ginger-flavored roast
uttress his lagging appetite with a
of sausage or a peach pickled in
dy. These teasers in the old days were
plemented by the prodding of the
sewife herself. She did not sit down at
e, but stalked around it, waving a
n-tree branch to drive away the flies
goading her flock to the consumption
ore and more food. It was this rooting
he hostess that made the old-time
nsylvania meal assume the proportions
soporific feast. There were so many
es and so much of each dish, and her
ition to have everything consumed
merciless. Throwing away was sinful.
se, warming over was both lazy and
. Tomorrow there must be more.

hen I was still a baby I was privileged
participate in these revels. An old
ly friend staged them frequently. She
a very rich old woman, but got up at
-thirty every morning to cook for
e servants. There in her massive wal-
dining hall, with the life-size portraits
uail and fish and the soup tureen which
eral Washington left when he whipped
Hessians, the gorges were staged. Tots
iny that their little rears had to be
ed up from the chairs with histories
Berks county and bound volumes of
veffelbrenner's Weekly, would drop off
drugged flies, to be lugged to the
hen and revived with rhubarb. Finally
e Carlie, from Womelsdorf, his eyes
ging, was left alone to negotiate the
e. Souse is an ambrosial form of pigs'
The little cloven pats are boiled,
daintily fileted and jellied into an
c of the fat-skimmed broth. Comple-
mented by a hard-boiled egg pickled in vinegared beet juice, chilled and turned out of its round-bellied mold, the lure of souse is irresistible.

Scrapple, a butchering-time corruption of "scraps," has been appropriated by Philadelphia, and labelled Philadelphia scrapple. But what a lean, corn-mealy, pepperless slab of melancholy mush masquerades under that noble name! And how it cries for ketchup, Worcestershire sauce or whatever palate-jogger you will. Scrapple in Berks county is luscious, dark, and as dignified as black marble. It groans for no alien condiment or foreign frying fat. It fries itself, and the seasoning was done by an artist when it was made.

Hassenpfeffer has been transfigured by the Pennsylvania Germans into a heavenly dainty, *Pfannehase*, literally, panned hare. They use none of the vinegar or souring condiments which commonly are employed to cut the grease and wildness of the rabbit-meat. They take out most of the fat. Then the hare is panned or fricasseed and is as dainty as chicken. *Pfannehase* is rabbit, tender, rich and succulent, with its subtle flavor unadulterated and undisguised.

The Bucks county housewives look upon salads as grass, and unfit for consumption. They make two concessions, however, in the cases of dandelion and spring lettuce. These are not to be eaten green, after the vulgar fashion of rabbits. They must be scalded with a sauce of crisp bacon bits creamed with pepper and a dash of vinegar. Assaulted by this rich dressing, scalding hot, the leaves wilt into limp green strings. Delicious, but how your modern dietitian would writhe!

This ruthless richness is a basic characteristic of the Pennsylvania cuisine. The pastry devised in the local spirit is wonderful. *Spitzel* is made of a noodle-like batter, boiled and seasoned with brown butter. *Fasnachts* are hot sugary doughnuts, yellow with egg. Eggs, too, form the magnificent glazing over a sheet of *Lebkuchen*, a luscious coffee-cake. And

enter into shoo-fly pie! This is a molasses cake, baked in a conventional pie crust. There are two components of the filling, the cake and the crumbs. Both are so rich that when the thing emerges from the oven the cake part has degenerated into a half-inch of seductive gum and goo, and the crumbs of the flour and butter have invaded and fastened themselves upon the syrupy territory of the cake. Shoo-fly pie is not a delicacy for ascetics.

The dainties of the Pennsylvania Dutch are limitless. There is *Pfefferkraut* at every meal. And *Schmierkäse*, an almost liquid cheese, excellent with apple butter. There are pancakes of raw potatoes and lace-like molasses wafers, gummy as tar. There is dried corn, full of sugar and sun, which is rehydrated by an all-night soaking until it transcends the glorious, fresh original. There are dozens of curious delicacies which only generations of single-minded devotion to the kitchen could have evolved. This devotion is one of the last of their primeval peculiarities that the Pennsylvania German women have retained. They have abandoned the Mennonite black for store clothes and the traditional market-wagon for a Ford. But cooking has survived as their mission, and some of them are still full of zeal.

Not far from Reading, along the Bernville pike, the old Vogel hostelry still flourishes under the dominion of one of these kettle zealots, and only the stout of heart and stomach may brave a meal there. The ancient *maitresse d'hôtel* is as temperamental as a Swanson. It is her custom to invade the neat oak dining-hall and berate the guests whose unworthy appetites offend her. It is anything but conducive to comfortable digestion of a snack of chickens, ham and *Würste*, fried and mashed potatoes, creamed onions, escalloped fish, fried egg-plant, steamed corn, fried eggs, dried lima-beans, peas, cauliflower, tomatoes, scullions, brandied peaches, cucumbers, candied quince, souse, asparagus and *Schmierkäse*, to be surprised by this lady, steamed red and violent, brandishing an earthen jug of waffle batter which has met with too slight demand. She has been known to belabor offenders with this very weapon. When her tirade has swept onward to the bar, in comes old man Vogel himself, a little beery perhaps, but firm, to lead her back to the stove himself and humor her by eating the surplus victuals. I say "comes," but Pop Vogel answers no more, arteriosclerosis having exacted its toll of him in his seventy-ninth year.

But the taverns of the neighborhood still trade in such stupendous fifty-cent suppers. Everything is piled upon the table at once. With the entrée you are able to look over the entire prospect and resolve not to be caught without accommodation for the convention of shoo-fly pies in the center of the table. Your plate is at your cover. It is large but the only one you will have. It is a *faux pas* not to polish it with a bit of bread, turn it upside down and devour your desert off the bottom.

PHILADELPHIA

BY ALPHONSE B. MILLER

PHILADELPHIA is certainly the largest city in the world whose very name, mentioned all by itself on any vaude- stage, brings forth a spontaneous h. This eminence, mind you, has been eved without the adventitious aids to vnishness enjoyed by other and less im- ng localities. The name doesn't sound y in itself, like Oshkosh, Schenectady, xsutawney, and Oconomowoc. It ses none of the riant pictures of pot- ed aliens with bulbous beer-mugs ch spring up immediately at the men- of Hoboken. There is no rowdy slogan ched to it, as there is to Milwaukee. n't associated with any highly-spiced, tly salacious proceedings, such as cling eno. It evokes no memories of hobble- oy songs, as does St. Louis. Phila- hia's sidewalks, alleys and avenues re- n uncelebrated in ribald ballads. It has duced no mayor as side-splitting as an, no citizenry as quaint as that of Lake City, no visitors as open to jibe those who infest Niagara Falls or shington. It harbors no bizarre foreign nent, like New Bedford, or Laredo, or nxville, or Homestead. And yet, lack- entirely all these obvious stimuli, the ole moronry of America shakes its ls in unanimous mirth whenever my ne town is mentioned.

Vhen, in default of the apparent, one es to delve into obscurer causes, one s one's self facing a similar *impasse*. re are other localities which, like ladelphia, are the home of some small gious sect, and, because of its oddities, ome a source of mirth. The luxuriant skers of the House of David, the clamant kisslessness of the son of Dowie, the complicated home-life of Brigham Young—all these, in their time, have been obvious targets for our humorous Homers. But Philadelphia's indigenous creed, that of the Friends, far from being ludicrous, isn't even picturesque. These people are sober, substantial citizens, and about as provocative of amusement as a dentist's tools. They are bankers, merchants, sound business men. The few who still cherish the old doctrines regarding dress differ from their fellow-citizens only by being a bit drabber, a bit less noticeable. Their grey Homburgs may tempt an occasional snowball, but they are plainly not of the raw stuff from which wise-cracks are fashioned. There is certainly no explanation here.

But let's look further. Philadelphia is universally regarded as the slowest city in the world, and countless variants upon the original wheeze still cluster thickly about it. The inexplicable jay-walking of the hen, the slurs on the gentle birth of every man's wife, the repartee which passes so fluently between Patrick and Michael, none of these is more deeply engrafted on American humor than the tradition of Philadelphia, comatose and contented.

How did this myth ever arise? For surely we Philadelphians fulfill all the requirements that 100% Americans postulate for an up-and-coming people. Our traffic moves quite as rapidly and results in quite as many accidents as the traffic of the disdainful cities which cast such condescending snickers in our direction. Our Chamber of Commerce accounts for as much noise and as little progress as the

best of them. Our boulevards are in that chronic state of eruption which above everything else denotes the live, pulsing, throbbing, insane thing we call civic betterment. As a matter of fact, we Philadelphians rather fancy Broad street as against any other municipal mining operation in the world. Moreover, don't we put on straw hats two weeks ahead of the rest of the United States? Yet more, has San Francisco, or St. Louis, or even Seattle anything on us when it comes to expositions? We plan them just as lavishly, open them just as tardily, and flop with them just as completely as the speediest of them. Our politics are as corrupt as the best, our murders and adulteries just as sensational, our defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment just as open, our slums just as extensive, our university just as go-getting, our bonded indebtedness just as awsome, our public buildings just as inglorious as any you will find in the humdingerest, up-and-coming community on God's green footstool. We overestimate our population and underestimate our humidity with a practiced artfulness that takes no back seat to Los Angeles. Use whatever standard you please to evaluate urban pep, and we shall not disappoint you.

True, we have our Blue Laws, which on the Sabbath force us from the sinfulness of the cinemas into the saintly precincts of the comic supplements, and turn Sunday into so horrible a day for the stranger that he transfers his week-end sacrileges to New York or Atlantic City. If holiness were only as holy as it is boresome, we'd be very, very holy indeed. The curious fact, however, is that these stupid heirlooms constitute a heritage from antiquity which stultifies the entire State and not Philadelphia alone. The same sanctimonious yawns that endanger the local jaws also imperil multitudes from Chester to Erie. And yet no one would think of hunting material for jest in Pittsburgh or even in Scranton. So the fact remains that there is some other and more subtle reason why Philadelphia is the goat.

II

If the answer can be found in any single place, I think it lies in the fact that we reach the dreadful American ideal of commonplaceness with fewer divergences from the norm than any other city.

In all ages, it has been the average, matter-of-fact, literal-minded middle-class burgher who has stood out as the world's favorite butt. In Athens and in Elizabethan England, in the pages of Aristophanes and of Shakespeare, the comedy relief was almost invariably supplied by the triumphs of some nimble-witted varlet over a solid, puffy alderman with a purse to cozen or a daughter to seduce. The Restoration comedists always found their cuckold in some worthy citizen lacking the subtlety to circumvent the epigrammatic elegant who was the beau ideal of the time. The banana-belly of the bourgeoisie has been the ordained target for the slap-stick of the centuries. And Philadelphia is the happy hunting-ground of that bourgeoisie. Everything in it is designed to glorify the mediocre at the expense of the exceptional.

As you enter it from the North on the Pennsylvania Railroad, you are struck at once by the endlessly reiterated rows of little houses, piled upon one another in mathematical similarity along mathematically ruled streets, each wearing a sort of spick-and-span simper like a freshly-washed idiot child, clean, undistinguished, characterless. Every Philadelphian has his own home, but it is never by any chance a castle. There they stand, street after street of them, comfortable as the moderately circumstanced are able to define comfort, but never noteworthy, never bearing the slightest mark of individuality, of the fine yearning to excel. Their eaves bear radios instead of gargoyles. In their four- or six-room sufficiency you find everywhere Brussels carpets patently machine-made, minutely sanitary plumbing, instalment maple furniture, and the kind of lamps which look like the reward of a successful afternoon at Japanese rolling-balls. But

through these drab domiciles does blow one stray wisp of the great, vind of uniquity. They are all cosey rcumspect—and monotonous.

n them pour every morning the im-rial hordes that so supinely turn the s of Philadelphia work-shops and her the great broodmare of American ry. The fiery, disconcerting breath labor agitator has touched them not for they have a stake in the country; he promise of an improved social only rouses in their minds faint and ing pictures of mortgage foreclos-of barricades and the crackle of firing e streets. They own these minute lows, every man-jack of them; or at ery least they are on the high-road ning them through the steady grind-the building association. They have y before them the local ideal, care-limited and second-rate, and are nt when they have attained it.

does this same stodgy satisfaction minor objectives fail to animate their yers as well. The manufacturer run-a score of looms, the retail store ng to a circumscribed neighborhood the inconsiderable bank with a orate recruited from the square mile nding it, these are the typical enter-of the Quaker City, the full flower s ideals. In most industrial com-ies the present tendency is toward nsolidation of small units into large rations, with reduction of expense conomy of operation. But the average delphia business mind is unaffected is trend and remains as parochial as The typical executive sees a future etitor in every alert foreman or sales-and carefully keeps all the threads affairs secreted from them in his own Such is the atmosphere thus gener-that he usually does create a com-r by the very methods whereby he to strangle one; and the only result at two small establishments bloom e but one bloomed before. Thus does delphia industry expand; the average unit grows very little, it only breeds. Of course, there are exceptions, but by and large the typical Philadelphia concern produces offspring instead of volume. It cleaves loyally to its town-meeting horizon.

This outlook is extended into other fields. Examine us as you will, historically or artistically, as well as industrially, and our record is invariably that of an infinite number of infinitesimal successes. In the annals of the land, the doings of eminent Philadelphians, and indeed of Pennsylvanians, have been almost negligible. During the Revolution Philadelphia was the capital of the country, and hence the very centre of important events, but the leading actors in them all came from somewhere else. The Continental Congress met here, but it was presided over by a New Englander, while its most famous document was written by one Virginian and the resolution which brought it into being was moved by another. Benjamin Franklin lived here nearly all his life, but that part of him which wasn't a citizen of the world (and he was our first great cosmopolite) remained a hard-shell New Englander until his death. Our typical contribution to that era was Robert Morris, a first-rate financier at a time when true fame came only to first-rate soldiers or politicians. Even the rare primacy of our citizens has been ill-timed. Between the Revolution and the Civil War we furnished an occasional Supreme Court Justice or Cabinet member, but little more. Yes, we gave one President to the nation, but we have been trying our best to forget it ever since. During the Civil War, which like all internal conflicts was peculiarly fruitful of eminent men, the best we could produce were George Meade, Simon Cameron and Thaddeus Stevens. Since then our record has in nowise changed. The names of our sons bob up in the more exhaustive histories of the country, but always among the more exhausting details. We are at our zenith in the foot-notes. We adorn the appendices, and form the great burgeoning body of historical also-rans.

And yet, in the matter of mass statistics, we make an excellent showing. Pennsylvania raised more troops than any other of the States during both the early wars. Indeed, it seems our fate that we invariably furnish the necessary privates so that the other fellow's general may have something to command. Historically, we have always stood on the sidewalk and cheered while alien gold-lace led the parade, with our only consolation the thought that lacking onlookers it would be a hell of a parade.

In national affairs, our regularity has been so regular that it has naturally gone unrewarded. There is nothing that gets you nowhere so overwhelmingly as blind devotion. A political party is like a husband, who seldom has any use for the clinging kind of wife. How enamouredly we Pennsylvanians have slobbered over the Grand Old Party! How uxoriously we have twined our arms around its sinful neck! How unanswerably we have proven that nothing inspires bad faith like perfect faith! Naturally we have reaped all the sorry rewards of that abject fidelity. While the sons of Ohio and other coquettish Commonwealths have ogled their way into the White House, our fairest flowers have been bedded down in obscure committee rooms, doing the dirty work. Cameron, Quay and Penrose: the odorous triumvirate who stank that Republicanism might live! These have been Pennsylvania's fattest.

III

Philadelphia is the largest manufacturing city in the land, and contains none of its large industries. We produce volume but not leaders. We make more textiles than any other one city, but we haven't any mills comparable with the Amoskeag or the Nashawena or the Pacific, nor any figure in the industry remotely comparable with William Wood or William Whitman or Caesar Cone. Charlie Webb—who calls him anything else?—comes the nearest to it, but he is actually a textile man only by chance. It happened to be the field which he found himself, and it seemed good as any other for his particular ki of speculation. It might just as well ha been real estate or musical comedy. He h the love of big things to a greater exte than any other Philadelphia mill-man, b he loves their mere bigness and not t fact that he has made them big nor t process whereby he did it. There is in hi none of the lust of creation which ar mates other men of his calibre. There nothing patient or painstaking about hi As for the rest of the Philadelphia texti trade, its typical exhibit is a fifty-year-o factory building somewhere in Kensingto with two competitors on the same floo each the master of a handful of looms a doing his own beaming.

We make huge quantities of steel pr ducts, but again it is the large number producing agencies, rather than the si of any one of them, which brings abo that result. Scan what industry you lik in all probability you will find us leade in the field, but our field itself is witho leaders. In finance the story is monot nously the same. Our banks are substantia successful, well-officered, liberally ma aged; but they somehow don't grow commanding size. Even after the rece epidemic of consolidations, we haven't single institution that compares wit many in New York, several in Chicag and even one each in Boston and Clev land. The heads of our big banks, Ru McAllister, Calwell and Wayne, are progressive as similar executives an where; but there must be something fat in the air of Philadelphia which kee their institutions from true first-ratenes Our leading financier is Edward T. Stote bury, the head of Drexel & Company which is best described as the rustic branc of the House of Morgan. The very fact his preëminence is a true measure of th city's quality. He is the kind of giant tha a dwarf would be among dolls. He ha never done anything largely imaginativ there is nothing world-minded about him

e contrary, his activities invariably a basic narrowness, a handicap me only by that command of detail ogged perseverance which in Phila- a seem to take the place of enter- When his truly great partner con- with Mr. Cleveland with the 's credit at stake, he, I venture to was down in the cellar with his over his ears to keep out the thunder. ty's newspapers are probably as true ication of its cultural tempo as any an be found. Discover three things any town: the price of hair-cuts, the n of the man who gets the bonding municipal employés, and the kind ers it reads, and you know all you n order to arrive at broadly accurate sions about its culture. Any Sher- Homes with a nose for æsthetics probably predict Bath-house John Halstead street, the machine-gun gangsters and the South-Side cafés one appraising look at the Chicago e. Its modest little slogan all by typifies much of the wind that is so associated with the name of that So, too, the more powerful New papers always manage to convey the ssion of consciously aping the stage er of the president of a large corpora- delivering his annual address to the nolders after a very successful year. is about all of them that air of ver- ondescension, of sophisticated cocki- of supercilious braggadocio which heart and core of the metropolis.

t and foremost among Philadelphia's papers comes the *Bulletin*. Its tre- ous popularity is as mysterious as ing I know. True, you get all the in it, served up with the most pains- g accuracy—but with no more fire, or personality than you will find in med-over New England boiled dinner. ms to be written by conscientious accountants on the verge of nervous downs. The most expert of platitudi- ns, even the writers of party plat- , stand in hopeless awe when they read its editorials. There is something positively ghoulish about the way in which it exhumes all the pitiful bones of thoughts and phrases long since decently dead. I know of no paper with so large a circulation which wields so little influence. It has half a million readers and no admirers.

Then we have the *Inquirer*, taken largely by the kind of people who honestly consider it heavy reading and turn to the tabloids for their relaxation. It is aimed, and aimed successfully, at the same audience which has made Cecil De Mille a great film director, Wrigley's Spearmint the dominant national exerciser, and Cal Coolidge our sainted President. In addition to news columns carefully biased toward Republicanism and the high tariff, it specializes in comic strips, intimate sport pages and birthday greetings (with photographs) to all the local semi-eminentissimos. The *Public Ledger* deserves a section all to itself, if only because with it we first enter the orbit of Edward W. Bok and Cyrus H. K. Curtis, at once Philadelphia's most picturesque, colorful, civic-minded, and most dangerous citizens.

I rather suspect that Mr. Curtis, if left to himself, would be inclined to stick closely and conservatively to his muttons, managing his extensive affairs in a retiring and orthodox manner, and appearing in public only when foreign celebrities or local charity drives made it imperative, all according to the best Philadelphia tradition. But behind him, pushing him into the limelight, there lurks the insistent, demoniac figure of his son-in-law, burning, nay, positively bombinating with the urge to do uncommon deeds for the preservation of the commonplace. Politely, suavely, implacably, the boy from Maine is being scrambled upstairs by the boy from Holland. An incongruous but forceful personality, this man Bok, a strange intermingling of good instincts and bad taste, always ready to contribute without stint both of time and money for what he considers the public good, but curiously

astigmatic in his appraisal of the stuff of which it consists. His Peace Plan prize and his annual award to Philadelphia's most valuable citizen are alike wholly typical of him, at once big-minded and bad-visioned, generous and futile.

Especially illustrative of Bok is this Philadelphia award. First of all, there is about it the characteristically naïve assumption that truly first-rate work, especially work with an altruistic bias, can be encouraged by the knowledge that there is $10,000 pat on the back in the background. He hopes to increase the tribe of humanitarians by giving them generous and well-advertised tips! Isn't it really charming? Equally charming is his belief that there are enough Philadelphians who render genuinely noteworthy services to the town to justify an annual prize package of any size whatsoever. If you are in doubt about this, consider the list of winners!

The error into which he has fallen arises simply from his inability to realize eminence in any respect; he applies to it the same criteria which have proven so successful in increasing the circulation of his periodicals. Since he has been able to spur all the neighborhood hopefuls into frantic subscription-chasing by a judicious admixture of largesse and lapel emblazonry, he expects to obtain the same results with maturer ambitions simply by enlarging the size of his reward. To his mind, the encouragement of genius and the circulation problems of the *Country Gentleman* differ only in degree. He expects to solve all the problems of the universe if he can but accurately estimate the necessary endowment. It is a perfect measure of the man that he so completely understands the ambitions of ordinary people at the same time that he so completely misunderstands those of exceptional ones.

Every page of his autobiography is lit by his contradictory merits and blindnesses. His industry and determination, his basic kindliness, these shine forth everywhere, but always alongside them ar equally striking examples of his obtus ness in primary matters of taste. He relat with all possible unction and with n sense of its essential cruelty and crudity how he wheedled an autograph out of th senile Emerson after absolutely forcin his way into his presence. The same spir animates him to-day. I am quite sure tha all over the land his perilous leadershi is already responsible for many an ill-co sidered college endowment, and many statue which should have been put i front of a cigar store instead of the Cour house, and for the crowding of innume able minor museums with dubious colle tions. Many a village Lorelei is thu driven into dressmaking because the circl on whose senile generosity she confidentl depended is now squandering her patr mony on early American commodes, letter from Daniel Webster to his favorite win merchant, and that French school of a which was described by Mark Twain lon before it was painted as "a cat having fit in a platter of tomatoes," all becaus this Bokian gesture is at once fascinatin and easy to imitate.

IV

This knack for first-rate mediocrity, fo the deification of the commonplace, ap pears just as plainly in Bok's enterpris as it does in his beneficences. The *Saturda Evening Post* spares neither cost nor effo to obtain the very best possible storie and articles which pander to the ver worst possible taste. It is absolutely r lentless in its stern search for diabetic lov tales, simpering memoirs, pretentious bu innocuous political articles, and all th rest of the ragtag and bobtail which hold its advertisements together. In simila sumptuousness the *Public Ledger*—ah, finally have gotten back to it, haven't —keeps its own correspondents all ove the world, doubtless at great actual ex pense, to cable it special articles of un believably little value. Its pages are hardl

ıan panorama of insignificant state-
by ex-premiers of England and
as pointless as they are portentous.
ctures its representatives travelling
ate trains to all outstanding world-
being received with reverent cour-
everyone of importance, taken
here, and shown everything; but
ı't by any chance envision them as
ring the underlying significance of
ent, its actuating motives, or its
ıd possibly dangerous implications.
simply isn't anything in the paper
ourage such inquiries. De Blowitz
feel as out of place on its reportorial
Maximilian Harden in its editorial
When I think of what the Man-
Guardian accomplishes with only
of the *Ledger's* resources, an im-
sense of frustration and waste over-
s me. They say of the former, "What
ardian thinks to-day, England will
to-morrow!" The influence of the
might be put with equal fitness:
the *Ledger* thinks today, Kiwanis
t yesterday!"

in its newspapers Philadelphia
o jarring note to awaken it from
of Woolworth ideals. They furnish
g millions with no disturbing news
disruptive thoughts. Never does
cid Philadelphia artisan take up his
o learn the latest news about the
cs, the Delaware River Bridge, or
empt of the Mitten Management to
up the baby carriages and hearses
last unregimented forms of trans-
on, and fail to find there just those
ing tit-bits. Never does he see the
of the farmer decently presented;
does he get one unprejudiced peep
rkest Russia; never are any of the
g problems that beset the world
ted for him in novel and unbiased
He is fed just the kind of pabulum
e yearns for, the kind of invalid's
which the delicately debilitated and
ed appetite of Philadelphia de-

ndred thronging confirmations rush into my mind as I ponder over this picture of my home city. For one thing, we Philadelphians, like all commonplace people, substitute habit for thought, only of course we find for this custom such grandiose locutions as faithfulness and consistency. As a result new enterprises find it almost impossible to break in on our patronage and old ones hold their trade when their substance has long since vanished. Chestnut street is one vast necropolis of unburied dead. We like to wear the same old shoes, and to be sold them by the same old salespeople, to hear the same old tunes and see the same old pictures. Even Stokowski, the artistic Holy Ghost of Quakerdom, ventures on new things with all trembling and sometimes lives to rue them. We turn up our noses at the latest things in cravats and coloratura. We are great on staples, not alone because they render us inconspicuous (the Philadelphia ideal), but because we've seen them so often before that we can absorb them without thinking. Our theatrical purveyors know better than to bring us the experiments of the Theatre Guild or the multitude of wistful and amateurish improvisations that bubble up from the newer school, or indeed anything with a touch of the daring until we have been acclimated to it by several years' success elsewhere. On the other hand, we are sure-fire when it comes to all-star revivals and Gilbert and Sullivan (whom we cleave to, not because of their excellence, but because of their familiarity; we go because we are able to hum so many of the tunes). Queen Victoria, were she alive, could never grow homesick on a visit to this country so long as our Academy of Fine Arts existed, for we feel as strongly about artistic novelties as she did about unmarried mothers. Everywhere you look you will note us fondling the staple article and gently but firmly ignoring the questionable offspring of modern movements. We have heard, of course, of James Joyce and Picasso and Stravinsky, but at heart we feel about them much the way Evangeline Booth

does about diamond garters. It isn't so much that we actually rebel against them, but that it will be twenty years before we get over their contemporaneousness sufficiently to attempt any appraisal. We shall have to grow accustomed to them before we can permit them to startle us.

Time must mellow novelty for us; it must dilute first-rateness; our queasy stomachs rebel against taking genius straight. And this process, which goes on so plainly here in the certain deliquescence of everything stimulating and unusual, is grinding on imperceptibly but just as surely over the whole city in its everyday affairs, leveling, planning, monotonizing. It is machine-fodder we want, not supermen; and the elemental maceration needful to produce it proceeds relentlessly. Our manufacturers, typically enough, are pressing for more and more trade education in our schools, even at the expense of the humanities. And since we are a city that prides itself above everything on its
dustrial position, we lend a sympathe
ear to them. To keep up the farce of edu
tion until the age of sixteen, we have
absurd continuation system which mak
school an excuse for skimped work, a
work an excuse for skimped study. Eve
pressure, every environmental impulse
directed towards the evolution of a stoli
docile, industrial animal, which will nev
know either want or ecstasy. We seek
reduce the citizen to the simplest possib
organism, and are prepared to protect hi
in return against those extremes of exis
ence which wreck commonplace souls b
are alone able to nurture great ones. A
there is truly something cosmically luc
crous about these featureless, machin
turned, human reiterations, something
the very living death which forms th
basis for the immemorial jests abo
Philadelphia. I fear that after all we'
almost as funny as we're supposed to b

FOUR DREAMS OF GRAM PERKINS

BY RUTH SAWYER

AM PERKINS was not my grand-
mother. I had good reason to be-
lieve that she had died and received
an burial a half century before I
t foot in Haddock harbor. Neither
he dreams of my dreaming; so my
tion with her was always remote
npersonal. Nevertheless, I came to
through her all the horror and the
tion of a perturbed spirit.

hose who may not know the harbor
explain that it bites into the north-
etch of Maine coast. Summer re-
are still in the minority, and peace
eauty serve as perpetual hand-
s to those few exhausted, nerve-
city folk who have found refuge
I was there only a few days when
mortal essence of Gram Perkins con-
me. Perkins is a prevailing name
harbor. A Perkins peddles fish on
ys and Fridays. A Perkins keeps the
store in whose windows are dis-
those amazing nick-nacks somebody
er creates out of sweet-grass, beads,
ark and sealing-wax. A Perkins is
daily in the general delivery win-
f the post-office, and his brother
the one village jitney.

as Cal Perkins of tender years who
tly introduced me to the mysterious
r of the dreams. Cal took me on my
caling of the blueberry ledges.
ng like Balboa on the Peak of
he swept a hand inland and said:
whars, over thar, lives Zeb Perkins.
never laid eyes on him myself but
s you doan't never want to hear
ll of them four dreams he's had of
nother Perkins. Woan't sleep ag'in
fur a month ef you do." It was not long before I discovered those dreams were as firm a tradition at the harbor as the "Three Hairs of Grandfather Knowital" are in Eastern Europe—only with a difference. Natives in the Balkans pass on their story for the asking; whereas in Haddock harbor they evade all questions leading to Gram Perkins, while their tongues travel to their cheeks.

One day Cal took me to the cemetery and showed me the Perkins' monument. It was a splendid affair in two shades of marble with a wrought iron fence and gateway, and all about it were the headstones marking the graves of the separate members of the family. I read the inscription on Gram Perkins' stone:

Sara Amanda Perkins
Beloved wife of Benjamin Perkins, Sea Captain.
1791–1863
May she rest in perfect peace!

"Wall, she didn't!" Cal hurled the words at me as he catapulted through the gate, shaking all over like the aspen back of the lot. I caught a final mumbling: "Never aim to stop nigh *her*. Pa says I might git to dreamin', too."

Here was distinctly unpleasant food for thought. Already she had a firm grip on my waking hours, and there was no relish to the idea of her haunting my sleeping ones. The manner in which she possessed the town was astounding. She lurked wherever one went, popping out with the most casual remark when one was buying a pound of butter or a pint of clams. And yet, for all the daily allusions and innuendoes, one never got at the heart of the matter; one never rightly understood why

Gram Perkins was and yet was not five feet below the sod. As for the dreamer of the dreams, one never found him clothed in anything more solid than words.

I questioned Peddling Perkins one Friday when he came to our house with the makings of a chowder. "Tell me," I began, "where does Zeb Perkins live and what relation is he to you?"

He paused in his weighing. The scales hung from a rafter in his cart and worked somewhat mysteriously. He might have been weighing out the exact amount of relationship he cared to claim. "Fur as I can make out he's sort of a third cousin."

"Did he ever tell you about those dreams?"

"No m'am!" He fixed me with a forewarning eye. "What's more, he haint never goin' to. I seen Scip Perkins—time he told him. Scairt! Never seen a feller so shook up in his life. Didn't take off his clothes and lay good abed fur a week. No m'am!"

I questioned the post-office Perkins one day: "Do you happen to know what Zeb Perkins dreamed about his grandmother?"

"Dreamed! Gosh, what didn't he dream? Think of anything a sensible woman, dead and buried fifty years, stands liable to do and you wouldn't have the half of it." He finished snapping his teeth together to signify that he had gone as far with those dreams as he intended to go—for the present, anyway.

A few days later I took the matter to the village store. I even bought a chain and earrings of sealing-wax to make my going seem less mercenary. "Those dreams," I ventured, "how did they happen and do they belong entirely to Zeb?"

"They do, God be praised!" Whereupon the store-keeper retired behind the necklace for a good two minutes, and then partially emerged to whisper, "No one's layin' any claim at all to those dreams but Zeb. And I've always thought myself if he hadn't had them, no knowing what he mightn't have had."

II

For two recurring Summers I stayed fix at this point. And then came a Spri when I slipped off early to the harbor f trout. The Perkins who drives the jitn met me at the wharf as I stepped from t Boston boat. "Hain't a Summer resort nor a bluejay here yit," was his greetin "Weather's right smart—nips ye co siderable." And it did. The water in t brooks was so cold my fingers remain stiff and blue all day. But the fishing w good, and in the end I caught somethi more than trout.

A morning came with a south-east win Up to that I had lost almost no flies, so started out with little extra tackle. T middle of the morning found me a mi deep in an alder swamp, bog on one si and piled up brush on the other. It w what you would call dirty fishing, and half an hour I had lost every fly and lead I had with me. There was nothing to but put up my rod and go back. In effort to strike higher ground I came in what was new country to me. A trail l up toward where I judged the blueber ledges would be, and climbing for a mi or so I suddenly broke through into clearing and a wagon road. A greyis house stood beside the road. A thin spir of smoke curled out of the chimney. On split stake, even with the road, teetered sign reading:

HAND MADE TROUT FLIES
FOR SALE HERE.

I attacked the door without mercy. moment's knocking brought the sound stirring from within, and the door finall creaked open, displaying the oddest cut a little man in a wheel-chair. He blinke at me like some great nocturnal bird, ar soon there was an intelligent wag of t head—more at my clothes than at me.

"Come in. Doan't gin'rally git lad fishermen. Hearn tell they git 'em dow to the harbor lookin' jes' as he-ish as t men." He rolled his chair backward fro

r, beckoning me to follow. I could
m repeating the last of his words
is breath as if by way of confirma-
Yes sir, looking jes' as he-ish as
n."
d me into a room that might have
entified even in the uttermost corner
world as having been conceived and
ed in the State of Maine. An air-
ove centered it, and on its pinnacle
nickle-plated moose at bay. There
alf a dozen pulled-in rugs: fruit
in; red, yellow and purple roses
in; a rooster pulled in; and other
that defied the imagination. The
ndow sills were gay with geraniums
gonias. Crayon portraits panelled
lls, and between each portrait hung
wreath. Fronting the door was a
of coffin plates, strung together
fish line. A large colored print of a
hung over the mantle, while all
hung trophies of the South Seas—
of shells and beads and corals. But
st amazing exhibit was the feathers:
k, egret, flamingo, pheasant, turkey
ck tails, yellowhammer and bluejay
breasts, crests and what not. The
ench was littered with tiny feathers,
ge and guinea-fowl, and spools of
silk. He brushed all these aside and
d underneath to a drawer, bringing
andful of trout flies. It took no close
y to tell their exquisite workman-

k out what ye want. Swamp back
jes' eats 'em up, doan't it?" And
led an ingratiating, toothless smile.
ade my selections slowly, studying
tle man more than the flies. His head
bald and pink as a baby's. His lips
remulous, and his eyes showed that
lue opacity of the very old or very
. It was his hands that held me con-
d. They were twisted like bird
How they could have ever taken
of feather and fine lengths of silk
ound them into the perfect semblance
aerial creatures was more than I
conceive. He caught at my wonder-
ing and with a burst of crowing laughter he held the claws closer for inspection. "Handsome, hain't they? Cal'ate I work 'em steady as most folks work a good pair. Can't stand wet nor cold, no better 'n Gram Perkins could in hern. Good days she was the smartest knitter in the county."

So here was another Perkins. I aimed my habitual question at him, expecting no better results. "Tell me, do you know anything about those four dreams?"

He sat a moment, motionless, in what one might have termed a vainglorious silence. He sucked his lips in and out over those vacant gums as if he found them full of flavor; then he suddenly burst into the triumphant crow of a chanticleer. "Yes m'am! Cal'ate I do know them dreams—seein' I dreamed 'em. I be Zeb Perkins!" He said it with as sweet an unction as if he had announced himself King of the Hejaz. In a flash the room stood revealed anew. It spoke aloud of Sara Amanda Perkins, beloved wife of Benjamin Perkins, sea captain; of his clipper, of the relics of his voyages, of her handiwork in rugs and wreaths. The very begonias might be slip grandchildren of the ones she had planted. Here, indeed, was a stage set for those dreams. Here sat Zeb Perkins, playwright and stage manager, picking excitedly at his pink head, eternally ready to ring up his curtain. He caught my eye on the wreaths.

"Them little tow-headed fergitmenots belonged to her first son as died a baby. She set a terrible store by him. The black in them susans come from her sister Ida, my greataunt Perkins. See them coffin plates. Ye'll see every one of them was copper, nickled over, every one but gram's. Hers was solid."

There was a wealth of information conveyed in that last word. I had been standing until now. One of Zeb's claws waved itself away from the coffin plates to a chair: "Set, woan't ye? Ye'll see them rockers under ye are worn as flat as sledge runners. That was gram's chair; and we wore them rockers off luggin' her 'round.

She was all crippled up, gram was, same as me; only in them days there warn't no wheel chairs."

The chair was all Zeb claimed. There was no more rock to it than to a dray-sledge. From the chair his eyes flew to the crayon portraits. "Look at them! Look at marm—then look at gram. Why there was nary a thing gram couldn't do, for all her crippledupness. Bake a pie, fry a batch o' doughnuts, clean up the butt'ry. But marm seems like she was born fretty and tired. Made ye tired jest to watch her travel from the sink to the cook-stove. She'd handle a batch o' biscuits like she never expected to live to see 'em baked. Jes' lookin' at 'em, can' ye make out a difference?"

I did and I could. In spite of everything the artist had done to obliterate all human expression he had mastered the single point of difference. One face sagged utterly, the other looked out with sharp alert eyes on a world that interested her immensely. There was a grim humor about the mouth, and a firmness that spoke a challenge even at the end of a century.

"I tell ye," Zeb's eulogy was gathering momentum. "We boys set a terrible store by gram. She was cuter and smarter tied to that chair than marm was on two good legs—hands to match 'em. Golly! How sick boys git bein' whined at. Didn't make no odds what we done—good or bad—marm al'ays whined, but gram—she stood by like she'd been a boy herself. She'd beg us off hoein' fer circus and fair days and slip us dimes for this or that. Cal'ate she's slipped us enough nickles and dimes to stretch clean to the upper pasture. Pasture! Golly! When we was up thar, hot days, hayin', she'd al'ays mix us a pitcher o' somethin' cool—cream o' tartar water or lemon and m'lasses. When she had it ready she'd take a stick and tick-tack on the wind'y. She could whistle, too; whistle through them crooked fingers o' hern like a yallerhammer. She'd whistle whenever she wanted to be fetched anywhars; then one of us boys would come runnin' and heave her to wheresomever she aimed go—kitchen to butt'ry—butt'ry to setti room—settin' room to shed."

Zeb stopped here and illustrated. He p two of his crooked fingers to his mou and shrilled out a thin, wailing note eery as a banshee's.

"That's the way she done it," he co tinued. "And marm would fuss and fr and say she didn't see why the Lord 'lowe a little crippled-up body like gram's stay so chuck full o' spunk. Somedays sh git sort o' vengeful, marm would, and t gram she'd better quiet down decent, more'n likely she'd never rest quiet her grave after she died."

III

A hush fell on the room. There was a bal ful light shimmering through Zeb's du eyes; his claws began a nervous inte twining. "Wall . . .," he broke the silen at last, "Gram died. Night afore she die seems like she got scairt. She grabbed boys one after another and made us a promise we wouldn't bury her twell w were good and sure she was dead. 'Kee me five days—promise me that,' she kep a-sayin'. And we promised. Recollect didn't seem to me then as how gram coul die—so full of smartness and spunk. Eve after old Doc Coombs come and pronounce her, seemed like she'd open her eyes an minute and ask us boys to lug her some whars. 'Stead o' that she lay so quie seemed like I could hear Doomsda strike."

The air about us became suddenly super charged with something. Was it tha ravenous desire for life that must hav consumed Gram Perkins? Under their glas domes the hair wreaths seemed to mov as if fanned by a breath. The feather about us swayed. The rooster in the pulle in rug seemed to pulse with life and desire to crow. A crowing shook the room but it came from Zeb.

"Hot! Golly, gram died in the sizzlinges spell, middle of August, folks can re

er. Didn't embalm in them days, so ice or nothing. We drew lots for —us boys. Ben and Ellery drew day; nd me night. Mebbe we didn't work! d in hunks from the ice-house to ied; thar we cracked and lugged in ans to the settin' room. Crack—lug o—lug—crack. Five days! It's been erful sight o' comfort sence to know ept gram's promise. Then come the l—smart one. Slathers o' flowers nourners and hacks. Cal'ate you've he lot whar we buried her?"

the mention of burial a sense of ity made me shudder. I was begin- to realize that the further Zeb pro- d in the matter of the obsequies of Perkins the more alive she became. at moment she possessed the house— crack and cranny in it. She possessed nd she possessed me. I found myself ing my ears for the rattle of dishes butt'ry or the sharp thin note of a le. Zeb's ear was cocked as well as

iem dreams," he said, pulling him- ogether. "First one come fifteen years gram died. All was gone from the r by that time but me. Ben took the iony and died quick. Ellery got liver aint, turned yaller as arnicy and ed out to a straw. Sort o' blew away d. Sam—he got trampled on by a That left jes' me. Night after I l marm I come back here and had my ream. I was young ag'in. Boys back, back, all of us settin' thar at gram's l. Parson was a-prayin'—had been considerable time. I could hear Nate h fumblin' fur his tunin' fork, so's to he departin' hymn, when plain as ght I heard a whistle. Yes m'am. I heard a tick-tack—like gram was in' on some wind'y. Kept hopin' quiet down when out shot another le—clear above the parson's prayin'. dy but me seemed to notice, so I got ngerly and tiptoed over to the coffin aised the lid.

iar she was—fixin' fur to tick-tack ag'in. I grapped her fingers quick and shoved 'em back whar they belonged. Then I leaned over and whispered, loud as I durst, 'Lay still, gram. Parson's nigh through and we'll be movin' along shortly. Folks 'll be passin' 'round in a moment to view the remains. Fur the Lord's sake close your eyes and act sensible.' Wall . . . that fixed her. She give me a wink so'd I know she'd act right and I tiptoed back to my place. They was all still a-prayin'—kept right on a-prayin' twell I woke up. Three years later, come November, I had the second."

Zeb shivered, and so did I. I wanted that second dream and yet I did not want it. Had I chosen I could no more have stayed it than one could have held back the second act of a Greek tragedy.

"We was on our way to the cemetery." Zeb's voice lifted me free of all choice in the matter. "I was ridin' outside the first hack, bein' the youngest, and I was thinkin' what a fine day it was fur that time o' year. Sort o' funny, too, fur gram died in August and here it was November and we was jes' gittin' to bury her. I was lookin' at the hearse when it happened. Hearses was different in them days, black urns at the four top corners with black plumes stickin' out and a pair o' solid wooden doors behind. Above the poundin' of the horses' hoofs I heard a hammerin' on them solid doors. Bang . . . bang . . . plain as daylight. Old Jared Sims was drivin' and I didn't warnt he should hear so I sung out, 'Cal'ate they're shinglin' the Coomb's barn.' He turned 'round in his seat to look and jes' that minute thar come a regular whale of a hammerin' and the doors of the hearse bust open. Thar was gram—top of her own coffin, peekin' down low at me and beckonin' fur me to come and git her.

"Mad! I was as mad as a hornet. I went back to that wink she'd given me in tother dream and seemed like she'd gone back on her word—something gram had never done livin'. I was off the seat of that hack in a jiffy, runnin' aside the hearse. When

the goin' slowed up I stuck my head inside and hollered, 'Ye git straight back whar ye b'long! And what's more ye stay thar!' Then I begun to whimper like I couldn't stand my feelin's another minute. 'Gram,' says I, 'haint ye got any heart? Do ye want to disgrace us boys? How'll ye cal'ate we'll feel to have the neighbors thinkin' we're tryin' to bury ye ag'in your will? We give ye them five days like we promised—can't ye lay down decent and proper now?'

"That settled her. She turned, meek as a cow, climbed back into her coffin and closed the lid down. I went back to the hack and climbed up. We was still a goin' when I woke up."

IV

An interlude followed. I tried to bring back my mind to the reality of life as I knew it to be. I fingered my trout flies and did my best to image the still, deep pool below the swamp where I had been on the point of casting just as my last leader broke. Half an hour more I could be back there, casting again. But the pool and the trout faded into oblivion beside the sterner reality of Gram Perkins. I was on the hack with young Zeb, my eyes fastened in growing perturbation on a pair of solid black doors.

"Jes' started on our January thaw when the next dream took me," broke in Zeb. "We'd reached the cemetery. Grave dug, coffin lowered, folks standin' 'round fur a final prayer. To all appearances everything was goin' first rate. But the sexton hadn't more than picked up his shovel, easy-like, when out comes a whistle, clear as a fog horn. I opened my eyes quick and looked down. Thar was gram, poppin' out like a jack-in-the-box, lid swung wide open and both hands reachin' fur the dirt the sexton was shovelin' in. Yes ma'm! Ye never saw dirt fly in all your born days the way gram made it fly. At the rate she was goin' I knew we'd be standin' thar twell Doomsday, gittin' her buried.

"Everybody else was prayin' hard along with the parson and he was 'most to th Resurrection. I knew somethin' had to b done quick, so in I jumped. I slapped th dirt out of her hands hard like you woul with a child and says I, 'Land o' goodness gram, what ails ye? We've fetched ye alon to what the Bible calls your last restin place. All we boys is askin' of ye now is t keep quiet and rest twell Jedgment Day.

"The words warn't more'n out afore knew I'd said the wrong thing. She didn' lay any more store 'bout this eternal restin than what ye would, settin' thar fingerin them flies. She give me the most pitifu look ye ever saw on a human face. It said plain as daylight, 'Zeb, lug me back hom and let me git to work ag'in.'

"Wall. . . . I took to whimperin' like two-year-old. 'Ef ye woan't do it fur th Bible,' says I, 'do it fur us boys. Ye'v al'ays been terrible proud of us—al'ay wanted we should have jes' what w wanted, and thar's nothin'in the whole o creation we want so much this minute a to see ye restin' peaceful. Git back in Close your eyes, fold your hands, git tha listen fur the last trumpet look on you face. Hurry, woan't ye? The sexton' shovelin' like sixty.'

"She give me another of them pitifu looks—nigh broke me all up—and she sor o' slid back and slammed the lid down o her fur all the world like one of these cuckoo clocks. I lit out and landed side o the parson jes' as he said 'Amen'. . . 'Amen,' says I, thankful-like. 'Amen,' says the sexton. . . . 'Amen,' says the mourners in a roarin' chorus like the sea. And ther I swear to ye that way under the dirt heard gram sing out Amen! Tell ye I woke in a sweat!"

"Cold sweat?" I asked. It was all could think of.

"Cold as a clam, dripped with it."

"That makes three."

"Three!" Zeb tolled it out like a passing bell. "All bad enough—the fourth, worst of all. Ye wait."

I waited.

"Three years I lived comfortable in my

Seemed like that last Amen had
things. Then May come along. I'd
lippin' some of them geraniums to
p to the cemetery Memorial Day.
l still walk some—slowly, but git
—and I went to bed mighty real
at the idea o' fixin' up gram's
Right on top o' that came the
dream!

vas swingin' up the road toward the
ry, and in one hand I carried a pot
he slips in, and tother held my stick
ed with. Jes' about reached the lot
up comes a jedge from Boston—nice
—and I asked him to come along and
e view from our place. 'Most famous
State,' says I. 'Clear days ye can see
anything.'

fetched him through the iron gates
ood him up close to the monument
egun pointin' places out. 'Thar's
t Washington,' says I. 'Some days
n see the whole Presidential Range.
har's Katahdin . . . thar's . . .' But
ped thar dead. I'd caught something
in the grass by gram's headstone.
next minute out come a whistle,
st I ever heard. I swung the jedge
round and pointed out to sea. 'Thar's
t Desert,' says I, 'and thar's Isle au
That's the Rockland boat ye hear
lin'—consarn it!'

looked at gram. She'd got her head
noulders clear and she was whistlin'
fur dear life. Then she took her
s out of her mouth and nodded her
toward out back. Seemed like she
skin' me fur the last time to take her
. The jedge seemed lost in the scenery
stepped up to gram and showed her
eranium slips. 'Look at them,' says I.
ned 'em all the way over to decorate
grave, and here ye be, bustin' loose
uttin' up. Hain't ye ever goin' to give
l rest in peace?'

Vall, she never said a word, jes' kept
ing herself further and further out.
terrible scairt the jedge would turn
d any second and ketch her. Stood thar on pins and needles watchin' gram rise from her grave. 'Have a heart, gram,' I begun coaxin' ag'in. 'How'd ye like a city feller like that jedge to ketch a Perkins turnin' ghost like?' . . . Never finished what I set out to say. She looked so queer and upset—so like she wanted to tell me something and didn't know how. I stood thar, geraniums in one hand, stick in tother, tryin' to make out what it was gram wanted to tell me. Then it come over me, all of a flash. 'Twasn't she that wanted to git out; 'twas that smart, spunky body o' hern. It was drivin' the sperrit same as a strong wind drives a cloud afore it. She was ready to rest if that doggoned crippled-up, pie-bakin', doughnut-fryin' body would have let her be. But it wouldn't. It was draggin' her out of her coffin, out of her grave, turnin' her loose about the county like no decent sperrit could stand.

"'I'll fix it,' says I, droppin' the geraniums and grabbin' the stick with both hands, 'I'll fix it so it'll let ye rest quiet twell Doomsday,' and with that I laid on gram with that stick. I beat her up twell thar warn't nothin' left but a scatterin' of dust on the Spring sod. Yes ma'm! I reduced gram to dust and ashes like the Bible said had to be."

A long sigh swept the stillness of the room. The face of Zeb Perkins underwent a sequence of changes. Triumph had been there, but it dwindled out and sorrow took its place; and then a fear, a tremulous commiseration and, finally, bewilderment. He now looked straight at me. His eyes were dull, fearful. "They doan't understand, them Perkins to the harbor. They doan't think I ever ought to have done that to gram."

I gathered up my flies and was half way to the door before Zeb spoke again. His voice had now grown querulous; "Wall—what do ye think?"

I gave my answer as I slipped out of doors, into the wide spaces again. "I think the trout are going to bite," said I.

ON THE GULF COAST

BY M. S. LEA

THE Front Street at Pass Christian was a ribbon of oyster shell crushed to a white powder by carriage and cart wheels. Many of its residences were owned by people from New Orleans, who lived in them in the Summer. They were very fond of swimming and yachting, and in the late nineties, when I went there often as a child, they were owners of good horses.

On one side of the Front Street was Mississippi Sound and on the other a row of gracious old frame houses set back from the road with a pretty reticence behind live oaks and magnolias and oleanders. Banners of Spanish moss hung from the live oaks which, when old and wind bitten, resembled olives, and palmettoes and cactus grew along the deep, white beach. At four o'clock on bright afternoons ladies in sheer muslin dresses with small waists and big sleeves came out of the houses, and, stepping delicately as became people of established position, climbed gracefully into family surreys and dogcarts and were driven decorously up and down the Front Street until the blue of the sound had saddened with twilight and the lowing of cattle in the country that was always spoken of as Back of the Railroad Tracks told restfully of nightfall.

The greatest adventure to be found on the Front Street was when your surrey approached the grove of cedars near Henderson's Point, where the crazy man lived. I never, to my knowledge, actually saw him, and I am not sure that by the time I came into being he wasn't merely a figure of memory, but I heard my mother tell of him so often that I knew by heart every disordered hair on his pitiful, old head which was massive and uncowed, though they kept him locked in a pine shanty seemingly of one room, with the door forever closed and two small windows set high in the unpainted walls. You could see this shanty when you passed the cedar grove. It wasn't much bigger than a telegraph repair booth and they hadn't attempted to make it look like a house at all. It didn't even look like a real shanty. It was blankly, sharply like a wooden box. Short posts stood under it, for the grove was low and damp, and it jutted up in unbroken rigidity at the four corners, hard, ungracious, bare. A pyramidal roof was the only concession that had been made to the fact that a human being was to inhabit it. Even the cedars, which were stunted from the salt spray, seemed to draw away, leaving a little clearing about the top. Black silence hung in the cedar branches. Tiny wild tomatoes, like red porcelain toys, grew in the sandy bottom of the grove. The crazy man was very crazy indeed. No one ever cut his whiskers and he bellowed a good deal at night.

"You could hear him," my mother said, "all up and down the Front Street. I could never understand why they kept him there instead of putting him in an asylum. I used to see his old, gray head sticking out of a window . . . ."

When squalls shrieked up and down the coast, following heaven knew what direful disturbance out in the Gulf beyond the islands, I shrank deeper beneath the bedclothes and tried hard not to hear his terrible voice roaring with the wind. But I was never successful. With a dreadful

nty I knew that the crazy man was ng out of his window, crying unved defiances into the twisting rain. I knew that there was no one there swer him; that darkness, thick and ome like a fungus, shrouded the grove. He and the lightning battled cessfully to tear it asunder. They l anathema at each other across the ng water.

Back Street was dust and not ing shell. The houses were farther there. Many of them were dejected ng. The oak trees in front of them immense and somber, and you could honey-colored locust shells off the s when the locusts had done with Conversation was difficult along the Street after nightfall. What the s were not discussing the frogs were. n concerns seemed petty by comn; not worth the trouble it took to them heard. If you insisted upon exng an interest in them you happened im legends of what Mississippi was vhen people still lived twenty-five from one another. It was so lonely hat there were witches.

man traveling had to depend upon ospitality of the roof he reached with to shelter him and his horse until ng, and an inquisitive traveler was ntly running into danger. He'd pull a house in the middle of a clearing sk for a bed for the night. Four n would come in succession to look n. The first was the witch herself, he would have nothing to do with But her daughters always persuaded They were likely-looking girls, the gest comeliest of all, and with the st ways.

e's all right, maw," this one would "He ain't agoin' to pester us."

ybe the smiling wench suspected that s already in love with her. Anyhow, wrung consent from her dreadful er.

twelve o'clock the old witch came the room, and getting astride a broomstick, said a few sulphurous words which sent her up the chimney. The three daughters followed in the order of their ages, the eldest always first. That pretty girl, the one who had been so courteous to the traveler, wasn't any better than the others. If there were no broomsticks left, she helped herself to a stick of firewood and went that way. The dark pine country held no terrors, for such people. They lived the charmed lives of the knowing. They smelled of brimstone.

Sometimes the traveler had no notion of the good manners required of a guest. There was one man who was a good deal of an egotist. He took a pine stick himself and went after them. Suddenly he found himself at a dance in the forest. The devil was sitting in the corner, playing for the women to dance. At one o'clock he put down his fiddle and came out into the middle of the room to dismiss them. They walked in a line between his hands, one of which he placed on their heads and the other on the floor for them to step on.

"All that's between my two hands is mine, soul and body," said the devil.

"All that's between your two hands is yours, soul and body," said the witches.

"All that's between your two hands is the *Lord's*, soul and body," roared the man, who had stepped into the line without being asked to. That speech spoiled everything. The devil and the witches disappeared in a clap of thunder, and he found himself in a bramble thicket in pitch darkness.

II

I liked the Back Street better in daylight. The talk there then was more matter of fact. A favorite theme was the yellow fever fight between Louisiana and Mississippi. I remember that the soda crackers which we had for lunch had a disagreeable flavor and that my father, who came over at the week-ends from New Orleans, said that they had been fumigated with formaldehyde before being brought into the State. He had gone through the epidemic

of '78 as a reporter for the New Orleans *Picayune*, and, "that," he said, "by God, sir, *was* yellow fever!" But this nondescript thing, this unmemorable affliction of the nineties, was something else. Very few people died of it, and comparatively none of them did it in a technically correct way, which is to say, they hadn't the black vomit. Undoubtedly it had become greatly attenuated.

Mosquitoes were a peppery grisly pest. On the Back Street everyone built miniature bonfires of twigs and sticks to drive them away. On the Front Street women and girls sat on the broad porches, which they spoke of in the French fashion as galleries, with joss sticks burning in their hair. A fresh Summer dress might be completely ruined by an unconsidered walk across the grass. They rose up under its flounces in clouds like smoke. If you endeavored to drive them out you were immediately patterned in blood. No one connected them with the fever. Not only was all the food that came into the State rank with formaldehyde, but the mail also came in with the same high odor, and punctured with tiny holes which had been made to allow the fumes to penetrate every cranny. Even such rigorous measures as these, however, seemed insufficient to satisfy the zealous soul of Mississippi. She instituted an even more formidable quarantine. Troops were stationed at the State line. You could see them from the trains which carried everyone back to New Orleans for the opening of school. There was also, I recollect, a year when Louisiana retaliated and quarantined against Mississippi, accusing her of an epidemic of her own. We had to have our clothes fumigated exactly like the crackers and the mail before being allowed to start for the city. Out in the mosquito-infested marshes sentries threatened hoboes with muskets. Small, lonely looking brown tents thrust themselves upward under wild magnolia trees.

The murmur of the unresting water flung itself in a festoon above the Front Street and the Back Street and caught in the pine forests Back of the Railroad Tracks. This was lonely, fearful country. Narrow, gray roads ran for miles beneath the high, stiff pine trees without nearing even the poorest dwelling. The only beings of any consequence there were the cows, who were pastured for long distances behind the railroad in barbed-wire enclosures. Cattle that strayed from these pastures were constantly being run over by the trains. You would hear the news first from the Back Street:

"A young heifer was runned down this evenin' long about three o'clock. Down West End way a piece."

Once the ownership of the animal was established and the man properly condoled with, the happening was forgotten by the town. But at nightfall you knew that all the bovine kind were in travail. The cattle in the woods scented the blood and with evening told of it. Those quite close to the tracks would start the mournful tale, and then others farther away took it up. Their voices were sharp and raddled, and you could hear the calves crying at their sides. The noise they made was like a dirge. It came in relays, stubborn and unceasing, lasting through the night.

Mysteriously my sisters and I were forbidden, even in daylight, to venture into the pine country alone. We were told that we might meet Negroes there, and the answer of itself had to suffice us. I used to puzzle over this when talking to Chloe and Aunt Sally. Chloe was the cook, and I knew that she had a sister whose affairs worried her, for I heard her tell Sally that the sister needed her husband badly, by reason of the fact that she was expecting a baby, and that she hadn't seen him for several years. She seemed not to think very highly of him for it, and went complaining to my grandmother, who, while she smiled with what seemed to me a great lack of feeling, gave her an old dress and an affectionate message for her sister.

Aunt Sally was a sort of hereditary nurse in our family. I used to thank my

nat she had grown too old to work she arrived at me. While her head erchief, her white aprons and her nous gingham dress were always s, she had not a tooth in her head, nly a deathless lump of tobacco. upon my memory is the day that I dered to let Sally, who was feeling n and affectionate because my had given her a sack of her favorite kiss me. Past the figs and the peaches around the black walnuts and the , to wind myself in leggy agony a pear tree. All to no avail. Squirm- was returned by a majority party, a sacrifice to an adult sense of *noblesse* My face was lifted to that shrunken, elling mouth. Sally had her way ne.

k of the Railroad Tracks, however, es were grouped with the witches ne cows in the more sinister reaches t limbo. Much that had a terrifying could be gleaned by listening be- "Nicholas Nickelby" or "Dombey on" to the conversations of our elders. was only a girl," my mother said, I suppose that I would not have d the railroad except that there were spider-lilies I wanted on the other I was walking along looking for when I almost stepped on a Negro ying behind some rushes. I assure nat I flew! By the mercy of Providence s fast asleep, but I'll never get over orror I felt! Black as your shoe, a fat—Faugh! Just suppose that I vaked him!"

had had only a fright, but she had n another woman of whom Provi- had been less thoughtful. She was g, too, with her maid. What could safer? But she, also, saw some wild rs that she wanted. She left the girl dogcart while she wandered off to nem. She was a spoiled creature, as as the blooms she was after and as ient of housing. But all of her h and loveliness availed her nothing of the Railroad Tracks. She was there so long that the maid went to look for her. She was tied to a tree. . . . At this point my mother usually paused in her recital and looking about for us said, "My dears, I'll excuse you!" Which meant that we were to go out of the room.

III

But the people who lived between the tracks and the woods did not seem impressed by such occurrences. The still, folded shadows held for them no menace and no mystery. They were sallow and slatternly and poorly clothed. They owned a pig or two and a handful of chickens, and grew a few sickly vegetables in sandy garden patches which seemed little bigger than your hand. The men sat around without collars or in their undershirts, and the women wore calico mother hubbards and rocked back and forth on the rickety porches. If you had asked them how they made a living they would probably have told you that they were farmers, but their farming barely served to sustain their own bodies. They were kindly with the lassitude of illness and defeat. Those of them who did not have malaria had rheumatism. The spell of the low, sterile country was on them. Questioned as to their hopes of worldly progress they admitted in flat, emotionless voices that they cherished none. They were looking forward to heaven. It compensated them for their earthly destitution, and made it seem almost admirable.

There was a woman of them who was known as Dumb Annie. She was a deaf mute, a large-framed girl with eyes sad and questioning, like the eyes of a hound. Dumb Annie was so poor that when she had a baby people who heard of it felt sorry for her. Her husband had had his hands crippled in an accident in a canning factory. What poor compensation was paid him barely sufficed to cover the expenses of his convalescence. Annie worked in the garden patch in the cool of the morning, but the land was dead and

hardly kept the two in cabbages. There really wasn't anything for a child. One evening a neighbor, walking along the cross-ties, glanced through the door and saw Annie standing with a large rock lifted between her two hands above the baby's crib. It looked, from the tracks, as if she were about to hurl it down upon the baby. Twilight was just passing and the frogs had set up their din in the surrounding ponds and marshes. Cow bells sounded monotonously farther back in the pastures. The light from the single kerosene lamp in the room was uncertain, but it seemed, from what could be seen by its rays, that life, for Dumb Annie, had carried agony too far.

The neighbor tried to reach her before she hurled the rock, but he was too late. He leaped through the door just as it bounded across the untidy, straw matting to his feet. Dumb Annie was on her hands and knees beside the crib, crying with her face hidden in the soiled bedding. She was crying, but she was laughing at the same time. Her laugh was unpleasant and jerky; it had an unused sound. The baby was yelling as though the roof had fallen in on it. There was no doubt about her delight in the fright it was in. By dint of much patient trying the neighbor learned what had caused her to throw the rock, which she had only thrown on the floor. She had wanted to know whether she could waken the baby that way. It had been sleeping. She wanted to find out whether it could hear.

Pathos was stark in the ramshackle meeting houses which served these people for churches. On Sundays, if you drove through the country, you could hear the thin, sharp voices chanting old fashione hymns. Rickety buggies and surreys, ha nessed to plough horses, stood patientl under oak trees whose heavy, draggin branches swept the dust of the road. Th paint on the meeting houses was usuall gray, and the windows were square an unwashed, exactly like the windows i their homes. Every week there were praye meetings at which the wicked were aske to confess their sins so that the goo church members might pray for them. Th congregation would rock back and fort and moan amen to whatever frenzy th minister was in. Sometimes the things the told were terrible and sometimes they wer ludicrous, but oftener they were pathetic

There was one night when a fifteen yea old girl ran through the aisle crying ou loud for them to save her from an evi thought that had come to her.

"I have an evil thought!"

It was in her mind at that identica moment, and she wished them to under stand as much. She did not say, "I had a evil thought!" or "I used to have evi thoughts!" That might have spared ther the feeling of actual contact with its un cleanness. But "I have an evil thought!"

People from the town who had stoppe in to listen to the service said that th minister flushed to the edge of his hai with embarrassment and that the congrega tion moved uncomfortably on the long wooden seats and looked out of the win dows. They spent a great part of the hou praying for her, while she cried with he head between her knees where she sat o the mourner's bench.

THE REAL AUDUBON

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

IN JAMES AUDUBON, the sainted pro-
ctor of birds, has become one of the
merican school-child's heroes. As
ird Clubs and the affiliated Audubon
ties all over the country go on foster-
ird life, they build up an Audubon
d that conceals, characteristically,
ue man, and so we lose the sharp edge
e man's wit, and all his Puckish
ishness and capricious emotion. Pop-
fancy enthrones a stuffed dummy.
ld it pictured on the cover of a
known biography, the fervent work of
Hezekiah Butterworth, as a grizzled,
y savior of birds, costumed like
el Boone! But Audubon's own un-
ed portrait of himself is of a dapper
g hunter with a penchant for going
ing in pumps and black satin breeches!
t out of the backwoods and sturdy
er stock did Audubon come; his fore-
were fishermen of Nantes. His roving
r married a daughter of Spain. In
e he grew up, and his chief recollec-
of early boyhood are that he was
t to hate perfidious Albion and that
eauty of Nature stirred a "frenzy" in
lood. His education was that of a
g bourgeois gentleman of that day
place—drawing, fencing, music, and
raphy. In dancing and playing the
let he excelled, and he showed from
arly days a talent with brush and
l. He studied under no less a painter
David—"the chief inventor and wor-
er of the abominations which smoth-
the aspirations of French artists
g the revolutionary generation," says
f his biographers. All life was still-
to David, and from this training
Audubon, when he came to America as a young man, experienced a violent reaction that accounts for the wild flutterings and impressionistic attitudes of many of his later drawings.

But as yet drawing was only his passion, not his profession. As overseer of an estate of his father's at Mill Grove outside Philadelphia, he found a sinecure wherein, by renting out land to a tenant, he lived in the easy style dear to his heart. "I had no vices," he afterward wrote of himself at this time, "but was thoughtless and pensive, fond of shooting, fishing and riding . . . . I ate no butcher's meat, lived chiefly on fruit and vegetables and fish, and never drank a glass of spirits or wine until my wedding day. . . . I was fair and rosy as a girl, strong as any one of my age and sex could be, and as active and agile as a buck."

The lady who appears as Audubon's first toast, and who late became his bride, was Miss Lucy Bakewell. She was a neighbor and pretty, but the stalwart young buck, out of an ancient prejudice, at first avoided the Bakewell family because they were English. But encountering Mr. Bakewell one day while they were both out hunting, young Audubon admired the other's dogs, and that was the first step toward the fast friendship which soon grew up between them. Naturally this led to an acquaintance with Miss Bakewell, and as naturally, perhaps, the two fell in love. An agent of Audubon, Senior, got wind of the approaching marriage and laid plans to prevent it. But young Audubon sped back to France and his father, exposed the agent as dishonest, and obtained his dismissal. Then he returned to America

in triumph, proposing to marry his sweetheart at once. His prospective father-in-law, however, demanded proof that he was capable of supporting her.

So Audubon went into a counting-house in New York, and promptly lost several hundred pounds in a speculation in indigo. Of financial talent he had none; he confesses blithely that he once mailed without sealing it a letter containing $8,000. His heart, and apparently his attention, lay elsewhere. Returned to his lodgings from the arduous dullness of the counting-house, he passed happy hours at taxidermic endeavors, smelling up the house with skinned snakes and frogs. At last he gave up high finance as a bad job, returned to Philadelphia, and somehow persuaded Mr. Bakewell that his prospects warranted marriage. Having got the estate of Mill Grove from his father, he sold it, and with the proceeds set up a store in Henderson, Kentucky, in partnership with a friend who did the book-keeping. Though Audubon was often behind the counter, he was oftener still in the woods, following wren or vireo, seeing and sketching.

II

Here he gathered his materials for his "Episodes of Western Life," the most famous of which is the sketch of a mysterious visitor, "M. de T." The identity of this M. de T. Audubon never directly revealed, although he left little doubt in the minds of his contemporaries that the victim of his slapstick satire was Rafinesque, or, more precisely, Samuel Constantine Rafinesque-Schmaltz, the unappreciated naturalist who was twenty years ahead of Darwin with the theory of evolution, a gullible and wandering eccentric whose tireless brain hesitated on the verge between madness and genius. The climax of the visit, as related by Audubon, was when in the middle of the night he was awakened by weird sounds, and leaped out of bed and to his guest's chamber. There he found the window open and the room full of bats. M. de T., stark naked was wildly batting at them with the splintered remains of his host's Cremona violin. At sight of Audubon he sank to the floor exhausted, and begged his host to capture the bats which he was sure were a precious new species. With what was surely the acme of hospitality, Audubon whacked them down, thus finishing the Cremona.

Whole cloth seems to have been cut to the extravagant pattern of this tale. But Audubon played a more serious joke on his visitor, of the sort very much misnamed practical. In the writings of Rafinesque certain molluscs, fishes and birds were long a stumbling block to zoölogists who searched Nature in vain for specimens to correspond with his descriptions. For instance, he detailed a "scarlet-headed swallow with gray back, white belly, and black bill and feet," and several very odd fishes. These latter were finally identified by our leading authority on fishes, Dr. David Starr Jordan, when he learned from a Dr. Kirtland, who had the story from Bachman, Audubon's friend, that not God but Audubon had created them out of thin air—had even drawn them in detail and with waggish solemnity given the drawings and descriptions to Rafinesque, who published them in all good faith. Here appear the pointed ears and wanton malice of Puck, and the scientist is out of sight.

Rafinesque, the gull, took himself off at last, and was soon followed by another visitor, Alexander Wilson, the life-long envy of Audubon. Wilson was a Scotch weaver who had fled his native heather because he had become involved in libel charges resulting from some satiric poetry he had written. By sheer perseverance he had risen to the front rank among ornithologists, and he was now traveling partly for observation, partly to get subscribers for his book of bird drawings. Scarcely successful but undaunted, he was ransacking even the wilds of the West, and he walked into Audubon's country

precisely like a book or magazine of today.

two great ornithologists had never of each other, but when Audubon on Wilson's drawings he was in- y struck with their great merit. He he says, on the point of subscribing e books of "the man with the sur- face," when his partner said in h, "Why do you subscribe to those when your own drawings are far magnificent?" Possibly Wilson under- French; Audubon thought he read a ıg annoyance in his face. At any rate bon did not sign on the dotted line, ıe invited Wilson to his house and d him with elaborate courtesy. He ed him his own drawings, and when ɔn asked to borrow one, willingly t. Together they roamed the woods ng observations, and presently Wilson his way.

t of the chance meeting of these two oped a row that has not yet died down. bon later charged that Wilson stole drawing he had borrowed, of the -headed fly-catcher, *Musicapa minuta*. howed him my drawings," said bon, "just as trustingly as you, dear r, might have done." Yet the ingrate ɔn, he declared, copied the fly-catcher ing and printed it as his own. An ination of the two pictures does not l more than a distant similarity, and further complicating to learn that is no such bird as a small-headed fly- er! The drawing actually shows the g of some species of warbler. Mean- e, Wilson's partisans point indig- y to a picture, in Audubon's book, Mississippi kite, which is merely the int of one of Wilson's birds reversed, the background altered, and one toe d.

e Kentucky idyll was now ended, for tore at length succumbed to neglect, Audubon had to journey up to Louis- to see what could be done to mend eaking vessel of his fortunes. The hour ɔne of the saddest in his life; the wild turkeys fluttering across his path no longer seemed his friends but his enemies; all Nature, that had beguiled him through long happy hours while his little fortune seeped away, was hostile now, and dared him to wring a living from the stern earth which had once cradled him in serenity.

But his ability as a portrait painter, and the courageous efforts of his wife, who took a position as a tutoress, restored the family fortunes, and at last a removal to New Orleans was determined on. There, says Audubon, "my long, flowing hair and loose yellow nankeen dress and the unfortunate cut of my features attracted much attention and made me desire to be dressed like other people." The desire, however, was not strong enough to induce the man to iron his individuality out to the flat level of American humanity, and he lived in a house in Dauphine street in the same style that he had always followed.

III

In the meantime, the urge to publish his ornithological drawings was growing steadily, and accordingly he went to Philadelphia, then the intellectual capital of the country, to undertake the publication of the work. The moment was most inopportune, for Wilson's ornithology was just then going through the press, and not only were the scientists of Philadelphia solidly behind him, but he had himself ransacked the country for subscribers. Thus everybody in the United States who could be divided from $120 for a book about birds had already been approached. Moreover, Audubon's drawings, of enormous size, promised to cost ten times as much as Wilson's, and so Philadelphia was distinctly discouraging to the long-haired stranger from the West. "Not only cold water, but ice was poured on my undertaking," said poor Audubon.

So he went on, through New York State, and embarked on Lake Erie, but the old tub in which he and a friend took passage nearly foundered in a storm off

Presque Isle, and Audubon, with his unwieldy portfolio, was taken off in a government dory and landed on the coast with only a few dollars and his precious drawings. He and his companion decided to press on to the nearest town, where by painting portraits of the citizens Audubon might earn enough to get back to Louisiana. The man who took the two in his cart to Meadville promised to find them on the way a good hostel, which proved to be his uncle's farm-house. It is a commentary on the innocence of early American life that after the two travellers had gone to bed they were startled by the entrance of the farmer's three daughters, who blew out the candle and went to sleep in the adjoining bed. In the morning Audubon sketched the three graces and very likely lightened thereby the charge for the night's lodging.

Arriving in Meadville with one dollar and fifty cents in his pocket, he took up his station in front of the Traveler's Rest, opened his portfolio, and proceeded to sketch. An artist at work is an unfailing excuse for the gathering of a crowd of idlers, and no business is so pressing that a man cannot stop and hang over the painter's shoulder for a quarter of an hour, and bother him with questions. The crowd about Audubon's easel grew, and presently some one with money as well as time to spare actually bought the sketch of an old Dutchman. After that trade was brisk enough to bring the fare to Louisiana.

When Audubon got home, looking, he says, like the Wandering Jew, he found his brave wife earning $3,000 a year as a school-teacher. He himself set up a dancing-school, for he was an elegant figure on the ballroom floor. The proceeds enabled him at last to get to Europe on the long-delayed errand of publishing his book. Scotland he saw as through melancholy murk; the heraldic splendor of the Scotland of Scott's poems escaped him quite. Perhaps he was discouraged from enthusiasm when he presented a letter to Professor Jameson, Wilson's friend, and was icily received and informed that S Walter was writing a life of Napoleon an would certainly not suffer interruptio merely to see one Audubon, an artist fro the States.

Decidedly chilled, Audubon knocked o the door of Lizars, who had publishe Selby's "British Birds," the most ma nificent ornithological work then know Audubon naïvely relates that Lizars "ha the greatest admiration for Selby, but n sooner had he looked into my portfoli than he exclaimed, 'My God! I never sa anything like that before!'" Lizars sprea the news of Audubon's drawings, an during the next few weeks the Edinburg papers were full of talk of them, and a the local notables who had looked pa Audubon now flocked to see him. "It Mr. Audubon here and Mr. Audubo there," he wrote to his wife, "until I a afraid poor Mr. Audubon is sorely i danger of having his head turned." H ears caught the words of passers-by i Prince's street, who pointed him out t each other with, "There goes the Frenc nobleman!" Sir Walter finally descende from Olympus and promised to come an look at the drawings, and the Antiquaria Society gave the artist a dinner. But Scotc dinners sat a little heavily on Audubon' stomach, as they did on Chopin's a fe years later. He describes the banquet o the Antiquarian Society as consisting o marrow-bones, codfish heads stuffed wit oatmeal and garlic, black pudding, sheep heads, and endless heavy drinks!

Invitations were now coming thick an fast. The day after the banquet, Audubo went to breakfast with Sir William Jardin and Selby, doubtless with little enoug appetite left over from the night before On the way he met a beggar lad on th street, and gave him a shilling; then struck with an impulse of zestful goo feeling, he turned back and took the bo with him back to his hotel, where he gav him five more shillings and all his ol clothes. He topped that by adding hi blessing, and then, he says, "sent hi

rejoicing, and feeling myself as if ıad smiled on me." The breakfast, ınaturally, was a success, and after- Audubon gave a lesson in drawing eminent hosts.

e flatteries were in store. The next udubon's head was measured by the f the moment in Scotland, Professor oe, the phrenologist, who declared ıe had precisely the shape of head would make him a great painter. liscovery was at once communicated aper to the Phrenological Society of urgh. But Audubon, by this time, egarded with even more awe and st than the learned doctor of phren- . His flowing locks, among the ed Scots, set him apart. "I have taken ssing again," he wrote, "and now twice a day, and wear silk stockings umps. I wear my hair long as usual. eve it does as much for me as my ngs." Many strangers accosted him ıe street, for reasons various and ishing. One offered him the gratuitous ınce that if he would paint a picture ın Osage Indian Hunting Wild Tur- he could sell it at prodigious profit. prevailing popularity of Landseer's ng scenes fully supported that pre- n, but Audubon had only caustic s to say about stags that fainted as fully as discreet females, greyhounds leapt upon angry bucks as coquet- as terriers jumping in a lady's lap, andseer's general display of incorrect ıl anatomy.

IV

tmas passed, and a dour festival bon found it in Scotland. Even the hes were closed to keep out a cor- ng jollity. Audubon himself was ently a sincere worshipper. Papist gh he was, in the land of Calvinism t under the Rev. Sydney Smith, and the sermon to heart—it seemed, he vith his note of naïveté, to have been ed to him, exposing all his faults ibles. His cheeks were crimson with shame. It is not known that the Rev. Mr. Smith had anything to say in this discourse about long hair, but soon thereafter Audubon cut his locks preparatory to going to London. His Scotch friends had warned him that though eccentricity of headdress might be tolerated in a liberal city like Edinburgh, he must not expect the impeccable English to accept it.

Before leaving Scotland Audubon was at last vouchsafed the felicity of a hand-clasp from Sir Walter. Visiting Audubon's exhibition for a moment, the great man walked up to him in view of the gaping bystanders and the two shook hands, while all ears were strained to hear what would fall from the lips of eminence.

"How are you standing the cold weather of Edinburgh?" quoth Scott, and turned away. It was thus on the crest of a high wave that Audubon left Edinburgh. But London received him with a blank expression and vague inattention, so he took refuge among friends in the country. There the life of an English country house in late Georgian days struck the very natural naturalist as a bit odd. He could not get used to a father who called his grown son "my love," and the family prayers were almost as much of a trial to him, perhaps, as the drinking bouts of the country squires. In time London noticed him, after a fashion. He was invited to address the Wernerian Society upon the rattlesnake, but recalling at the last moment that he had not prepared a lecture, he spoke extempore on birds. Darwin notes in his biography the unpleasant impression made upon him by Audubon's ill-considered remarks about Selby.

The American Ambassador was flat in discouraging Audubon from attempting to see any noblemen in England, or the King. His Majesty, who played whist all day long for a shilling a rubber, rarely consented to see even the Ambassador, and it was not supposed to be likely that he would care to buy a set of expensive books on American ornithology. But Audubon was used to snubs, though it

cannot be said that the poor man ever grew callous to them, and he managed to obtain some subscriptions from high quarters. Presently King George, who perhaps had just won a whist game, looked at the drawings for a minute and subscribed enthusiastically for a work which was to be in elephant folio, with five plates to a number, and each number priced at two guineas.

It was on a later occasion that Audubon, with an intermediary, called on Baron Rothschild. After a delay the Baron, short, fat and important, came in. He sat while the two others stood respectfully, with their hats in their hands. The man of golden opportunities, the little moneylender of a few years before, now the richest man in Europe, "the man who had said to Napoleon 'You may be a king' and Napoleon was a king," tapped the letter of introduction and bluntly asked Audubon whether he wished to do any business or was soliciting aid. Audubon prayed him to read the letter, though, as he says, in America he would have knocked the fellow to the floor. The Baron glanced through the missive as one used to petitions of the sort, and agreed to take a set of the books. "It will amuse the Baroness and her children," suggested Audubon, which may have decided the magnate. It would have availed nothing to call his attention to the fact that buying the work would be a contribution to science; the Baron did not make such contributions. Nor, it seemed, did he always pay his bills. When the books were delivered and it was discovered that their cost was £200, the Baron sputtered. He would pay five pounds for a book of birds, but not another farthing. Audubon would not accept the five pounds, and the Baron chose to keep the books. The defrauded artist enquired among solicitors of the Temple, but the cooler heads there would not measure his resources in the courts against Rothschild's, and that was the end of the vexatious and lamentable affair.

Next the pilgrim crossed the Channel. Paris had never heard of him, and the fa that London had received him was i credential. However, he was a Frenchma which, of course, counted for much, ar his spirits warmed to the readier courte of the French savants. He made a hit once with Geoffrey St. Hilaire, for no ve obvious reason the head of the Jardin d Plantes; the artist-naturalists in the tw men met at once in agreeable harmon The lofty anatomist Cuvier, though fran in saying that he had never heard of Aud bon, was as encouraging as though he ha and Audubon was given a desk in th museum and the freedom of the collectio and libraries, in a spirit of scientific fello ship that was wholly modern. Paris was score of years ahead of Great Britain i such matters, and Audubon preferre France, where a scientist, known or u known, was accepted as one of a brothe hood. Nor was there the endless toadyin to patronizing lords and rich men that, eve twenty years later in Great Britain, Huxle found necessary. In fact, Audubon sa France as more than a political republic; was a republic of the mind, and from it h turned naturally to America once mor Before he left he wrote his wife, "I hav now run the gauntlet of Europe, Luc and may be proud of two things—that am considered the first ornithologic painter and the first practical naturalist America!" Cuvier, indeed, had pronounce Audubon's drawing to be "le plus ma nifique monument que l'art ait enco élève à la nature." Which, to be sure, di not admit Audubon to the rank of scientis but paid him an extraordinary tribut The title of foremost naturalist of Americ coming as it did after years of unrecognize toil, must have been a precious reward t Audubon. America, perhaps justly, ha failed to grant him that place while Wilso lived. But Europe had acclaimed hin which is all an American virtuoso nee for success, and his recognition in his ow land came more easily now.

Philadelphia, however, as the prophet country, was incredibly behind the oth

Audubon "of course got no sub-
ns there, was indeed arrested for
debt," as he himself reports. In
ore he found four subscribers, but
s fortunate in Washington, where
ed on Secretary Cass, who merely
m to put his request in writing, as
ave a habit of doing at the Capital.
with Washington Irving heartened
owever, and he proceeded to Rich-
where Governor Floyd interceded
n, and the State of Virginia sub-
for one set. He was well received
rleston, where twenty years before
had walked the streets looking for
e person interested enough even to
im up a list of likely subscribers,
d been reduced to knocking on the
of houses that appeared to shelter
of wealth and education, to peddle
es like a book agent. In New York
Audubon found friends in Cooper
nan. In Boston, Webster and Thomas
l, the latter of whom had recently
ed a manual of American orni-
y of his own, called on him.

rning to Philadelphia, he traveled
n its environs, studying birds in the
habitat that Wilson had known.
l poor Wilson's schoolhouse," he
d in his diary, "and heaved a sigh.
oor Wilson!" He must indeed have
y for his one-time rival, who had
nade a penny from his books, and
ed before his life's work was fin-
rom the effects of studying bird life
Summer marshes. Once, in a hotel
falo, Audubon had written on the
r, his pen tipped with a character-
end of jealousy and praise, "John
Audubon, who like Wilson will
, but never, like that great man, die
he lash of a bookseller." But now,
successful, his book completed,
on could afford magnanimity.

way was made; he had but to follow
he end, led by the birds that ever
ed him, into the low tropic strange-
Florida, by boat through the la-
of the Texas coast, up to Labrador,
to the breeding grounds of the gannets on their lonely sea-girt rocks. His passionate outcry against the wanton destruction by fowlers and egg-hunters of those white-winged colonies atones for his young days of thoughtless shooting on the Pennsylvania marshes. This keen-eyed Audubon in a lurching dory was a far different man from the long-gone young fop with his fowling piece and his silk stockings.

Kindliness and wisdom had been granted him for the loss of his youth, and old Audubon settled down on the Hudson, in what is now Audubon Park, New York City, and there, surrounded by his capable sons and their many children, he lived the life of the artist and patriarch, his ringlets longer on his shoulders than ever, his character mellowed with experience, the friend and adviser of younger men. On January 27, 1851, the spirit of the friend of birds took wing.

V

And what was the legacy he left behind him? The paintings that were his greatest labor must be judged by a double standard, as science, and as art. An artist, however competent, who paints Nature for the critical inspection of scientists is sure to suffer adverse judgment both among the artists, who dislike the photographic, and among the scientists, who mistrust all artists as inaccurate impressionists. As works of art, the Audubon drawings certainly have color mastery and vigor of line, as well as a strong sense of composition. As science they are variable in the extreme. Where Audubon was interested in a bird he would lavish on every detail of its plumage a microscopic care of workmanship. But again he would wash in his colors in haste and with no interest greater than in an impressionist effect on the eye. His fondness for representing birds on the wing or in violent action is a debatable virtue. It makes the subject become alive; as the average stereotyped drawing of a stuffed bird assuredly does not, and he

sometimes brilliantly caught the pose of a bird in a split second of time. But at other times he would represent it in attitudes that Coues, at least, has called anatomically impossible, or poised on a slender-stemmed flower miraculously unbending under the feathered weight.

The text of the "American Ornithological Biographies" must be judged by the same double standard. It is now known, though it was not clearly understood in Audubon's day, that much of the credit for their accuracy goes to the British naturalist, MacGillvary, an obscure but careful worker, who probably imparted to the biographies most of what may claim to be science in the stricter sense. Precisely what was MacGillvary's share, for which he received some money but little credit among Audubon's acknowledgments, it is difficult to measure now. The observations were Audubon's own, and so was the fund of incident, but uniformity of thought and presentation, accuracy in the determination of species, the Latin nomenclature, and much else that belongs to ornithology as a science were doubtless MacGillvary's. Compared with Wilson's ornithologies, Audubon's were more complete, because he included many birds he had never seen, while Wilson limited his work to what he actually knew. Thus Audubon's works had a greater general usefulness, though Wilson's were more original. But in literary power Audubon surpassed Wilson as far as Nuttall surpassed Audubon. A lovable, poetic extravagance marks his style, and like the true artist, he seldom fails to tell how his first view of a bird, or some vivid moment with it, affected his spirit. To the strict scientist all that is so much rubbish, to be husked away before the kernel of truth may be discovered. To other read it is the saving leaven in the somew heavy loaf of Audubon's tremendous wo

The artist friends of Audubon's d Peale and Stuart and Inman, proba never gave him real recognition, beyo what a great musician might grant t brilliant banjo player, and it is doubtfu most artists of today take him into th fellowship. Yet he certainly has a cla On the contrary, science has always rec nized in him an acute and enthusias observer, and if he was often in error he gave rein to poetry and that nebul demon, artistic temperament, he is f given, and has his place between Wils and Nuttall as one of the three great ea American ornithologists.

But to appraise the bequest that a man leaves to posterity there must added to his completed labors the incal lable factors of personality and influen In the case of Audubon there arises another imponderable value that, thou only by paradox, must be assigned to hi That is the legend for which he sta and by which is achieved a greater go than ever the flesh and blood actual worked. He has become the embodim of an ideal, inspiring the earnest effo of countless men, women, and childr The Migratory Bird Act bears in effect invisible signature. The egrets in th far mangrove swamps, the bob-whites a the golden plovers owe in good meas their lives to him. His hand, it might said, puts away the schoolboy's slingsh Audubon the man is, to be sure, a f lible, lovable mortal, but Audubon t stained-glass saint, his hand upheld benediction over the fluttering lit feathered brethren, is an immortal a immeasurable influence for good.

MOVING

BY E. GERTRUDE BEASLEY

ERE was nothing else to do. My ather had sold the house and cotton arm, including the improvements ost of the live stock, and had already ed the money, more than three nd dollars, which he wore in the f his jeans. Moreover, the deed had igned, for my mother finally had to sce and give her signature, which rung from an unwilling hand, and y had been appointed to move.

all never forget that day—the day ft the place in Mitchell county, There was such hurrying and sad- nd so many suppressed complaints eryone except my father, who, on ccasions, always appeared in excel- pirits. But, as I have said, there was ng else to do, now that the trans- was closed and everything was so we set out once more upon the road toward the Southwest. The side-boards had been put on the r three farm wagons, the furniture ousehold goods were stacked in them, ed-springs and the usual bedding stretched across their tops; then the and sheets were put on and the -schooners, which served as tent ut alike, were ready for our large . This was the third moving since d remember; I was then about eight old. Beside the wagon, there was a in which my mother and sisters sat art of the day. All the vehicles were by mules or horses; and a few extra ls were led at the tail of our caravan. was a family of fourteen people in wagons, a man and his wife, and six nd six daughters.

At first, it was extremely difficult and displeasing for the young children to be shut up in the covered wagons all day, where, in case of rain or wind, the curtains were tied down so tightly that one got no chance to look out except through the front opening, where one could see only the road or the vehicles in front. But sometimes a fellow traveler would stop and talk to us, or my father would halt his team and stop at a house, or call to someone passing in the road to answer his questions and give him directions. At such times we wanted to roll up the wagon sheet and put our heads out to listen. But my mother objected, and we were seldom allowed to do so, for she said that people would think we were a lot of tramps.

My mother worried, fretted, and scolded a great deal, and when she had gone over every reason she could think of why a family should not be "drug about the country in ole covered wagons, lookin' lak' the sorriest people on God A'mighty's earth"—when she had repeated her reasons until they were all threadbare, she would raise an eyebrow, sniff up her short nose and say, "at enny rate, *I* wasn't raised that way." A plump matron of the Anglo-Saxon type, with fair skin—extremely fair if protected from the sun—blue eyes and reddish brown hair, she would lie among her young in the wagon and grumble at her misfortune, and gradually turn the conversation to disparaging remarks about her husband and his people. Yet, at other times, the comedy of a situation would appeal to her and she would laugh until the tears streamed down her face.

My father, however (I remember won-

dering at this, and I dismissed it as a defect in his character), appeared happy under such circumstances. At least he was more pleased at traveling in the open road than ever he was on the farms we cultivated. Sometimes he assured us that we were bound for a land of honey ponds and fritter trees. But he was black-passioned and of a violent temper, too, and the slightest inconvenience or oversight sent him into a rage. At that stage of my life, I was more afraid of my father, I think, than of any person I had ever met. Yet, as he stood by the wagon in a big, gray Stetson hat, a red bandanna at his throat, with his hickory shirt, his familiar jean pants, and his high boots—as he stood with one foot on the hub of the wheel, elbow on knee and chin in palm, I could see even as a child how picturesque he was, and knew that a curious fascination sometimes broke through one's dark fears. . . . I was ashamed that my father chewed tobacco, but somehow it seemed to me manly to be able to spit as far as he did.

As for the twelve children, my brothers and sisters and myself, assorted in the various vehicles or riding an extra horse, if you had seen one of them you would have known the rest, for there was a strong family resemblance, best revealed by the shape and expression of their faces. There were five brothers and three sisters older than myself and a brother and two sisters younger.

As the sun would begin to set, the very earth seemed to grow more calm. When dusk came on and it was time to stop and prepare a meal, one heard the furniture bumping up and down in the wagons more distinctly and distinguished the clatter of tin pans in the grub-box. My father would try to get permission to drive into a pasture, preferably by a stream, where, the teams being stopped, the household was ordered to pile out, to take part in the chores of evening.

The horses were unharnessed and fed, and then hobbled and turned loose in the pasture. Some one of the older childre built a fire and my mother and sisters b gan to prepare supper. The wagon carryin the grub-box, a triangular cupboar would be backed into a convenient loca tion, if possible under a tree, and the lid which opened from the top, would b brought down to the level of the bottor of the cupboard, forming a sort of exter sion table. Then the tin pans, skillets an kettles were hauled out on the tabl (which was only the lid of the grub-box in order to get at the yeast jar, the coffe bacon, dried peas, potatoes, flour, and th like, which had all been packed solidly i the cupboard. My mother would roll u her sleeves, put on her kitchen apron an begin to give orders. "Now, you childre step aroun' here," she would begin. (Nor of the children ever stepped as quickly a she did or held their backs so straight "Let's get this cookin' done. . . . One o you boys keep that fire built up, an' brin up some more o' them limbs. Here, [to m second sister] put that skillet on and fr this meat. Try and get them potatoe peeled by the time that meat's done," sh would address her oldest and third daugh ter. "An' try an' season them right. Don put too much pepper . . . One o' you boy take that molasses bucket and go up t that house and try to buy some milk We'll make some biscuits if y'k'n git som milk."

Then perhaps my third sister, a fai haired, stocky girl would speak up and say "Maw, let me make the bread today Ah'll never learn how if you don't let m try." The meat being done, the grav made, and the potatoes put on, my siste would prepare to make the biscuits. A the milk that had been brought wa usually sour, she would have to put a "extrie pinch of sodie" for each cupfu she used, and she was not to use too muc lard, for the great black skillets with lid to them wherein the bread was partl fried and partly baked were already wel smeared with bacon grease. The girl woul wash her hands, take out the bread pa

e sack of flour, make a basin of the
the pan, put in a little yeast, a
ps of milk, the prescribed amount
soda and lard, and proceed to work
dough with her hands. When the
had been kneaded sufficiently, she
then squeeze off lumps of the dough,
them into shape, and place them in
llets.

II

r, when such work was going on,
her would be stretched out reading
ep on a pallet under one of the
s, if the weather permitted his lying
open, and he had to be told that
was ready. One of the little ones
dered to go and tell "yer daddy" to
o his meal. Then the family gath-
ound the fire, where the coals gave
he warmth if it was cold, or around
ib-box if there was no need to be
e fire. There were occasional stools,
or chairs to sit on, but often some
family stood while eating or filled
plates and sat on the ground. The
vas parceled out in tin pans and
lids, as the best of the dishes had
arefully packed away, and handed
with cups of milk and mugs of
ng coffee. When the meat, potatoes,
and the like had been served, the
es jug was handed around, and
m and butter mixed together formed
of dessert, which was sopped up
ot bread.

next morning the boys would roll
tent which served as a sort of sleep-
g for them; and, breakfast being
ny sisters were required to wash the
to put away all the utensils, to roll
bedding and arrange the beds in the
s before we started on the day's
y. As my father usually drove the
vagon, we soon heard him gee-ing
gnaling to the others to follow the
he indicated.

ar as I can remember, my father did
now when we left Mitchell county
precisely where we would settle, but we were now traveling in the general direction of San Angelo, and if the country about that town, which already numbered several thousand inhabitants, did not suit him, we knew we'd probably travel farther toward the Southwest. Bump, bump, bump, said the bed-springs and the sideboards as our caravan strung out along new roads none too well marked out. Days and weeks passed and we continued our journey, stopping at noon for a few hours and again before dusk to prepare for night in the open.

Once when we had camped in a big pecan grove near a town, an old man and a little girl came out to our wagons to talk. They were campers too, or as my parents would say movers, the little girl being the daughter or granddaughter of the old man. What a scraggy, scrawny, stunted child she was! A road rat. Hers was the voice of the ignorant, shiftless and low-down of her class, pitched too low for a little girl, with a grating note in it. Because we were nearly the same size, the family assumed that she and I ought to be friends—an absurd implication often foisted upon children—and encouraged our acquaintance. We began to talk about spelling and the like and played at going to school. The child had a startlingly commanding voice. "Now, y'all set up straight," she would say to two or three of my young brothers and sisters and myself. We sat under the wagon or perched on the edge of a bed made on the floor in a ram-shackle, one-room house near by. "Set up an' study an' Ah'll hear ye lessons in a minute."

She singled me out to spell. I had to stand before her, for it was unfair by the rules not to do what she commanded. We changed from play to serious business. She held the spelling-book up and began to pronounce the words. "Uv!" she shouted, glowering at me curiously, like a cat that has suddenly decided to eat the mouse between its paws. "Uv" was familiar enough, but how was one to spell it? I was ex-

tremely ashamed of failure. The child tried to explain, she gave a sentence: "He will take some *uv* your coffee." I would make an attempt, and she offered me three trials. "U, v," I said after some effort. Others in our make-believe school looked as though they knew better, but they were not allowed to tell. The little teacher then spelled the word, not without much scorn for one who couldn't do it, and then went on to other short words, which she pronounced "ef" and "frum." I had heard them pronounced in this manner often enough in daily conversation, but for anyone to enunciate so poorly when looking at the word in the book threw me completely off. She scolded me gingerly when I had done. "Aw, I thought you 'uz smart; you ain't smart a-tall," she assured me. "Ah k'n spell," I told her, offended at being told to my face that I wasn't clever, "but you cayn't pronounce."

If the little girl interested me or wounded my vanity, the old man filled me with terror and wonder. For he used to come there and hold endless conversations with my father about God, the end of the world, and hell. I say he talked about God, I think it was more about the lack of a God, for the old man was said to be an infidel. He maintained, it seems to me, that no one had ever seen God, that no man really knew that there was a Creator. But our visitor, with his long white beard and his hat with its greasy band, said things more terrible than this as he sat talking with my father under the pecan trees. His later statements were of more concrete facts and therefore more terrifying. He predicted the destruction of the world by means of a comet. Indeed, one had already appeared a few years previously, and he had recently discovered another. At least he had seen a star in the heavens with a tail decidedly developed, and he thought it might somehow clash with the earth and wipe it out of existence. I remember my mother and sisters looking for the star with the tail before climbing into the wagon at night to go to bed. Their whispers and curious solemnity and the old man's talk thre me into a state of hysteria; and at nigh as I lay shaking with terror, I saw gre red flames lapping up the earth, a final a complete destruction.

My father spent days and days trying decide whether or not he would buy la here. He talked with agents and owne What kind of improvements were the on the land? How often did it rain in th country? What crops thrived best? W the land well watered? By the last questi he meant to inquire if wells had been du if there was any running water, or if the were any indications of undergrou streams. He examined the soil and broug specimens to show my mother. A man i terested in selling the land assured m parents there was plenty of water; he h tested for water all over that country a he knew there were underground stream He held a willow stick, a small pliab branch of the tree, horizontally in the tw hands and walked about the country. sign was vouchsafed by the willow, whi he was careful to hold strongly, as th was a sort of prerequisite for invoking th spell. As he walked about, lo and behol the branch moved in his hands, and turn over completely as a bow does whe stretched out. He stopped at the very i stant, at the very place where the willo turned mysteriously in his hand and ordere his men to dig a well. Needless to say, the found a fine, clear underground strean He had walked all over the country abo San Angelo and he gave my parents understand that his journey had been o of continuous magic, registered by th twitching of the limb in his hands.

The water diviner had heard that m father played the violin, and asked to loo at the instrument. He screwed up his ey and inspected every inch of the old fiddl the bridge, the strings, the peg-keys an even the glue at the joints. "Well, giv us a tune," he said at last, and everybod about the camp sat down to listen. M father would brace his chair against a tre take off his hat, arrange the butt of th

nder his whiskers (for although he ly a little on the shady side of ve, he appeared to think it his duty r a full beard and mustache), cross s and begin his tchu di, tchu di, i, dee, dee. He would play "The of January" or a piece by some tle. I nearly always felt squeamish, as vaguely conscious that jigs were essarily music. I was also extremely assed that the hand which held the as minus three fingers (due to an t he had when a boy), and won- urtively if the man knew that the to one of the pieces my father was were said to be improper. The d not praise my father's music, or mark on the excellence of his in- nt. He was himself a man of mir- o why should he? After he left, my pronounced him a fake, but my went even farther with his re- es: he called him—but never mind e called him, for it would not look print.

III

oving continued, and, as always, rst inconveniences and hard work on the women and children. When ily camped for a few days or a few my mother took advantage of the do, with the help of her daughters, ily washing and ironing, to wash d clothing, even the blankets and to clean up the cooking utensils ghly, and to find means and methods hing and doctoring her children. he loathed this life in the open! To e her complaints, our moving was ged to inordinate lengths. I can't be as to the number of months it ed out to, but I am pretty certain lasted through a second season, for nber the rain and cold and the family es and disturbances which a change weather brought. The rain would own upon the covered wagons with rce that, with all efforts at tighten- e sheets and keeping them well tied down at the sides, it was almost impossible to protect the bedding from the dampness. As a result, there were colds, coughing, croup and earache, all caused from sleeping upon wet bed-clothing. The older children sometimes complained of being kept out of school on account of my father's chronic failure to find a place to settle down, and everything went to indicate that camping had long since become a hardship almost intolerable to every member of the family.

But when the weather was bright, as it often was even in the dead of Winter in that section of the country, a new spirit pervaded the movers. Sometimes, when our caravan had proceeded for several days without much opportunity for exercise, the children were permitted to go into the road to walk, or to stretch their legs at foot-races. At night there were the usual preparations for the evening meal, a discussion of the country and the sights of the day, what wild game was best to bring down for food (my father sometimes shot a rabbit for supper from his high seat in the covered wagon, using a Winchester for small as well as large game), and my parents aired their opinions as to the sort of country they would choose to live in. My mother contended that most any country at all was all right if people would work. ("The trouble with the Beasleys was that they never would work.") But my father said he thought the land, the amount of rainfall, the vegetation and such like made a hell of a lot of difference.

Sometimes, when we were camped near a village for a day or two, my older brothers and sisters would get diked up in the evening and go into the town to see the sights, or attend a meeting, or a singing, or a dance. They were put to considerable trouble to do this, for their Sunday clothes were packed in trunks at the bottom of the wagon and getting them out entailed unloading and unpacking. But this difficulty was willingly surmounted and soon the boys were in serge suits, extremely in need of pressing, striped shirts, and plaid

cravats which might be tied in a bow; and my sisters would come forth in new calico, or lawn, or perhaps in an old black silk skirt and white waist. Hats and coats were a difficulty, but often they contrived to make out. Perhaps one of the children would be left out of the party on account of the shortage of coats and hats. That one always spent the evening in tears, bemoaning the fact that he or she, as the case might be, was never able "to go nowheres."

News had been brought to my father of a small town farther south, called Eldorado. It was agreeable news, for the whole country about there was said to have many of the attributes of the Eldorado of legend. If it were not actually a land flowing with milk and honey, both were to be had in abundance. Our wagons soon brought us near. We had traversed plains and rocky slopes and canyons where rivers had cut out their beds to great depth and then dried up. The mules and horses had hauled us over gullies, they had forded swift streams, they had brought us out of bogs and carried us over hills almost as high as mountains. Now our wagons came like a queue of wigwams, like a string of animals lazily following their leader to the watering-place, down into the valley of Eldorado. How we shou rest and be happy when we got there! An some day, my naïve heart said, life woul burst like a flower in the exquisiteness o perfection.

But Eldorado showed few signs of pe fection. Our caravan halted just withou her gates, for the town was as yet not muc more than a post-office and a few store This was some time about 1901. A cam was arranged in a beautiful pasture. Ther were trees dotted about in the tall grass- cottonwoods, poplars and oaks.

There was plenty of work to be had her and the family rented a small house. An while the arrangements to occupy it wer being made, tales were poured into ou ears of life in Eldorado. One heard o cattle-thieving, horse-stealing, preaching dancing (of the latter, the parson woul draw a vivid picture and inscribe it, as i were, with the legend, "From the ball room to hell"); of the new railroad an the new schoolhouse; of horse-racing tobacco-chewing, saloon-keeping, tale bearing and tale-telling, whisky-drinking scandal-mongering and shooting.

The sheets and bows were taken off th wagons and the household goods arraye in a new little shack of two rooms. We ha got to God's country at last!

WANTED: A NEW MESSIAH

BY BYRON DEXTER

REAT expectations of a revival of religion in America are voiced with increasing frequency in the s and in a section of the press. lations as to the precise shape that novement will assume vary accord- the temperaments of the prophets, ne discussions in the main are held within the traditional bounds. Mr. Frank, a theologically-minded lay- sees "a vast and sweeping popular ment which will compel the his- a hundred years hence to write that about 1933 the Western World was t in the sweep of an unprecedented ual awakening in which the best tion and the best knowledge of our met and merged, a movement that be set alongside the Renaissance, the mation, and the Wesleyan revival!' " Frank Crane writes: "All that is d is for some magnetic prophet to some man with the spiritual en- ment of a Loyola, a Luther or a y, who shall go through the world an apple blossom in his hand and ne imagination and conscience of the with the beauty of human brother- . Such a revival need in no way gonize any existing church organi- n, but it should rather be such as d win the hearty coöperation of the bers of any and every church. This is o means sentimental dreaming. It is sely practical."

rtain students of the American spec- , mistrusting Dr. Crane's apple blos- , will perhaps dismiss his prophecy avalierly. They forget that the doctor, xpert in giving millions of Americans the thing they want, has his fingers firmly upon the popular pulse. If this pulse be counted, signs are not lacking to suggest that the launching of a great popular American religion is well within the realm of the possible. Investigating this possibility, an engaging collection of phenomena at once presents itself. We see more than a hundred million citizens yearning to mold themselves after the manner of their neighbors. In batches of a million they read the same newspapers; in batches of two millions they read the same periodicals; in batches of fifteen millions they listen simultaneously to the same inspirational speakers. They do setting-up exercises together every morning. They go automobile riding together at night. There is a definite and undoubted thrill in marching to the same tune with millions of one's fellows. The American has discovered it, and likes it.

Nor is this desire for mass action limited to the sphere of food, clothes, housing, transportation, and ideas. Emotionally, there is the same tendency. Cults for the development of the American soul are bewilderingly popular. Any messiah, if only he advertise adroitly, can win a following, whether he call his programme the New Thought, Pelmanism, Physical Culture, the Ancient and Honorable Order of Blue Goose, or the Hay Fever Association. Although at first glance the abundancy of these pseudo-religions may seem to indicate a diversity of desires, yet their existence is but a manifestation of a single fundamental urge. The American longs for a religion which will impart some significance to his uniform thoughts and

actions. Obviously this new religion must have a large common denominator. It must take in both the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the members of the Union League, the owners of the Fords and the owners of the Packards. It must, moreover, if it is to be truly popular, contain elements of the mystical, it must be susceptible to the legend and parable treatment, and above all, it must offer enough rewards to make it profitable to the believer.

When we look at the generality of American citizens, what idea above all others is seen to attract this universal and passionate allegiance? What idea is told and retold, in a mythology especially fashioned for the purpose, in all the million-circulation magazines? What parable and legend are recited in countless house-organs, incorporated in every educational programme, enunciated in every presidential address? It is the legend of the Office-Boy Who Rose To Be President. It is the parable of the Young Man Who Signed The Coupon. In short—the Success Idea. Perhaps this simple truth is a clue to the vast and sweeping movement which Mr. Frank is so romantically expecting.

II

Twenty-one years ago a handful of Chicagoans formed a practice of lunching together once a week. The group was made up of a coal dealer, a mine operator, a lawyer, and a haberdasher—good representative Americans all. The idea which animated the group was sound—a mutual exchange of patronage. The lawyer bought his collars from the haberdasher, and the haberdasher let the lawyer collect his bad accounts. Being Americans, the group liked all this better when it was given a pretty title. Somebody suggested that the purpose of the group was to promote Good Fellowship. So Rotary was born.

Today there are 2400 Rotary Clubs, with a membership of 120,000. There are 1100 Kiwanis Clubs, composed of the men who were left out of Rotary. Chambers Commerce, Lions, and Exchange Clu follow. "Civic luncheon clubs," says t Hon. Carrington T. Marshall, LL.D Chief Justice of the Ohio Supreme Cour "are the strongest factor in American li today in promoting sound public opinion. To say that they have elevated Profitab Good Fellowship, or, in more gener terms, the Success Idea, to the plane of religion would not offend even the mo fanatical Fundamentalist. He would a sume as a matter of course that this merel meant the same thing as to say that a pa ticular American makes a religion of fres air, or drinking a glass of hot water befo breakfast. Religion in this sense is used as convenient euphemism. But suppose we u the term in its true connotation? Suppo we say that Success has become a religio in America in the same sense that Bu dhism, Mohammedanism or Christianit are religious—a philosophy of life whic sums up for its adherents their relationshi with the universe—a genuinely new reli ion, possessing its own creed, congr gations, and temples, and perhaps fate some day to swallow up the establishe churches? This would be heresy. But woul it be untrue?

To determine its truth or falsity let examine some of the variations that hav been played upon the theme of Goo Fellowship. Mr. Donald A. Adams, pres dent of Rotary, writes: "Rotary is spiritual force. Mark my words, I did no say a religious force. I said a spiritua force. On no other grounds can I accoun for the way it has gripped thousands lives and changed them from selfish exis ence into lives of helpful and unselfis service." Spiritual but not religious? Tha is a nice distinction. But is it quite sound The *Rotarian*, in its November, 1925, ed torial, breathed as follows: "Rotary is no a mere creed to be recited, though beautifu its rendition; nor merely a song to be sung though sweet be the singing. Rotary *is life to be lived*. Your individual respons bility to Rotary is to live Rotary."

bviously that is precisely the sort of g that pulpits have echoed since man frightened by the first thunderstorm. there are other symptoms. For exle, the missionary complex which in sixth law of Rotary concerns itself a world-fellowship of business and essional men, and one finds Mr. Paul Harris, president emeritus of Rotary, ng: "During the war I heard a conative Scot, Thomas Stevenson of burgh, tell a representative of the ish Government in Chicago that 'this g never would have happened if ary could have been established ughout Europe ten years ago.' "

Then a man joins Rotary it is impressed h him that he has an obligation to at- meetings of his club or forfeit his bership. This idea of obligation, of duty which membership entails, is racteristic of all religions. It is the idea the Christian churches have been tryto put across for centuries, and much successfully. The eleventh article of Rotary Code of Ethics is even better ence: "Finally, believing the univerty of the Golden Rule, 'All things whatver that men would do unto you, do ye so unto them,' we contend that Soy best holds together when equal opunity is accorded all men in the natural urces of this planet." If this could be ught to fulfillment, declares the presit of Rotary hopefully, "it would make an relations and actions in part ne."

his surely is the stuff of which religions made. What if the concrete Rotarians short of it in practice? Is history with- examples of large numbers of men be- moved by an idealistic creed which one in ten thousand of them ever ught of taking seriously? One can only culate as to the response which would ccorded a speaker at a Rotary luncheon o took as his text the last phrase of icle XI of the Code, and proposed the lition of private ownership of natural urces! But as I say, a slight inconsistency in the application of the formal creed in no way weakens the religion itself. Indeed, if the actual application be sound and helpful, the more beautifully impossible it is in theory the better. And a moment's examination will show that at the bottom of the dogma of Good Fellowship there is a true and helpful principle. It is the principle that prosperity is a better condition for man than poverty, better because in the average man poverty tends to produce fear, coarseness, ignorance, and envy. That few Americans, freed from the evils of poverty, rise intellectually beyond the level of a moving-picture director, or spiritually beyond the plane of a sin-eating evangelist, does not invalidate the strength of the principle. In so far as the new religion makes the average man look upon poverty as an abnormal condition, hateful in the sight of God, it should tend to produce a healthy society. But, like all sound and powerful ideas, the new religion is philanthropic only indirectly. It may improve the condition of the poor—but it does so by improving the condition of the already prosperous. It is in its promise and fulfillment of immediate profit to its disciples that it strikes twelve.

Earlier in this century, before the advent of Rotary, the average American cocked a hostile eye at the owners of big bank accounts. McCall Street was not yet paved, and only a few houses were upon it—large red brick "mansions," which the citizenry felt they were forced to help build, but could never own. These malcontents were scoffed at by the owners: "the public be damned." More than one reputable citizen whose cheers for the established order are now loud and hearty thought of the windows of those mansions in terms of a good hefty rock. But all that has now changed. First, because a large number of citizens, sometimes through their own efforts, more often accidentally, discovered that there was room for them on McCall Street. It stretches from New York to San Francisco, which implies a good many building lots. And by one of those mas-

terly fictions which spring up every so often in history, and alter the spiritual and material being of generations, the Service idea convinced even those people who couldn't get on McCall Street that bouquets instead of bricks should be thrown. For that idea proved that theoretically everybody, except a few forsaken foreigners, lived there. Even though they couldn't own the big houses, they were just as good as the men who did. The big fellows admitted it. "We are big because you let us serve you," they said. Service! That's what the priests of the new religion began calling Success. The two words could be used interchangeably.

The same fiction helped popularize Christianity itself twenty centuries before. The good men of Judaism were strong fellows, men who took what they wanted in the way of other men's wives or cattle, and as an afterthought gave God the privilege of being on their side. God never refused the invitation. It is hardly to be expected that the generality of inept and insignificant people had a great love either for the strong men or for their religion. But Christianity, when it was promulgated, lifted immeasurably the spirits of these downtrodden. For it told them that the truly strong man was not strong, but weak. And the strong men, realizing that this philosophy only made them stronger, encouraged it with admirable efficiency.

Early in the Twentieth Century, when the strong men of the Success idea were openly and unashamedly powerful, they were hated. But they had only to pretend that they were impotent, were serving and not commanding, and the commonalty embraced them and their religion. A corporation which had made many millions by an efficient programme of unscrupulous shrewdness could well afford to spend thousands in convincing its victims that they were the masters, and that the further strengthening of the corporation was merely the encouragement of unselfish philanthropy.

"Later in the afternoon," writes Bruce Barton in "It's a Good Old World," "I sat in the office of the president of another factory in the same city. It is no small plant; the owners are just breaking ground for an addition that will cost more than a million dollars.

"As I sat talking with the president, the door opened and the shipping clerk came in.

"'Shall we prepay that shipment to Louisville, Charley?' the shipping clerk asked.

"'We will this time, Al,' the president replied.

"I gasped. A concern whose goods are sold from coast to coast, a concern whose owners can build a million dollar addition without asking any outside help! And the shipping clerk calls the president 'Charley'."

Here is the assumption which gives the new religion its pulling power. Whether it be fact or fancy is beside the point. The only thing that matters is that the Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Lions, the men who drive the Buicks and the Fords, accept it as true. *Any* shipping clerk can call *any* president Charley; the man with the limousine and top hat is strong only because the people let him serve them. The beauty of such fictions is that they are never questioned. The sweet faith that Mr. Dodge would be delighted to clean out the differential for any one of the million Dodge owners will never be put to the test.

III

Thus there is reward for everybody in the Success religion, not in the hereafter but now. If you are prosperous, it not only justifies your prosperity, but increases it. If you have but little of this world's goods it will give you—and it is no small gift—that feeling of personal dignity and significance for which every human cipher yearns.

But we must not expect this new religion to be known by its proper name. As with all the other creeds, its bricks have been made out of the straw of an older faith.

as Christianity made use of Judaism, uccess had made use of Christianity. re it could be truly popular, it needed conography, it needed mysticism and impressive and oracular background. te naturally and inevitably it took e things where it could most easily lay l of them. The theologians, most of m applauded Dean Inge last year when isited this country and remarked sadly "the divorce between business and re- n is now almost complete," had no what was going on. Even had they rec- ized the forces that were at work below r pulpits, it is unlikely that they would e been disturbed. Dr. Kirsopp Lake ifies: "The history of Protestantism, es- ally since the Nineteenth Century, ws a constant willingness by the clergy ccept old phraseology to cover new ning." If Creation means Evolution Fall means Ascent, then Prosperity easily be a new name for Poverty. As atter of fact, the clergy were overjoyed the filching of their goods. For their s began suddenly to fill, they found r names more and more often in the mns of the daily press, and best of all, r collection plates grew heavier. Why ry about the cause when the result was eminently pleasing? With the best of ives they tossed Christ's ideas over- rd, and substituted the religion of Suc- —couched in the ancient terminology Christianity.

When this substitution is understood, ny phenomena become clear. It is clear, example, why in the quiet chancel of of the most dignified Gothic churches he East the rector, standing between a utiful and chastely expensive rood- en and a no less beautiful and chastely ensive congregation, chose to base his rning exhortation upon a current book ich proves in words of one syllable that us was a go-getter and the founder of dern business. Equally clear is the rea- why this book, Mr. Barton's "The n Nobody Knows," has been a best er since its publication. It is a masterly enunciation of the creed to which the prosperous and the near-prosperous of the land have awarded their fervent if unselfconscious devotion, the creed which transforms a Poet who gave his life for the idea that treasures on earth are of no avail into the symbol of a philosophy which holds that it is the duty of every man to own a tiled bathroom. A judicious use of italics has transformed the Christian Bible. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's *business?*" And the tenets of the new religion swing into place with irresistible selling force—Jesus, the world's greatest organizer, the most popular dinner guest in Jerusalem, the man who proved His right to sit at the head of every director's table; He had personal magnetism, He rose from obscurity to such eminence that the wealthiest men in the community invited Him to dine at their homes; He drove the money-changers out of the Temple because His muscles were strong (no halo-foolishness about it); "He was the type of outdoor man whom our modern thought most admires;" He was the world's greatest advertising man, an attention-getter; He had a sales-punch. Jesus proved conclusively that there can be no such thing as overproduction. Jesus is the man to study if you would learn how to Organize, to Get Across a Message, to Land an Order, to Build Up a Bank Account. Jesus was a Success.

Here is the tangible expression of the American soul—the soul of the editor of the *Specialty Salesman* ("The National Inspirational Monthly for Those Who Sell") who quotes a text from the Apostle Paul for his New Year's editorial; the soul of Annie Rix Militz, author of "PROSPERITY: The Power of Right Thinking to Bring Success," a follower of Mrs. Eddy and one of the first to proclaim that "health of circumstances is one of the signs of a practical follower of Christ;" the soul of Mr. Edward Bok, who writes of "efficiency, that gift of God;" of *Success: the Magazine of Business*, which invokes "God, the Great Executive;" of Mr.

Alfred Stephen Bryan, highest paid free-lance advertising writer, whose contribution to American theology is "quite aside from the rich rewards, it's heaven to work like the devil;" of the Rev. George Drew Egbert, who holds Sunday morning "Golfers' Special" services at the First Congregational Church of Flushing, Long Island; of Mr. Durant Ferson Ladd, author of a booklet called "A Church Advertising Campaign," who thinks that "Christmas should be treated as a special occasion by the Christian Church: Christmas provides for itself considerable publicity . . .;" of Dr. Ira Landrith, National Extension Secretary of Christian Endeavor, who favors courting booths in church "to get a firm grip on the young people;" of Mr. Porter Loring, who decorates the highways leading to San Antonio with artistic signboards carrying messages about the beauty and charm of the city—"His advertising is particularly effective," says the *Rotarian*, "because it reflects the spirit of a man who loves his fellows—in all he does he is actuated by a desire to increase the world's supply of happiness" (P. S. Mr. Loring is a mortician); of Mr. James H. Rand, Jr., founder of Kardex Institute, who knows that "men answer the call of commerce, not just to make money but to help all mankind;" of the Right Rev. William T. Manning, the cathedral builder, who believes that "football is one of the highest forms of spiritual exercise."

This doctrine of Success, couched in the terminology of Christianity, is a thing as different, of course, from the creed of Jesus of Nazareth as the Westchester-Biltmore is from the Mount of Olives. A specific example of the way it has been put into practice may be illuminating. Sixteen years ago the Rev. Christian F. Reisner left Denver, Colorado, to ascend the pulpit of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City. He brought with him a novel idea—an idea which, out in Denver, used to make real the dream which visits the slumbers of every Methodist clergyman—a crowded church at the Sunday evening service. It wasn't eloquence that did it, a grand opera voice, or any startling for of intellect or personality. Dr. Reisner idea was much better than that. It wa summed up in one word: Advertising.

He wrote a book about it. The book wa called "Church Publicity: The Moder Way to Compel Them to Come In," an began with "Shall we allow commerci institutions to forge ahead while th Church lags behind?" He chose a slogan sent out two million pieces of advertisin matter, made the acquaintance of Mr. O. Gude, the billboard man, and cultivate newspaper men. Presently there were fou large electric signs on top of Grace Church and the billboards of New York began t flower with such challenging sentences a "Why do Ministers' Sons Go Wrong? Very soon Grace Church was crowded About the same time Mr. Bernarr Mac fadden saw the light, and began, perhap unconsciously, to copy the Reisner metho The news-stands now bear witness to th soundness of it. A clipping from one o the Macfadden journals on that news stand does likewise: "Actual constructio of Broadway Temple, the $4,000,000 self supporting skyscraper church and busines structure, will begin this Summer." Th Broadway Temple is the enterprise of Dr Reisner.

In the words of its own prospectus, i will represent "big business practically ap plied to religion." The structure is to b twenty-four stories in height, and sur mounted by a thirty-four-foot cross. It wil have twenty-six million feet of floor space and will consist in part of

1. An apartment hotel (estimated income, $402,300).
2. Apartments for housekeeping, accommodating 500 people (estimated income, $166,290).
3. Stores on Broadway (estimated income, $27,500).
4. The thirty-four-foot electric cross.
5. A church in which people will pray to the Man who entered Jerusalem riding on an ass.

The plan by which the funds for th temple are being raised is honest, straight forward, and efficient. There is no appea

gifts. An insurance company is advanc- $2,000,000 on a first mortgage. Second tgage 5% gold bonds for another 00,000 are being sold to the public. general sales argument runs as follows: growth of New York has been almost pletely commercial, and the sky- pers have dwarfed the churches. But Broadway Temple, to be erected on the nest block in the city, will overtop the e buildings. Help lift this gray old ld of ours out of the vale of commer- ism by buying a 5% gold bond! Or, as Reisner puts it in his slogan: BUY A ND AND LET GOD HAVE AN OF- E BUILDING ON BROADWAY—A ND BETWEEN YOU AND GOD! Says prospectus, "The commercial, income- ducing side will be in the hands of some he keenest, shrewdest and most success- business men of New York City. . . . s expected that because this is church perty a large part of the taxes will be itted." In short, an investment in the adway Temple will profit you as fol- s: your money will bear 5% interest, t interest can be deducted from your ome tax, the investment will put your ne on a memorial tablet, and it will put in partnership with God.

IV

e need not have much imagination to dict a gaudy future for a new religion h an appeal like that. What Dr. Reis- is doing in New York will be dupli- ed on a smaller scale in all parts of the ntry. Just as markets have been created Listerine, Valspar, Congoleum and armint, the advertising and publicity n, once they get their backs into it, will the new church to the people. Every- ly will be happy—and saved. The ad- tising men will get their fees, the big ckholders in the church will get big idends on their preferred stock, the rest the worshippers will get small but wel- ne dividends on their common stock, l everybody will glow with righteous idealism. Perhaps a few congenitally pes- simistic souls will ask what will be the result of this alliance of religion with the bond and mortgage business in case the latter should fall into difficulties and dis- repute, but with the resources of the Fed- eral Reserve Bank in back of them, the leaders of the new religion will not be greatly troubled.

But what of the clergy? Will the time come when the new religion throws off its cloak, and the Christian pastors begin to realize the true implications of this idea to which they have extended the right hand of fellowship? There is even now talk of a Rotary Church, with a form of worship distinctly and definitely its own. But that such an open break will come is somewhat unlikely. The religion of Success, I believe, will be content to accept the old Christian terminology, provided the Christian clergy will be sensible and do their part. It will, however, be a part far different from that to which they are accustomed. When the First Baptist, the First Presbyterian, St. Paul's Methodist, or Little Bethel finds it- self, at the close of a successful campaign, with its congregation increased 200% and its treasury overflowing, when the Public Relations Counsel and the Advertising Di- rector hired for the period of the drive shall have packed up their charts and mul- tigraph machines and taken their de- parture, will the congregation be willing to relapse into the old, dull Christian rou- tine? Will the trustees and deacons stand by contentedly as the collection plates in their hands grow light again, and they pass between lines of half-filled pews? It is most unlikely. Instead, the poor pastor will be summoned to carry on where the publicity men left off. Dr. Reisner, indeed, with his gift of foresight, is already calling for the endowment of colleges to teach the new science of theological publicity. For he knows what it means to conduct a church on the plane of a canned soup fac- tory. He knows that the writing of adver- tising copy is radically different from the writing of sermons. He knows that after

the publicity specialist has gone the minister must assume his duties, and that those duties are not a matter of Bibles and hymnbooks, but of filing systems, addressographs, multigraphs, card indexes, charts, proofs, posters, lay-outs, cuts, broadsides. Attendance figures must be graphed, and the attendance norm calculated. "Copy must be entertaining, interesting, resultful. References to Heaven and Hell must be omitted." The public, if it is to be sold, must be given what it wants. The executive in charge must be a lover of detail, a trained statistician, able to plan, analyze, organize; he must have originality, and be able to turn out novelties, posters, racy sermonettes; he must see that there is something doing all the time. The man who can do this is not our old and pious friend with the white bow tie and the collar buttoned in back. That ancient and holy man is doomed. One of the brisk, go-getting, up-and-coming graduates of Dr. Reisner's College of Theological Publicity will take his place.

What miracles this efficient young man will accomplish! Take, for example, the matter of direct mail selling. Even the business world itself is just beginning to appreciate the possibilities of the two-cent stamp, which takes advertising directly to the breakfast table of the prospect. Within the last few months the sales managers have found out that perfectly typewritten personal letters can be turned out by one man and a machine at the rate of 1200 an hour. About a year ago, in the little village of Daggett, Michigan, the Rev. Father F. A. Seiffert, a Catholic priest, began to send out multigraphed letters, which said in the first paragraph, "Although you may be busier than a one-eyed cat in a bird store, won't you grant me just a minute of your time to listen to my troubles?" Strangers in every part of the country listened to the extent of $25,000. But when Dr. Reisner's young advertising specialists get on the job, with their "personal" letters, their personalized booklets, their quantity production, their efficient, up-to-the-minute and thoroughly sound sal methods, things will really begin to ha pen. "It pays to advertise," says the Re Dr. Mook, rector of Trinity Church, S attle, who has already tried out some the new publicity and advertising idea "In a year we have increased our atten ance at all services, tripled our evenin congregation, and made our advertisin campaign not only pay for itself but yie a substantial surplus."

V

One defect, though, must be remedied b fore the Success religion can achieve th recognition that will compel the historia of the future to write in the manner whic Mr. Glenn Frank forecasts. The religio itself is sound. The American people ha called it into being, and it has every el ment that they demand in a creed designe to postulate their relation to the universe Its common denominator is large enoug to include both those who have, and thos who haven't much, but hope to get mor It lends itself admirably to the legend an parable treatment—no mythology could b more eagerly devoured by the popula than the fables of Success. It promises de sirable, three-dimensional rewards here o earth, and makes good the promise; and i the very act of delivering the goods it sa isfies through the Service fiction the grea American yearning for personal dignit and significance. But a great popular move ment needs a figurehead, some personalit around which it can drape its traditions, it mysticism, and its hagiology. It needs som stupendous man who will embody the de sires and longings of its devotees, an thereby slope mysteriously upward into in finity. This man to carry the halo is lack ing. The new religion of Success must fin him.

But we may accept that lingering defec with tranquillity. For the forces whic have shaped the American soul and thereb the American religion cannot fail to brin forth the longed-for leader at the appointe

. He may be among us, indeed, al- serving his period of probation at directors' table. Nor need we be bled if, when he is recognized at last, sclaims any desire to assume the halo. him be discovered, and it will be ped on his head.

ell, then, what of the candidates? Is ohn D. Rockefeller eligible? Already, aps, he has been blessed almost too dantly by a providence which sent Mr. Ivy Lee, Publicity Man Extraor- ry, who in a mere handful of years has ly wiped out the suspicions of a nation he subject of the Standard Oil Com- . Judge Gary? If only he had not come in favor of everything else! There re- is the greatest American of them all— Henry Ford. He has all the qualifica- s. He is the personification of the leg- of the Office Boy Who Rose to be ident; he is successful to the point re his wealth has become almost myth- he embodies the finest type of Ameri- idealism, idealism which increases the bank account. He is splendidly contempt- uous of all lesser messiahs. He is, within the limits of his imagination, a Good Fel- low. Thus he has all, or nearly all, of the necessary qualifications. In the eyes of the less prosperous he already occupies a posi- tion close to godhead; he is deeply re- spected by nine-tenths of the prosperous; and if a few of the most prosperous, envi- ous of his glory, don't like him, that is only their baser nature speaking, and it is certain that it won't blind them to the paramount necessity of furthering the Suc- cess religion.

Almost as if the whole affair were being staged by some omnipotent Belasco, Mr. Ford is at this moment to be found in the Wayside Inn. Presently some still small voice will find a path through the spin- ning-wheels and grandfather clocks to sug- gest to him that the hour is at hand for him to realize his manifest destiny. The halo is modeled to fit his brow. The parade has formed. The terminus of the march will be St. Henry's Cathedral.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

England and the American Language.—One of the things that impresses itself most forcibly about England in late years is the spread of the so-called American language there and the extent to which it has usurped the English of the English. Ten years back it was often as difficult for the American to understand what an Englishman was driving at as it was for the latter to understand what the American was trying to say. Today, little such trouble exists. With American books flooding the book-stalls, American magazines—sometimes published under other names, *e.g.*, *Nash's, et cetera*—on every hand, American plays occupying seventy-five per cent. of the English theatres, American movies with their American sub-titles on every other street, Americans figuring prominently in the English horse world and so on, the American language has filtered through British life to a remarkable degree, and it is today a rare Englishman who is not as familiar with the cat's pajamas, banana oil and the condition of one's old man as any native of Eighth avenue.

When George Ade's "The College Widow" was produced in London some years ago, it was a flat failure. The English couldn't make head or tail of its language, even though a glossary was handed out to each member of the audience. Today, "Is Zat So?", which would have been completely unintelligible to an Englishman ten years ago, is a huge success. Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which is full of presumably exotic Americanisms, is the best selling book in England. Cabell, who writes the English of the English, attracts little notice, whereas Sinclair Lewis, who is as American in speech as Babe Ruth, is quoted wherever one goes The Englishman of today knows exactl what the American means when he says ele vator instead of lift, when he orders Hamburger instead of a Salisbury, when h alludes to a sight-seer instead of a chara banc, when he shouts Bronx, Manhatta or Alexander, when he orders a derb instead of a bowler or a sailor instead c a boating-straw, when he refers to ti lizzies or whisper-joints, when he say "Step on it," "Beat it," "sap," "simp, "eyewash" and even "the bum's rush. American speech, together with its cus tom, has taken so great a hold on England indeed, that certain of the old Englis taboos are no longer operative, as, fo example, in the case of such words a "stomach" and "bloody," both of whic are now used commonly in polite society The most generally employed exclamatio in England today is "gosh," borrowe from the American corn-belt. The ex pression is no longer "top hole" nor "rip ping," but "great" or "dandy." As a experiment in London one day not lon ago I tried speaking absolutely un-Amer can English of the vintage of some yea back to an English friend of mine. H didn't know what I was talking about

A Sea-View of Prohibition.—A study c the smoke-rooms on the trans-Atlant liners these days offers an illuminatin insight into the state of Prohibition cu rently on tap in the Republic. Crossin back and forth not many weeks ago c two of the largest and most popular of th steamers, the *Mauretania* and the *Olympi* I noticed that the amount of drinking no only in the smoking-room but also in th

ing saloon and restaurant was so small to be almost indiscernible. Inquiry ited the news that this lamentable dition of affairs was by no means un- al, that, in point of fact, all the liners re falling off badly in the alcoholic artment. The reason, I was told, was mple one. The American of any means all, after these half dozen and more rs of Volsteadism, has his drinking irs now so well arranged at home that, ere once he booked passage on a steamer Europe as he would have taken a days' lease on a brewery, he presently ws a ship much in the light of a water- gon, that is, as a place to get a respite n bibbing, to fill his lungs with salt and to ease up the strain on his kidneys. A few years ago, as everyone knows, smoke-room of an ocean liner was in- tinguishable from a Kentucky dis- ery. On certain of the smaller ships, eed, things often got to such a pass, at with the briskness of trade, that the wards were unable to handle the situa- n singlehanded and the captain himself l to come down off the bridge to help l corks. Today, a single steward is ply competent to handle the smoke- m on one of the smaller passenger sels, and on such larger boats as the *uretania* and *Olympic* a couple are able manage things with the utmost ease. en in the Ritz restaurant and veranda é on the latter ship, where erstwhile the pping of corks sounded like the battle Mons, the wine steward on my voyage l to move about so little in answer to lers that he confided to me, on the third y out, that he was going down to the p's surgeon to get a liniment to rub on feet, which were constantly going to ep.

The revenue from liquor sales on the ns-Atlantic boats has fallen at least y per cent. in the last three years. The nerican with enough money in his jeans travel even at the minimum rate of o or $300 now has just as much to nk at home, and almost as good stuff, as he had before Prohibition. He has at last found a satisfactory bootlegger; he no longer has to pay the high prices for stuff that he had to hand out in the early days of Prohibition before bootlegging had become well systematized and proficient; he is no longer tempted to let loose and get delirium tremens on the high seas simply because a highball costs sixpence less on board ship than it does in his own house or across the street at the speak-easy. The perceptible increase of traffic on the ships of the American Line, where no liquor is officially sold, shows which way the wind is blowing. If things continue to keep on going as they are, I confidently predict that within another few years all the boats that cater to the American trade will be driven to make up their liquor deficit by converting their smoking-rooms into moving-picture halls and charging the boat-load of temporary teetotalers a stiff admission fee.

Monogamy.—The success of the monogamic institution of marriage in these later days of Caucasian civilization must be looked for very largely outside the cities and in the small towns, villages, farms and other such places where life is relatively drab and uneventful. Where life is thus drab and uneventful, monogamy flourishes, as the cactus flourishes best in a desert. Its very irritations, annoyances, disgusts, plate-throwings and even fist-fights are the things that perpetuate it, since they, distasteful as they are, yet offer themselves as compensatory fillips in the miserable humdrum of life immediately beyond the household walls. It is impossible to imagine the failure of a marriage on a deserted island; it is almost as difficult to imagine the failure of a marriage in a settlement of five hundred or a thousand people where there isn't even a movie parlor, where the railroad-crossing man's mother-in-law is the only suspect houri within twenty miles—and where the roads are bad, and where any person who doesn't go to bed with the

cows is given a hard look by the pastor on Sunday morning. It is obvious that a marriage disintegrates less frequently from internal than from external causes. Thousands of married couples who hate the sight of each other and would give their last nickel to mash the breakfast grapefruit against each other's noses stay married nevertheless, and so contribute their mite to the delusion, shared by the less reflective statistician, that monogamy is a success. But the moment a husband lays an eye on a woman who coddles his fancy and causes him to lament the fact that his wife's hair is black instead of yellow, or the moment a wife begins to take too great an interest in football or quotes at the dinner table the charming remark passed to her by her osteopath, that moment does a shyster lawyer somewhere begin figuring on buying a new body for his Ford. In the cities, these deplorable external critiques of monogamous marriage are plenteous; in the rural regions, they hardly exist.

The married yokel looks about him and sees that his married lot is no worse than that of his neighbor's. If his wife needs a good shampoo and garters to keep her cotton stockings from looking like exhausted accordions, so does this neighbor's wife and that neighbor's wife in turn. If the corned beef and cabbage his own wife cooks for him tastes like a valise boiled in wall-paper, the corned beef and cabbage that wafts into his window from the house across the mule path smells as if it would taste the same. If the physical appeal of his spouse is approximately as strong as that of a campaign poster of Ma Ferguson's, so is that of every other squaw in the reservation. So he simply sits back, heaves a sigh and waits patiently for a blonde angel in a white nightie in the hereafter. The city man, on the other hand, suffers a matrimonial doubt almost every time he looks out of the window or walks down the street on a windy day. And so, also, does his wife. For every marriage that is dissolved for statutory reasons there are ten that begin to wobbl toward disintegration simply because husband quite innocently, but unforget tably, likes the way in which his secretar smiles good-morning at him or because wife admires the way in which some othe fellow of her acquaintance keeps hi trousers up without suspenders.

A Vanished Institution.—Thirty year ago, there was hardly a well-to-do Ameri can home whose parlor was not embel lished, in one of its corners, with a glass front piece of furniture known as a curi cabinet. It usually rested on ten-inch leg and contained three or four shelves where on reposed, presumably for the edificatio of the family and its more favored guests a variety of small articles collected at con siderable pains and expense, and theoreti cally of rare value. One beheld small ivor elephants, little Dresden china shepherd esses, dimes with the Lord's Prayer en graved upon them, Columbian half dollars Chinese lucky stones, miniature clocks se into walnuts, tiny thermometers affixe to china apricots, small chips of Lookou Mountain, samples of coral, pieces o polished granite, the usual bogus auto graphs of Abraham Lincoln, silk pro grammes of the Philadelphia Centennial cloisonné tea-cups, grandfathers' watch fobs, miniature ivory skulls, small four teen-karat gold cats' heads with rhine stone eyes, medals won by mythical great uncles and an assortment of similar odds and ends ranging all the way from hand painted medallions of Napoleon Bona parte to letters from William McKinley discreetly left in their envelopes, declining invitations to serve as godfather to the families' babies. What has become of these cabinets, and of the opulent treasures they once contained? Not one is visible in the land today. Their place, I venture to guess, has been taken over by phonographs, Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelves, cellarettes, radio sets, Japanese growing-gardens and the complete works of Michael Arlen. Thus has the country gone to hell!

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The London Season

Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the rs," the British theatre offered its only on for being during the months com- nly known in London as "the season." de from this single play, its stage was ıced to the lowest level it has known years. Omitting a consideration of erican plays, as plentiful in the English ıtres as sour notes in the Paris opera ıpany, and disregarding Sacha Guitry's ozart," there was nothing else of ve or colonial confection that showed slightest quality.

ı "The Plough and the Stars," the ner Irish plumber has produced a piece ork not less full of defective detail than "Juno and the Paycock" but, for all t, a drama excellent in its character- ions, rich in an irony that reaches the ghts of cruelty, and remarkably power- in lasting impression. Three or four of episodes have the stamp of unmistak- dramatic genius; quietly as a cannon ubber tires O'Casey rolls them toward footlights and suddenly thunders them the startled consciousness of his ience. As a surgical picture of the Irish, now of nothing in drama or literature t comes anywhere near this play. That Irish merely gave vent to catcalls and siles when it was shown in Dublin is prising; that they didn't bomb the atre is even more surprising. O'Casey es his people, themselves, their ambi- ns, their dreams, their pretences and ir innermost philosophies, and doesn't ve a green thread in their undershirts en he gets through. His clinical por- t is the most vicious thing in modern matic literature, but the viciousness is t of a deep understanding, a profoundly critical love and a prophylactic hair-brush swatting a turned-up child. His play is long, too long. As in "Juno and the Paycock," he doesn't seem to know exactly when to let go. The technic in both plays is much the same, although it is doubly exaggerated in the one under immediate discussion. O'Casey busies himself leisurely with character for the first thirty-five minutes of each act, and then suddenly in the last five minutes recalls that, after all, a drama should have at least a little drama in it and belatedly dramatizes in a few moments the ambling antecedent business. The break is not too well dovetailed. The effect is of a Dutch concert disconcertingly interrupted by a pistol shot. Again, as in "Juno and the Paycock," the dramatist piles on the final woe to such an extent that a measure of persuasiveness is deleted from his work. His wholesale murder, sudden death and general desolation are Shakespearean in every way but the compensatory one of great poetry. The stage at the conclusion of his tragedy resembles nothing so much as the floor of a slaughter-house. Those characters who haven't been shot and killed are either dead of tuberculosis, insane, in the last stages of delirium tremens or being led off the stage for no good purpose. Still again, as in the previously produced play, "The Plough and the Stars" overdoes to the point of irritation the vaudeville trick of repeating a word or phrase for humorous ends. It was Pinero, I believe, who once pointed out the limit to which this device could prosperously be used, and then topped it by one. O'Casey tries to top it by ten or fifteen, and fails. He also goes in once again for the mispronunciation of words by way of getting a cheap laugh, as in the instance of *chaos* in "Juno"—and he repeats and

repeats. But—when the play is over, the magnificent effect the playwright has set himself to get is as surely there as the nose on your face. You carry with you out of the theatre a merciless, yet sympathetic, vision of Ireland and its youngsters in grown-old bodies. You feel the utter futility of a people and a purpose, the tragic ridiculousness of a nation of eternal children playing politics with loud nursery rattles and playing soldier with popguns. You look upon this picture of the Irish by an Irishman, one of the most articulate fellows on the Emerald Isle, and you smile and wince at the same time.

There isn't a character in O'Casey's gallery that isn't well-drawn. Some are superbly drawn. There is, for example, the carpenter Fluther, the alternately genial and bellicose souse who is constantly swearing off the stuff for good and who is as sharply perceived a study of an Irishman, down to the smallest detail of thought and act, as the drama has given us—the rôle being played to perfection by that excellent Irish actor, Arthur Sinclair. There is the little old querulous Irishman, Peter Flynn, proud as a peacock over marching in meaningless parades in elaborate and meaningless regalia. There is the young Irish liberal and dreamer, constantly mouthing an ill-assimilated amount of sociological information; there are, in sharp, brief little strokes, portraits of Irish women and of Irish ballyhoos and of English militia men. Some of the episodes, as I have said, have the vital smash of kindly gunpowder: the scene at the saloon bar with Irishmen getting indignantly cockeyed while, outside the place and as counterpoint to the bibbing inside, other Irishmen, equally indignant, are haranguing their fellow countrymen to defend their immemorial rights with their eternal souls; the climax to the second act wherein, the political indignation reaching its zenith, one of the Irishmen lets off his accumulated martial steam by fighting another Irishman, both of them drunk, for an insult offered by the latter to an Irish prostitute's virtue, and then goes off with the woman for the night; the richly comical yet searching episode in the following act in which, with Dublin strewn with English bullets and Irishmen dying on every hand, the women make the practical best of the situation, news arriving of the pillaging of shops and stores, by taking a baby carriage, previously the subject of acrimonious dispute among them, and with true sisterly concurrence hustling off to load it with pink lingerie, white shoes, parlor lamps and other treasures out of demolished shop windows; and the final moment of the play wherein two English petty officers, with the results of carnage all about them, quietly observe that it is five o'clock and settle down to drink the tea that has been set out by an Irishwoman for her soldier husband dying somewhere in the gutter below the tenement.

The play is admirably acted, several members of the company, such as Sinclair and O'Rourke and the Misses Sara Allgood and Maire O'Neill, being known to American audiences from their appearance here some years ago with the Irish Players. In the small rôle of the consumptive girl Mollser, a young woman named Joyce Chancellor, with hardly a line to speak, manages to project a disturbingly fine characterization. The action of the play passes in November, 1915, and Easter Week of the following year.

In contradistinction to the acting of this Irish troupe, the grade of histrionism one encounters in the English companies is of a low and very seedy order. And the grade of stage direction is even worse. For some reason or other, the English actor of today seems to believe that the art of acting bears a close resemblance to the art of college yelling and practises that belief by shouting his lines at the top of his lungs. In no less than five of the first-class London theatres this last season, the vocal racket set up by the actors and actresses was literally deafening; at the performance of Clemence Dane's "Granite" at the Am-

adors and at that of "The Ghost
n" at the Prince of Wales's, the com-
es headed respectively by Sybil Thorn-
and Richard Bird screamed their
s like so many screech-owls. And their
eagues in the other playhouses were
d seconds in the manufacture of din.
Dane play alluded to confounds
her my understanding of the eminence
rded its author by English critics,
by American critics no less. Just what
e gentlemen have managed to see in
s Dane's dramatic work that arouses
n to an admiration of her gifts, I am
d put to it to make out. Her "Bill of
orcement" was banal stuff with but
moderately well-drawn character and
h the rest of the stage peopled by
mies out of the second-rate problem
na of the early '90's. Her "Will
kespeare" had several moments of
lity, but the play was too much for
talents: it was crushed by its author's
vy and self-conscious hand. Her "The
y Things Happen" was antedated
derdash, piffle if ever there was piffle.
"Naboth's Vineyard" I have not
n, but this most recent drama of hers,
ranite," presents nothing out of the
inary and very much that is genuinely
monplace. The truth about Clemence
ne, I fear, is that neither her mind nor
dramatic skill are up to the ambitious-
s of her attempts. She writes well at
es, but the good writing is done on a
m-head: under it there is only a void.
"Granite" we find her in a semi-
stical, semi-Ibsenish mood with Man-
ster overtones—and the result must be
down as just a bit comical. The scene
a farm on Lundy in the second decade
the last century. Here live Jordan
rris and his wife, Judith. Into the hard,
ak seacoast life comes Morris' half-
ther and upon him settle the lonely
d miserable wife's hungry eyes. The
f-brother, however, is cold and it is
y when a nameless man washed up
m the sea, and elaborately identified
the author as the devil, works his
wicked will upon him that the fellow gives in. The character representing the Evil One now tempts the woman to get rid of her spouse, and murder duly follows. Time passes and with its passing the half-brother and the woman marry, but soon the latter feels that her new mate is casting dubious glances in the direction of a younger woman and that, once again, chill Lundy is due to keep her a prisoner for life. The Evil One's whisper is once more in her ear, and husband No. 2 is murdered as was No. 1. In a fit of remorse, the woman threatens to kill herself. "I know what you are now!" she cries at the nameless man. "You are the stranger, the evil one! I prayed for you to come, and out of my heart you came—the devil came." Whereupon, the latter: "Devil? Devil a bit! I wanted what I wanted, like you. And you gave me my chance to get 'em—a farm and a woman. Come here! [*He puts a hand on her shoulders; terrified, she strives to fend him off.*] It's no use your fighting me. I'm stronger than you." Finis—and hooey.

A certain degree of the stormy and ominous atmosphere that Miss Dane has tried to evoke, she does contrive to evoke, but that is all. For the rest, she is so guilty of emotional overemphasis that the effect is of a continuous series of explosions in a second-hand Scandinavian book-shop. In the direction of stencils, Miss Dane is something of a whip-hand. Her tragedy misses few of the familiar rubber-stamps. "Listen to the wind!" says Judith. "There's a wild tune. [*She begins to dance.*] I haven't danced since I came to Lundy. But I've not forgotten how to dance—I've not forgotten. Prosper, you've brought me back to life! I'd forgotten there was England and Europe and the world outside Lundy. I'd forgotten I could dance. Dance, Prosper!" Again—as she whirls round on her flinty husband and backs away from him: "Don't touch me! There, you see what he is? D'you see how he treats me? It's 'Come to bed, Judith!' and 'Up with you, Judith!' and 'Do this, you fool!' and 'Do that, you vain fool!' day and night

and night and day: nothing in the world to hear but the beat of the sea and the whistle of the wind and 'Get up, Judith!' 'Come to bed, Judith!' . . ." Still again—"He's not a man at all! He's a block of granite. . . . We eat together, and I sleep beside him, but I'm not human to him. No one is. His wife and his men-servants and his maid-servants, we're his cattle. And now you come with your kind voice and your kind face! It's been a week in Heaven to hear your step and your laugh. I'm not wicked, but I'm young! Do I look so old? Answer me!" And yet again—"What is it, Penny? Am I frightening you? I'm sorry, Penny. You mustn't mind me. It upsets me to talk of—accidents. I don't want to see him again—between the rocks—and—you make me see him again. Penny, I went up the cliff again this morning; I can't keep away. You'd think so much water washing over the rocks would wash away the stain. But it hasn't. It streams out into the sea, a restless stain. . . ." And yet again—"So that's the hold on me! I thought if I sold my immortal soul at least I'd get my peace and pleasure here on earth. But are you (the Evil One) to be by? Are you always to be by? When Prosper's with me I'm as happy as Penny. I think I'd have forgotten if it weren't for you. But I've sold myself to the devil, it seems, and he wants something on account!" And—finally—"Oh God, isn't it enough to repent? I say I *have* repented! I didn't care at first. I only thought of Prosper. But once married, now when it should be peace, it comes back on me. I daren't let my eyes close at night till Prosper sleeps, for—what if I talk in my sleep? Do you think people talk secrets in their sleep?"

Of such is the glory of the modern English drama.

But if Miss Dane's masterpiece is a tournament in stencils, what are we to say of such a gem as Mr. Ben W. Levy's "This Woman Business," placed on view at the Haymarket with La Compton at stage centre? Mr. Levy is, I understand, a very young man and my understanding i made the more perfect after seeing his play Mr. Levy has set himself to write anothe "Misalliance" or "Getting Married." What he has succeeded in reproducing i Shaw's garrulity without any trace of th somewhat important constituent element of that gentleman's garrulity. Mr. Levy' wit and wisdom take the followin forms:

1. It's my belief there *are* no gentlemen or ladies in this generation. . . . I quite agree, though of course there never *were* any ladies. Scratch 'em and see!

2. No man can look his best, feel his best, or be at his best with his arms and lips inextricably and uncomfortably entwined with those of a member of the alternative sex. What more horrific a spectacle, for instance, is there than the modern ballroom? Dancing! I say that dancing is ruining the young women of today. That is to say, it makes them more women than ever.

3. Women ought to be segregated, penned in, cut off from us altogether. How can a man live a clean, vigorous, creative life when he has women for breakfast, women for luncheon, women for dinner and women for tea? It's the unhealthiest diet ever devised. The day is not far distant when a new kind of Prohibition will rear its head, and I shall bear its flag.

4. Many a woman's name is written large in history certainly, but it is either because they have had greatness thrust upon them or happened to possess a capacity for rousing men's lowest instincts.

5. You may produce a woman who *seems* more capable of grasping wider issues, who *seems* more rational, less petty . . . but for all that I believe that, at bottom, deep down beneath the surface, you will not have touched the Eternal Feminine, the woman as we know her now, a servant of every kind of pettiness, mentally mean and sordid, exploiter of virtues and instincts and everything sacred, yet their slave, impervious in the mass to ideals, unable to appreciate where the personal element is lacking, a confused thinker, at once cynical and sentimental, obsessed, eternally obsessed, with the one great fixed idea of sex, sex, sex.

6. We paint women; we write our poems and sing our songs about women; but they are not real women; we dare not; they are ideal women.

I quote but a half-dozen samples; the will suggest the hundred others that con stitute the session. Aside from a singl line: "No woman ever inspired a work o art unless the artist completely misunder stood her," the play might have bee written by any sophomore in Baker's clas at Yale. The plot, I needn't tell you. Tha the chief howler among the misogynist

r the leading lady at eleven o'clock have the head usher's word for it, ious as two and two.

ing up such British-manufactured hness for the moment, we come to Guitry's "Mozart," brought into aiety from across the channel to p the dull English scene. Although ndon and New York journals have, of them, treated the exhibit as if it Sacha Guitry," by Mozart, instead other way 'round, the play, from rely critical point of view, must be over lightly. But it nevertheless es a lightly charming evening in the . It is admirably acted by a company by Guitry himself and by his wife, Printemps; it is staged very beautiand, as in all Guitry presentations, bellished with the many immensely g stage tricks and uncommonly g bits of business of which the *farceur* is master. Ever a shrewd an and one hungry for the mazuma boobletariat, Guitry has relegated , so far as his music goes, to the ra pit during the entr'actes and has his Mozart, to the anguish of ans, music critics and other such eatre-goers, to play instead a series hy tunes especially and magnani- composed for the occasion by Rey-Hahn. This, of course, will strike peculiar folk, if I may repeat the as, so to speak, peculiar, but Guitry bt takes comfort from the opinion lebrated Englishman who observed e only times the English audiences bored to death during the show vhen Mozart's music was being . Once, however, one gets a good, grip on the arm of the chair and up one's mind to remit one's judgong enough to believe that the man iscovered thirds at the age of three ho later wrote "Don Giovanni," Zauberflöte," the "Requiem" or he G minor symphony could sit at the piano and compose Hahn eats, a good time may be had by all. Out of the amorous adventures of the young composer in Paris, the witty Sacha has spun a delicately diverting vaudeville. Among the boulevard playwrights he has no equal in combining a sense of Schnitzlerian sentiment with healthy farce-comedy. It is easy, after a long attendance upon Guitry's little pieces, to see the way he makes the wheels go 'round, to discern the hand of the wily theatrician pulling the ropes, but the fellow does it all with such ingratiating cleverness that criticism frequently likes to forget itself and cry out, "Well done, Sach, you dirty old faker!" In "Mozart," he has no more written a play about Mozart than in "The Heart of Maryland" Belasco wrote a play about the Civil War. His Mozart, aside from a few superficialities, is simply a juvenile in a French parlor comedy. But anyone who takes the theatre too seriously has no place in it when Guitry's name is up on the door. It is Guitry's purpose, and it has been his purpose ever since he lost his first franc at Monte Carlo, merely to take the fraud of the showhouse and make it fraudulently diverting. And in "Mozart" he does that very thing. That he does it in full consciousness of what he is about is only too clear to anyone who observes that he makes a pretty girl play the rôle of the musician, that he selects, as his entr'acte Mozart compositions, the overture to "Noces de Figaro," the Marche Turque from "L'Enlévement au Sérail" and extracts from "Petits Riens," and that he has had the genial impudence to install mirrors on the stage for the sole purpose of allowing himself periodically during the progress of the show to gratify his vanity by taking low bows therein to himself by way of congratulating himself on the manner in which the audience is eating it all up.

Guitry is excellent as Grimm, the critic guide of the young composer, and Printemps is a Mozart at least to drive Ziegfeld green with envy. The development in the personable Mlle. Yvonne since the day the M. Sacha found her in a music hall

and took it upon himself to develop her is highly interesting. There is no more expert *farceuse* on the French stage; year by year she grows more and more skilful.

Back to the British muse, and to "Distinguished Villa," by Kate O'Brien, at the Little Theatre. As in the case of Elizabeth Baker, who wrote the play called "Chains" some years ago, l'O'Brien is a young woman who earns a livelihood as a typist. And, as in the case of "Chains," her play, simply because she is a typist and therefore of the humble of the earth, has been received with an amount of awed acclaim. One can only wonder at the greater eulogy it would undoubtedly have received if l'O'Brien had been a waitress at Lyons'.

In "Distinguished Villa" I can see nothing, and therefore perhaps offer myself in the light of a man with a cold and unsympathetic heart toward young women who, though they may be typists, do not happen simultaneously to be dramatists. What Miss O'Brien has essayed to write is a study of a cheap boarding house in Brixton, together with the struggling and pathetic human duds who inhabit it. In a general way, her piece resembles Patrick Kearney's meritorious "A Man's Man"—but only in a general way, for, though there is a parallel in certain of the characters, at least superficially, the English playmaker comes nowhere near plumbing those characters as Kearney did, and dredging up from them their puny sardonic tragedy. Inexpert, also, in the manœuvering of character and situation, she periodically falls, because of exaggeration, into the pitfall of burlesque. And, in addition, she goes in for rubber-stamps, as do so many of her English colleagues, in a wholesale manner. The pent-up woman who longs for a sight of the flowers of the fields, the ingénue who succumbs to the blandishments of a natty knave and subsequently finds herself with child, the scene of her terror upon the discovery and the scene in which the bounder casts from him, the young dreamer cha to a lowly job, the inevitable phonogr —of such stuff is the play fashioned.

Both production and acting are woef bad, save in the single instance of Barnard, who has the rôle of the henpec boob husband. His work is as good as material permits it to be. An actress na Clare Harris, who must weigh at l thirteen stone, has been cast for the of the delicate sweet one whose per two of the males passionately crave, gives an appropriate performance. O'Connor, whom the audience applau loudly on the night I attended, is a c of Jean Cadell, twenty times remov and Gillian Lind, as the poor, help girl who loses her virtue, gives ev appearance of being able to hand any who made illicit overtures to her a v satisfactory sock in the eye. The men actors only in the sense that some apparently unacquainted with acting hired them as such.

Little remains to be said. At the Pri of Wales', Arnold Ridley's "The Gh Train," which will have been produ here before this article appears in pr discloses itself to be the conventio mystery dingus with a mysterious th this time substituted for the burglar. materials are otherwise cut and dried, to and including the bally-ass Englishm whom everyone thinks an imbecile who in the end turns out to be a ma sleuth from Scotland Yard. The stag and acting are here again of a misera quality. "The Ringer," at Wyndham is cheap and obvious crook stuff, "Down Hill," at the Queen's, tra melodrama.

American plays and American perform occupy most of the other stages, and few remaining ones house revivals of pl already familiar to American audience productions that have already been du cated here.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Southern Negro

ELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO, by ell Niles Puckett. $5. 9 x 6; 644 pp. Chapel N.C.: *The University of North Carolina Press.*

WORKADAY SONGS, by Howard W. and Guy B. Johnson. $3. 9 x 6; 278 pp. Chapel N. C.: *The University of North Carolina Press.*

volumes belong to the excellent of studies of the Southern Negro ken by Dr. Odum, of which "The and His Songs," published last vas the first. Dr. Odum, who is a an, has been interested in the Negro ny years. His doctor's thesis at bia, "Social and Mental Traits of gro," was the first accurate and book upon the subject ever pub- and it remains unchallenged in its this day. Since he became professor ology at the University of North a and set up his well-known , *Social Forces*, he has attracted ther Southerners to the matter, and ult now begins to show itself in a ning shelf of extremely interesting luable books. Both of the present s present large masses of facts that otherwise accessible. Dr. Odum, vered the spirituals in "The Negro is Songs," here confines himself to the secular laments and ballads Southern black. He prints more than cimens of them, including no less leven versions of the most popular Negro ballads, "John Henry." Dr. t reveals a diligence even more us. With the aid of 400 collabor- all the States south of the Potomac got together a body of Negro folk- at seems almost exhaustive. He and um are both hampered to some ex- the fact that many of the songs and of the dark Confederate, like many of those of his white brother, are unprintable in a Methodist *Polizeistaat*, but within the limits laid down by the Postoffice, the various Comstock societies, and the general body of wowsers, they cover the ground thoroughly, and in a highly instructive and entertaining manner.

Dr. Puckett is far too well-informed a folk-lorist to accept all the beliefs that he finds among the Negroes as of African origin. He shows plainly, indeed, by careful and elaborate references to other authorities, that many of the superstitions that now seem, in the Southern phrase, most characteristically niggerish are actually borrowings from the native whites. Even the rites of voodoo are full of white contributions, some of them going back to medieval times in Europe. The conjure man is not always a darkey. When the blacks find themselves menaced by magic that seems to be genuinely powerful they are very apt to turn to a white sorcerer for relief, just as they turn to a white medical man when they feel themselves desperately ill. The fact explains, at least in part, the difficulties that confront a Negro professional man in the South. If he is a lawyer, he is good enough for small lawsuits and police court affairs, but a black brother confronting the rope always tries to find a white barrister to defend him. This is not only because the white man may be presumed to have a better standing with judge and jury, but also because he is thought (usually with good reason) to be a sharper fellow, with higher gifts for the tricks of the law. So in the realm of physic, which embraces, among the Negroes, the realm of magic. Dr. Puckett, in order to get at the secrets of the conjure men of New Orleans, set up

as a practitioner of their art himself, and soon had a thriving trade. It did not strike any of the Negroes as odd that a white man should be in the charm business. On the contrary, they accepted him at once as an expert of unquestionable skill, and in a short while he even had colored colleagues among his clients. Like osteopaths, chiropractors, Christian Scientists and other such quacks, they all believe to some extent in their own hocus-pocus. They may resort, at times, to conscious fraud, but even a conscious fraud, once it is launched, begins to take on a certain occult potency. There is probably no conjure man in the South, white or black, who, on finding a dried toad on his doorsill, would not break into a cold sweat, and go running for help to his nearest rival.

Dr. Puckett, as I have said, shows that many, and perhaps a majority of the superstitions now current among the sub-Potomac Aframericans were originally borrowed from the whites; he does not always make it plain, however, that they are still cherished by the latter. Such is the fact. It is highly probable that, outside the towns, at least nine-tenths of the poor whites of the South still believe in witches and devote a great deal of time and energy to dodging them. This is certainly true in my own State of Maryland, which is relatively enlightened. In its southern counties, adjacent to the intellectual cesspool of Washington, and on the pious Eastern Shore, ghosts and hobgoblins are still as real to the peasants, white and black, as they were to the villeins of the Middle Ages. Every yokel, if he has not actually seen a ghost, knows someone who has, and has himself seen a black cat with fire coming out of its eyes, or a horse without a head, or a dog with two. The causes of such visions, I daresay, are to be sought in the dreadful white mule guzzled in the Prohibition areas, but whatever their cause they are very real to those who suffer them. As Dr. Puckett points out, they are almost invariably of a gruesome and terrifying character. The Soutl rustic knows nothing of fairies, and c imagine a benign spirit. The power the air are all evil, and every encou with them is full of dangers. No doubt hell-fire religion of the region is largel blame for this. For two centuries the he pastors have devoted themselves wh heartedly to alarming their custom Everywhere in the rural South Christia is a thing of terrors, with vastly n devils in it than angels. Thus the kir mythology that the early settlers brou from the Old World has been oblitera and there remains only a legend of dem goblins and fiends. The organizers of Ku Klux Klan made good play with fact. The low-caste Southerner, what his color, is always tremblingly afrai something. The Pope, in his fancy, rea became an amalgam of all the neigh hood ha'nts. The mass, as it was depi to him by his pastors and kleagles, soon indistinguishable from the sini ceremonies of voodooism.

Dr. Odum and Dr. Johnson, in "Ne Workaday Songs," have an amusing instructive chapter on a typical Ne minstrel of the present day, by name Wing Gordon. It is astonishing that n of the Negro novelists who now prac among us has ever put such a chara into a book. He and his brothers immensely closer to the racial norm t any of the idealistic doctors, dare-d lawyers and other such illuminati now figure in colored fiction, and m over they are very much more charmin men. Nearly all the heavy work of South—the building of roads and brid the leveling of forests and the mining iron and coal—is done by just such wanderers. They come in over the va horizon, they work stupendously fo month or two, and then they vanish tween days, leaving fingers, ears or ma widows as souvenirs. John Henry, Negro Paul Bunyan, was of their m company, though he stood above the c mon run, for he was an expert at his ar

ng a ten-pound sledge. The others inly dubious and almost anonymous , usually bearing fantastic sobri- or palpably made-up names. They young, for the death-rate in their is truly staggering. Encountering Tom, come in suddenly from no- one asks after his one time buddy, the Buzzard. The Buzzard, it ap- died of the chills in some Arkansas last June, or was murdered out in or fell overboard into the Chatta- e and never came up. The oldsters— s, those above twenty-five—are ully battered. Left Wing Gordon f lacks his right arm—gnawed off, ibt, in a lumber-mill or blown off harge of powder in the mines. There ny others with only one eye, or one one leg. A furious *Wanderlust* is in hem. They are, at times, faithful to ctors, but they never stay long in one News circulates among them rap- f a road contract is let in North na, it is known in Arkansas in five Then the whole pack is off—and a ack swarms in. Left Wing Gordon aveled from Florida to Canada, and Arizona to New England. He has d on roads, in packing-houses, in on boats, in lumber-camps, on ds and in a "maloominum" plant. s been white-washer, roustabout, harvest hand, and even domestic t. Some day, says Dr. Odum, "a she'ff' will arrest him, a 'jedge' will ce him, a 'cap'n' will cuss him, he row here a few days longer,' and e'll be gone."

n wanderers are naturally assiduous s of songs. They sing of the lonely of the hard boss, of the rain and the of the jail, chain-gang and police- A vast melancholy is in their elsy, with only cynicism to relieve Odum prints a large number of their many of them of the sort made ar of late as blues. He shows that and phrases from blues collected y years ago are now issuing from every phonograph in the land. The first writers of blues, indeed, simply set down what was common property. The supply continues to be almost unlimited: the Left Wing Gordons of the South invent new songs as fast as the Schuberts of Harlem can steal them. Many of these lugubrious lays show humor of a highly pungent and sardonic sort, and some of them are genuinely poetical. In not a few there are traces of white influence. The darkeys in the camps hear a new vaudeville song, adapt it to their own life, and amalgamate it with some old favorite. Even the great saga of John Henry is full of such borrowings. But what is borrowed is always radically transformed. The artificialities of the variety theatre vanish from it, and it becomes authentic folk-song. In precisely the same way the Methodist hymns of the early whites were converted into the spirituals—in the end, far different songs, and decidedly superior. No white Southerner has ever produced a song as good as "Deep River" or "Roll, Jordan, Roll" or "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?," but I believe that, if a diligent search were made, the roots of all of them would be found in the camp-meeting hymnody of a century ago.

The present books are pleasant evidences of the good work that is being done at the University of North Carolina, by long odds the most enterprising and ambitious of all Southern institutions of learning. It has somehow managed to throw off the pox of barnyard theology that menaces most of the other colleges in the Confederate States. It has attracted enlightened professors and eager students, and in the department of sociology, in particular, its publications are soundly planned and of high value. Neither Dr. Odum and Dr. Johnson nor Dr. Puckett shows any trace of Nordic condescension. It is plain to see that they are not only intensely interested in the Negro, but that they also have an affection for him. Their books are packed with amusing and instructive facts.

Bennett and the Herald

WHEN JAMES GORDON BENNETT WAS CALIPH OF BAGDAD, by Albert Stevens Crockett. $2. 7½ x 5; 414 pp. New York: *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*.

This is less a biography of Bennett than an account, often meticulous but never tedious, of the author's adventures as a *Herald* reporter in America and Europe. Nevertheless, it will be of value to the future historian of American journalism, for it exposes the inner workings of the *Herald* in a very frank and even cruel manner. It is astounding, in retrospect, to recall the vast eminence that that most puerile and disingenuous of journals once enjoyed, especially among journalists. The melodramatic Stanley episode, I suppose, was quickly forgotten by the public, but it was remembered by all young reporters, and so the *Herald* continued, for years and years, to bear a romantic aspect, and service upon it was eagerly sought, despite the bad pay and Bennett's disconcerting whims. Mr. Crockett, who was high in his confidence, shows exactly how he ran his paper, and the standards by which he judged the value of news. His criteria were almost precisely those of *Town Topics*. Anyone who happened to be rich seemed important to him, and his columns were crowded daily with the doings of such persons. His view of the world, in brief, was that of a haberdasher's clerk or door-opener. Born to immense wealth, he nevertheless carried about him to the end of his days the somewhat pathetic blatancy of a self-made man. He was always a bit uneasy about his own position. He never quite convinced anyone, or even himself, that he was a gentleman. He was not.

Nor was he of any genuine skill or dignity as a journalist. His paper, loaded with trivial "society" gossip, largely about kept women and their protectors, was extremely defective as a news-gathering machine, and when the rising yellows began to offer it active competition it gradually declined in circulation, and all of its competent men left it. Its first ser wounds, I believe, came from Jos Pulitzer. He shared, in his more pic esque way, some of the traits of Benn and perhaps imitated them, consciousl unconsciously. He was given to massa of his hirelings, he kept a tight hold the money-bags, and he greatly deligh in personal luxury, and even ostentat But he was, in addition, a journalist of highest talent, and when the *World* c into open competition with the *Herald*, *Herald* was doomed to succumb. Th followed the Hearst onslaught, so vio that it shook even Pulitzer. On Ben its effects were disastrous. But it was yellow journalism that finished his pa in the end, but the rise of the *Times*. *Times*, under Ochs, reached for the v midriff of the *Herald:* it built up a new far better foreign service. Bennett c tinued to burden the cables with the in doings of nonentities at Biarritz and A Ochs employed them to transmit ne By 1910 the *Herald* was already fat wounded. The outbreak of the war 1914, gave it the final stroke. Here w harsh and merciless test of journali competence. The *Times*, pouring out mo lavishly, gathered the news; the *He* printed column after column of child bellowing against the Prussians—for s reason or other, Bennett never called th Germans, nor even Huns—, mainly p vided by the French Press Bureau. journalistic knacker, Munsey, was w ing in the offing. When Bennett died 1918, Munsey bought the corpse of *Herald* for a good round price, appare fascinated, as a social pusher, by its fluence in head-waiter and multiple vorce "society." Later on, he sold i the *Tribune*, which preserves its name nothing else of it.

Mr. Crockett's narrative is interest but somewhat depressing. It seems stra that newspaper men of any professio skill or dignity should have wasted y upon such tasks as he describes. Ben reduced them all alike, good and bad

l of backstairs gossips. Yet he
l to retain the services of some of
nd not the worst either, for long
erhaps it was the incessant travel
d them: he was fond of throwing
out the world on banal and often
igible missions. He paid them
ut they stopped at gaudy hotels
lavish expense accounts. But more
y there was fascination in the hind
He was ridiculous, but neverthe-
nell of romance hung about him.
d like an oriental monarch. His
women was catholic if not deli-
e performed his absurd imbecilities
e air of a Prime Minister declaring
ur true journalist is an incurable
c. His heroes are nearly all frauds.
young reporter of my generation
thousand legends of Bennett, far
n his sinister yacht. Very few of
d ever heard of the vastly superior
ly prosaic Ochs.

Professors of English

NDARDS OF AMERICAN SPEECH, AND
PAPERS, by Fred Newton Scott. $1.60.
345 pp. Boston: *Allyn & Bacon.*
DESCRIBE AND NARRATE VISUALLY,
.. Sherman. $2. 8 x 5½; 364 pp. New York:
rge H. Doran Company.

an A.B., and A.M. and a Ph.D.;
professed at the University of
an since 1887 and is now professor
toric and journalism there and
ity editor; he has been president of
dern Language Association, of the
al Council of Teachers of English,
North Central Association of Col-
nd Secondary Schools, and of the
an Association of Teachers of
ism; he is a member of the Amer-
ssociation for the Advancement of
and the British Association, and
nted the literati of the Republic at
nference of American and British
ors of English at London in 1920;
e author of many works, including
lish grammar, a treatise on literary criticism and another on æsthetics, and the editor of many more, including two volumes of gems from Holy Writ. Sherman is an A.B., a Ph.D. and an LL.D.; he has professed English at the University of Nebraska since 1882, and is now dean of the graduate college there; he has composed a book called "What Is Shakespeare?" and another called "Analytics of Literature"; his text-books are in wide use.

Well, what have these powerfully learned and eminent men to say in their present volumes? Scott devotes a chapter to proving that "of the 10,565 lines of 'Paradise Lost,' 670, or 6.3 per cent, contain each two or more accented alliterating vowels," another to proving that in such word-groups as "rough and ready," 68% put the monosyllable first and the dissyllable second, and 42% put the dissyllable first and the monosyllable second, and a third (very long) to developing John Stuart Mill's well-known saying that "eloquence is heard; poetry is overhead," *i.e.*, that the primary aim of prose is persuasion, whereas that of poetry is simply self-expression. So much for Scott. Sherman fills 364 pages with windy platitudes on the writing of English, and lays chief stress on the revolutionary discovery that visual images are very effective. At the end of each chapter he sets a dozen or more tests for students. I offer a few specimens:

> Detail the points of exposition as gathered from some recent sermon.
>
> Draw a character by the use of imaginative appeals of degree.
>
> From some outgrown or discarded theme, find what sentences are not of the first or second grade of value.
>
> Describe, by form-types, the safety chain.
>
> Devise a new system of ten points, five of matter, five of manner, and by it evaluate three debates prepared on the same side of some live question of the hour.
>
> Find or recall an example of summarizing narration that seems to you worthy of being told in the consecutive manner, and give reasons for your criticism.

Such are two of the great whales of literary science among us. God help the poor yokels who have to sweat through their dull and preposterous books!

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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HENRY F. PRINGLE *was born in York and graduated from Cornell. He newspaper man, now on the* World.

JULIAN RAYFORD *was born at Mobile, A in 1908. He began to write as a junior in Mobile High School and owes much to counsel of his teacher, Miss Elizabeth Colem*

JOHN REDFIELD *was formerly lecturer on physics of music at Columbia.*

RUTH SAWYER (MRS. RUTH S. DURA *is the author of several books, stories, articles, and has had two plays produced.*

HUMPHREY C. TRAYLOR *was born Wedowee, Ala., in 1901, and is a graduat the State university.*

DANE YORKE *is living in Maine. He cently retired from business in Philadelphia*

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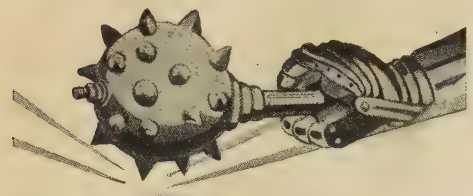

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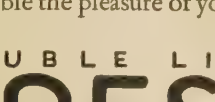

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Editorial NOTES

The six pages of Alabama Poets in th issue are designed to show what is bein done by the younger poets in that Stat where a considerable literary activity ha been manifest for several years past. I prose, and especially in the short story, i centers around Mr. Octavus Roy Cohe of Birmingham; in poetry its chief hea quarters is the State university. The poem presented are not alleged to be maste pieces; they are offered simply as fa specimens of what is being done. The were chosen from a large number gathere by Miss Sara Haardt, of Montgomery, bu it should be added that she was not r sponsible for the selections. Next mont there will be a similar presentation Oregon Poets.

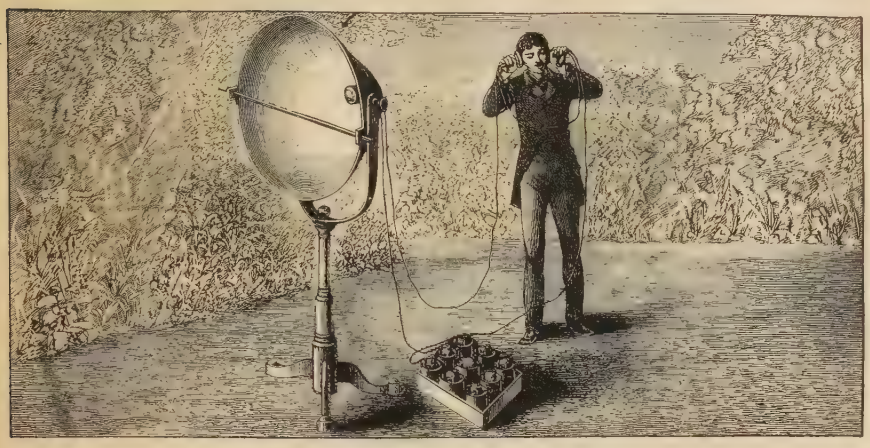
The attention of volunteer contributors called to the notice on the contents pag to the effect that MSS. should be addresse not to individuals, but simply to th Editor. Disregard of this notice is the caus of many delays and of much unpleasan correspondence. Not infrequently a MS addressed to an individual lies around fo weeks, waiting for him to return from th chautauquas, or to complete a term of jur or jail service, or to be liberated from a be of pain. THE AMERICAN MERCURY is alway glad to see the MSS. of volunteers. The are read very promptly. But not when the are improperly addressed.

The following comes from an eminen philologist in the great city of Washingto

> I am wondering whether the *-umble* philologist in the August number ever focused his critical

Continued on page lii

Telephoning over a ray of light



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But new applications of the telephone principle are still being found. In the loud speaker, in the deaf set, the electrical stethoscope, the improved phonograph, the telephone principle has been adapted by the Bell Telephone Laboratories to the uses of the physician, the public speaker and the musician. The scientific research and engineering skill, which enable America to lead the world in telephone service, are also bringing forth from the telephone principle other devices of great usefulness.

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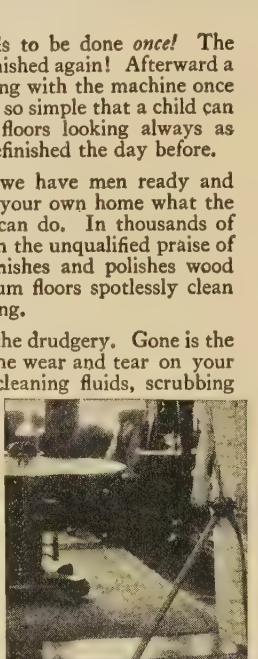

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page l

lens on the *cr-* words, of which *cr-umble*, a mentioned by him, is a fair sample.

It seems to me that the *cr-* words, either i themselves or suggestively or associatively, ar the most revolting in the so-called English an American languages. At least, I should like t enter a few under that classification, as follows

Crupper	*Crunch*
Creed	*Crapulous*
Creditor	*Credulity*
Critic	*Crass*
Crotch	*Crunch*
Critter	*Crap.*

If a *cr-* word names a biologic specimen, bir or beastie, we get *crane*, *crow*, *crocodile*, *crab*, *cray fish*, etc.—something grotesque, and if a person we get somebody gone wrong: *crook*, *crank cripple*, *criminal*, *crone*, *cross-patch*, *cretin*, etc.

If a *cr-* word involves action, we are reminde that such-and-such has got jammed o twisted out of shape, fallen in, down or out etc., as in *crash*, *crush*, *crimp*, *crease*, *crack crumple*, *craze*, *cram*, *crowd*, come a *cropper*, etc

Others of them refer to something crude rudimentary, fragmentary, sinister or ominou —*crock*, *crib*, *crate*, *creek*, *crust*, *crumb*, *crescent crafty*, *cringing*, *creepy*, *crawling*, *crisis*, etc.

A few of them suggest cruelty, pain an death—*cry*, *crucifixion*, *cramp*, *crick*, *craving crutch*, *crepe*, *cremation*, *crypt*, etc.

Of course, there are a few *cr-* words which d not align themselves with the notion presente in the foregoing. Instances: *cradle*, *cream crystalline*, *creative*, *crown*, etc. As a job lot, how ever, as a crew equipped for wrecking the eye ear and nose, these words are way up.

Mr. Clarence R. Shrum, of Parkersbu W. Va., sends in the following interest note concerning the word *coon:*

A few years preceding the Civil War the word *coon* came into use to designate a slave who wa not "carrying a reward for capture." In th slave States bordering the free States the slave used to be locked up at night as a precautio against escape into free territory, and th cabins used for this purpose were called *barra coons*. Their outstanding features were thei stone or brick outsides and their long, narrow windows, the latter only a few inches wide Elderly and crippled slaves were exempt from

Continued on page liv

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lii

being *barracooned*, their disability being known as their "barracoon." These exempted slaves were permitted free range and were called *coons* and the people who made a business of capturing and returning escaped slaves considered these *coons* a nuisance, for their masters often used the status of *coons* as an excuse to swindle them.

This comes from an esteemed reader Philadelphia:

Some time ago one of your readers was asking about the eminent waiters who used to be in practise at F. Ostendorff's celebrated café in Philadelphia. The place itself, I lament to have to tell you, was closed in 1920, a victim to Prohibition. Fred is well and hearty and lives in Beach Haven, N. J., catches blow, king and tuna fish in the Spring and Summer, and shoots ducks and geese in the Fall and Winter. Fred visits Germany and Florida every year for a change of air and to preserve his taste for Paulanerbräu and Pilsener. Louis lives in Mt. Airy, Pa., is a director of the East Falls Bank, president of the German Society of Pennsylvania, and an esteemed member of many social and charitable organizations. Louis is married, has a lovely American wife and two children, and enjoys mostly his garden work.

Carl F. Lauber is in the drug business on Ninth street near Market in Philadelphia. Mr. Lauber enjoys good health and a comfortable home life in Elkin's Park on the old York road. Big Carl has been called to the Unseen Temple. Little Carl is the owner of a fine apartment-house and manages it himself. Should your reader wish a dinner à la Ostendorff at any time when he is in Philadelphia, let him call Chestnut Hill 2287 and Louis will provide one just for auld lang syne!

Mr. L. Arnold Weissberger, of Cambrid Mass., sends the following note abo Sadakichi Hartmann:

Sadakichi Hartmann was born in Japan of a Japanese mother and a German father. The exact date of his birth I do not know, but it was probably in the middle 70's. My father knew him for many years, received several of his books, and corresponded with him frequently. Hartmann spent most of his time in California,

Continued on page lvi

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FRANK C. CLARK
Times Bldg., N. Y.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page liv

where he explored the cinema. He appeared i Douglas Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad," an has dedicated his book, "The Last Thirty Day of Christ" to Aileen Pringle, the motion pictur actress. The following is an incomplete list o his published books:

Shakespeare in Art
A History of American Art
Japanese Art
Modern American Sculpture
Schopenhauer in the Air
Composition in Portraiture

These are listed by the Stylus Publishing Co. New York, which also published his book "My Theory of Soul-Atoms." He has writte other works beside these, one on the art o Whistler, and another, a two-act drama, calle "Confucius," privately printed, in a highl artistic edition limited to five hundred copies with the dedication,

This Book I Hurl into the Jaws of Mammon
The Moloch of the Modern Mob

In a letter accompanying the latter work, Hart mann says that it "is in a way the masterpiec of my whole literary career."

I know of no printed criticism of "The Las Thirty Days of Christ," though there is a cop of Shaw's "Man and Superman" inscribed b Shaw to Hartmann "from one who would lik to have seen the first thirty days of Christ," (an autograph which, as is customary wit most things Shavian, throws more light o Shaw than on the matter at hand). The editio was privately printed in New York in 1920 limited to 3000 copies, most of which were disposed of by Hartmann himself. I do no know why there should have been any unnum bered, except that a quantity left unsold migh have been disposed of in a job lot. Hartmann's health was then poor and his financial positio precarious.

Mr. W. E. Boardman, of New Hav Conn., supplies these instructive li about a distinguished American institut

The American cocktail originated in a famous old tavern not far from the Philipse Manor House, in what is now Yonkers, N. Y. Accord ing to the story, a delightful concoction o bitters, root wine, and the mellowest of old whiskey was mixed in a glass half-full of bits

Continued on page lviii

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Imperialism and Its Practical Implications. Thursday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

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Psychology of Response. Monday, 8.20-9.50 P. M. (Ten lectures.)

JOHN B. WATSON
Behaviorism and Psychoanalysis. Friday, 8.20-9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures.)

S. FERENCZI
Selected Chapters in the Theory and Practice of Psychoanalysis. Tuesday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

IRA S. WILE
Conduct and Its Disorders in Childhood. Monday, 5.20-6.50 P. M.

FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS
Mental Hygiene—Its Personal and Social Aspects. Monday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

LEO WOLMAN
The Labor Movement in the National Life. Monday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

NORMAN B. WARE
Rise of the Modern Labor Movement. Wednesday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

PAUL SINGER
Social and Economic Functions of International Banking. Friday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

WALTER W. STEWART
Current Tendencies in Finance. Monday, 8.20-9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures.)

FREDERICK R. MACAULAY
Principles of Statistical Method. Thursday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

EDWIN W. KOPF
Insurance History of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Thursday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

H. W. L. DANA
Literature Since 1918. Friday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

STARK YOUNG
The Theatrical Season, 1926–27. Tuesday, 5.20-6.50 P. M.

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Modern Art. Wednesday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

TERRY RAMSAYE
The Motion Picture. Thursday, 8.20-9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures.)

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Technique of Vocational Guidance. Friday, 5.20-6.50 P. M.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
Fundamental Problems in Adult Education. Wednesday, 8.20-9.50 P. M.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
Method and Content of Adult Education. Monday, 5.20-6.50 P. M.

HARRY A. OVERSTREET
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lvi

of ice by the beautiful Mistress Peggy, daughte of William Van Eyck, a jolly host. It chance that Mistress Peggy was preparing this deliciou cup of nectar for her sailor fiancé when Ligh ening, the courageous and pampered fightin champion cock of the Hudson Valley, plume and shook himself, fluttering one of the rega tail feathers into his mistress's lap. Said she "Lightening names the drink! Drink this *cock tail*, sir, to your success with my father, and a a pledge to our future happiness!" The stor may be found in the "Cocktail Book" (L. C Page and Co.).

From a philological scholar, of the tured town of Pittsburg:

The word *wop* is the anglicized spelling of th Italian word *guappo*. In Italian, it is pronounce exactly as in the English. *Guappo* is itself ve nacular, meaning brave, fearless, trouble-seeke boaster, all in one. It is applied to a youn fellow who acts like what in Americanese w call a tough guy. Its application in Italian however, is rather complimentary to th recipient.

Mr. Albert Wehde, of Chicago, o certain chemical problem:

A red-hot poker is inserted into cold an hardening cider to remove the chill, thereb stimulating fermentation and increasing th generation of carbonic acid gas. I have ofte observed the same practice in rural German when beer had been chilled to staleness. grand-uncle of mine, who never failed to use th glowing poker in his beer and also lit his cigar with the same medium, insisted that thi practice "put iron into his blood." He was no the only nut in the family.

An Atlanta inquirer asked, some t ago, for the ground of the Catholic ob tion to cremation. An American pri now residing in Rome, has uneart the following information about subject:

In a recent paragraph in the *Ecclesiastica Review*, a very learned Catholic journal, parish priest asked the editor this question:

"The conscience of the executors of a will in

Continued on page lx

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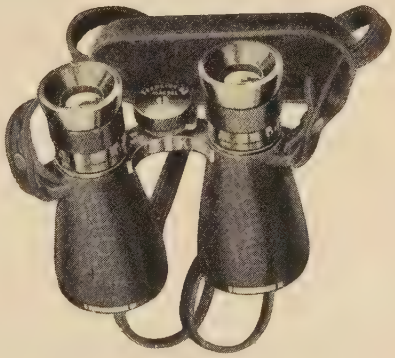

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lviii

which the deceased declares that his body is to be cremated does not permit them to carry out the provision because it is assumed to be contrary to the moral law which obliges Christians to honor the body as sacred and inviolable. Can we bury a person nevertheless who definitely refuses to alter such a declaration in his will, and thus forfeits sacramental absolution, at the hour of death, even if the relatives are prepared to ignore the declaration and have him interred according to the ceremonial of the Church?"

The reply was:

"A person who deprives himself of the last absolution by declaring his definite unwillingness to comply with what he is assured is the moral law as interpreted by the Church, forfeits by his own deliberate will the right of Christian burial. Hence he comes under the censure of Canon 1240: 'ecclesiastica sepultura priventur qui mandaverint suum corpus cremationi tradi et in hac voluntate permanserint usque ad mortem, etiamsi crematio ad normam canonis 1203, n. 2, non sequatur.' Where the testator has provided for cremation in definite terms, yet accepts the last sacraments of the Church, he is presumed to have retracted the error; and the executors of the will are justified in ignoring the clause calling for cremation. But where the express refusal to comply with the canons of the Church causes a dying person to separate himself from her communion, he is not entitled to Christian burial, even though his relatives should desire it and refuse to execute the terms of the will calling for cremation."

The following somewhat incoherent co plaint comes from a reader in the gre city of New York, the Sodom of t modern world:

> Your recent editorial reference to The American Mercury as a great family magazine impels me to make emphatic protest and correction. A real family magazine has a character and an aspect far different from that of your diverting publication. I ought to know because I have tried repeatedly to bring my family and The American Mercury together, and they do not blend. The incompatibility is wholly due, I believe, to defects on your side.
>
> For instance, your magazine is not thick

Continued on page lxii

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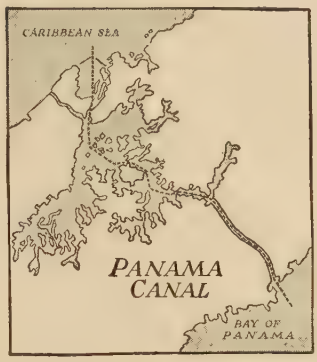
I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it. If I had followed traditional, conservative methods, I should have submitted a dignified state paper of probably 200 pages to the congress and the debate would have been going on yet. But I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the Canal does also.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT in a speech to the U. of Cal., March 23, 1911.



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lx

enough. Time and time again my wife has tried to use it as a wedge under the open hall-door of our apartment in order to get a direct draught. The door slides right over it, and is a well-shaped steel door, at that. Indeed, I get far better service out of an old copy of the *Yale Review*, which has no pretention whatever to being a family magazine. But that's only the beginning of your failure.

We have children, young, rather. Where, I ask you, can a parent turn in your advertising pages and point out with dramatic forefinger a colored choo-choo train, or a big bear, or a pretty lady? Let me tell you, that it is practically impossible to still a five-year-old howl of dismay and rebellion with an announcement of the curriculum of the Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia.

Your cover. It has a kind of sameness about it that doesn't produce the faintest ripple of excitement when it is laid down on the dining-room table with the lamb chops and the weak solution of boracic acid and the papers of safety-pins which one is requested to bring home without fail or, failing, God help us! Nobody cries out, "How cute!" "Now, isn't that just true to life?", etc. Where is the doggie under the umbrella or the lovely female of seventeen with an expression of character in her face like the interior of a Crooke's tube?

Another thing. Your magazine wanders off it never stays in the home. To illustrate, my sister, who is a Baptist, reads one of your articles, rises up like a sanctified eruption of Mt. Pelée, rushes out to meet a Baptist soul-mate on the eleventh floor and shoves the magazine viciously at her, crying shrilly, "Have you seen this, have you seen it, positively blasphemous, should be suppressed!" Now, take a genuine family magazine: who ever heard of anyone rushing around frantically with the *Ladies' Home Journal* and calling out, "Carrie, Carrie, have you read this cynical article on the Christian Deity by Ed Bok?" Merely to ask the question—! It also explains why we can never lay hands on your magazine when it is most needed to put under a corner of the nursery ice-box to stimulate the drain, or when insulation is required under a hot coffee-pot, or when a torn-out page folded into a neat plug would stop a window from rattling. No reliability!

The little I have said should teach you what a family magazine isn't. For corroboration all I say is, write to my daughter, turning three, or her mother, turning ten times that figure.

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IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

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states for Mexico the reasons of his Government for its policies in dealing with the Catholic Church and with oil and land leases to foreigners

Henry M. Robinson

American banker and member of the Dawes Committee, discusses the question whether American loans abroad are safe

Sir Frederick Maurice

British expert on armaments, describes the new contests of the European powers for spheres of influence in the Mediterranean and Africa

Bernadotte E. Schmitt

American authority on history of the World War, analyzes the latest evidence as to what country was responsible for the conflict in July, 1914

Alfred G. Gardiner

noted English journalist, comments on our war debt and League policies, and other causes that keep England and America from being the best of friends

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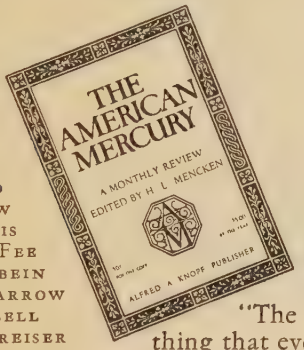

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Joseph Hergesheimer's New Novel **TAMPICO**

(Facsimile of page 147)

ZACAMIXTLE

South America—and then, with that settled, they could drop happily into the interesting generalities that would make the rest of existence so pleasant. There was a great deal he had to find out about Vida: looking back over their conversations he was surprised to discover that he was almost totally ignorant of the details of her mind. What they had said to each other had always been strictly limited, and personal. At once, Bradier remembered, when he had first looked squarely at her, his head had given way to what was commonly described as the heart, a quality deeper than reason had taken reason's place; he had surrendered to a force like a lunar tide of tropical water, soft and luminous and perfumed and imminent unseen shores. There, at least, youth had had no advantage of him. But now, more accustomed to his romantic immersion, he was breathing with an increasing ease, he was gazing about over the undulating flood.

Bradier had never, the fact was, heard Vida express an impersonal conviction, show an interest in what didn't, on all its sides, immediately touch her or her world. That, undoubtedly, was the peculiar characteristic of the sphere he had recognized as fashionable; there was its strength. It was insensible to pressures outside its limited sphere. This, he recognized, was almost critical, and he halted the crystallization of an unfavourable opinion by remembering that Vida loved him, that she was willing to marry him—a man as far removed as possible from the circumference of what she had known. Beyond question it was the monotony of that which had begun to wear upon her. And then, Vida was superior to what he was tracing; it had never satisfied her; he, Govett Bradier, was her avenue of escape. It was a damned good thing they had come together, he thought; for without him Vida

[147]

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Alfred A. Knopf *730 Fifth Avenue*

BORZOI BOOKS

The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

October, 1926 — Vol. VIII. No. 4.

My Mortal Enemy

"As for the qualities common to all," [all of *Willa Cather's* books] wrote *Malcolm Cowley* in *Brentano's Book Chat*, "the most obvious is that of possessing hard definite outlines, finish without false brilliance; in one sense of the word, perfection. Listen to how the critics are affected. 'Her stories,' one of them writes, 'have the radiance of perfect cleanliness, like the radiance of burnished glass.' And another 'A veritable Koh-i-noor in the rhinestone and paste tiara of contemporary literature.' Still others quote Pater and speak of 'burning with a hard gem-like flame!' All this I tried and failed to express in the question, 'Am I right in thinking that you spend a great deal of time in polishing your work?'

"'I hate the word "polish" like the rest of literary patter. I work fast and I rewrite. I'm not satisfied till a sentence has the exact shape of the idea I wish it to convey.' Perhaps, among all the definitions of style, this is the best:—for a sentence to have the exact shape of the idea it is intended to convey. And perhaps the reason her novels seem diamond-hard and flawless is because, instead of fumbling with technique, she keeps her mind on people and what they are thinking and doing.

"Then for the second quality, her honesty of vision. I ought to have mentioned it first of all, but delayed because it seems less peculiarly her own. It is a virtue she shares with most good writers—this faculty of seeing people with sympathy but without sentiment, of exactly telling their experiences, of emphasizing neither the good nor the bad, of changing nothing to meet the popular taste. This faculty is one she acquired with effort, and she says, 'It takes a great deal of experience to become natural. People grow in honesty as they grow in anything else.'

"A third quality is her interest in people with high ambitions. Notice, for example, her choice of heroes. One is a waif who becomes a great inventor. One is the child of a poverty-stricken Canuck family; he writes a magnificent book on the Spanish explorers. Another grows up on the prairie and becomes a successful corporation lawyer. As for the heroines, Thea Kronborg is almost typical. If you remember, she was the daughter of a preacher in

(*Continued on page 32*)

BORZOI BOOKS

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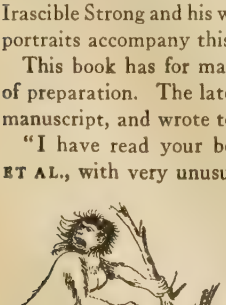
All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Adam Recast

THE story of evolution has been told from many points of view, but here is one totally original—evolution and human society from the point of view of the inventor. *William H. Smyth* sees the history of mankind in terms of the history of man's tools. CONCERNING IRASCIBLE STRONG ET AL. tells the story of man's progress, from the missing link on, tracing the development of human nature and the institutions of human life from the characters of Irascible Strong and his wife, Trixie-Cunning, (whose portraits accompany this article).

This book has for many years been in the stage of preparation. The late *Luther Burbank* read it in manuscript, and wrote to the author as follows:

"I have read your book, IRASCIBLE STRONG ET AL., with very unusual interest and I must say that I agree with you in every particular and would not have a word changed throughout the whole of this work. I rejoice that a man has at last been produced who can see the evolutionary facts of Nature and depict them so clearly, so humorously, with such mathematical precision and accurately in accord with the thought of the best modern thinkers on the subjects of evolution and social progress.



TRIXIE-CUNNING

IRASCIBLE STRONG

"I believe your book will have a tremendous circulation and receive a hearty welcome, but do not anticipate that you will receive any surplus admiration from politicians, preachers or professors. Your support in this magnificent work w come from statesmen, philosophers, thinkers, inve tors, constructors, producers, and the 'boobs,' wh will be with you to a man. Certainly all those who hav learned to manipulate their thinking apparatus ind pendently must think as you go. In this volume yo have produced the genuine hard stuff all the wa through. I only wish to add—as soon as it is pub lished—hit me for a boost."

CONCERNING IRASCIBL STRONG: AND TRIXIE-CUNNIN AND THEIR SONS, *by* WILLIAM H SMYTH. $4.00 *net.*

Don Quixote's Runner-Up

"NOT more unquestioned is *Cervantes'* claim to h the first of Spanish humorists than that of *Quevet* to be the second," wrote *Henry Edward Watts*, a eminent specialist in Spanish literature, in his in troduction to the masterpiece of that autho PABLO DE SEGOVIA. PABLO was first publishe in 1626, and met with immediate approval, runnin into several editions.

"*Quevedo* has spoken in a language direct an plain," proceeds the author of the introductio "without a riddle or a hidden motive. It is of cours a satire, but a satire of the legitimate kind, no upon persons, but upon mankind. . . . The cha acters of the story, which seems rather to tell itse than to be told, are all such as were the commo property of the comic writers of the period, bu scarcely anywhere else are they found invested wit so much of the breath of life."

PABLO DE SEGOVIA is the latest book to ap pear in the Blue Jade Library.

PABLO DE SEGOVIA. *By* FRAN CISCO DE QUEVEDO-VILLEGAS *with an introduction by* HENRY ED WARD WATTS. $3.00 *net.*

he Real Whitman

tradict myself?
l, then, I contradict myself.
ge, I contain multitudes.

ıy find, indeed, that the con-
is more fundamental than he
realized, that it was often
iplined emotionalism of the
er than the complex cerebra-
e normal adult; but even so,
mmortal and knows itself to
in Whitman's form there be
that perfection which makes

From a Woodcut by EGMONT ARENS

ong life, there is a compensating vitality
vokes in the reader something more than
esthetic pleasure, or literary dislike. In an-
e, the 'multitudes' which he includes are
of humanity in the America of the Nine-
ntury. Being in a curious sense a com-
ur several cultures, a blend, as the future
must be, of more than one race, Whitman
very man a little of himself; yet no class
a seems to perceive in him the American.
e makes too concrete our crudity, our in-
, our brag. And, possibly the more readily
ery reason, he is accepted by other coun-
pical of us all. In any case, he is a literary
ost unique in his strange blending of ori-
occidental influences, his
of country as yet ununified
er and its ambition, his equal
he classical and the romantic,
ı and his mystic idealism, his
aïveté and his profound and
faith. But if this phenomenon
er of interest, there is inspira-
e demonstration his life gives
portunity enjoyed by a man
vantages other than his char-
his talent, to rise in a democ-
osition of honor and influence.

PANAÏT ISTRATI

ıch new light has been thrown upon the
vritings of Whitman since the last biog-
s published that a new telling of his story
propriate. Perhaps there will always be a
as age after age interprets him after its
eed. And doubtless the personal equation
to the present story also. But at least
attempted to paint a faithful picture
n, wherever possible in his own words."—
Author's Introduction.

MAN. *By* EMORY HOLLOWAY.
net.

Kyra Kyralina

"IN THE early part of January, 1921, I received a letter from a hospital at Nice. It had been found on the body of a poor wretch who had cut his throat and whose recovery was not expected. I read it and was immediately conscious of the feverish stirring of genius—a burning wind from the plains. It was the confession of a new Gorki from the Balkans. He recovered, and I felt I must know him, so we started a correspondence and became friends.

"His name is Istrati and he was born at Braïla in 1884, of a Greek smuggler, whom he never knew, and a Rumanian peasant—an admirable woman who slaved for him till he was twelve. At that age his affection for her yielded to the enticements of the road, or rather to a consuming desire for knowledge and love. Twenty years of wandering followed: amazing adventures, exhausting labours; saunterings and vexations. He was burned by the sun, drenched by the rain, frequently harried by the police because he had no bed to sleep in, famished, ill, tortured by his passions, and almost always without money.

"He is a born story-teller—a story-teller of the Orient who becomes so moved, so enchanted by his own tales that once he has got started no one knows, least of all himself, whether they will last an hour or, indeed, a thousand and one nights—the Danube following its winding course. . . . Even in the letter he wrote me the day before his attempted suicide, the tale-teller in him got the upper hand and he interrupted the flow of his misery to recount two humorous anecdotes from his past life.

"I persuaded him to write down some of his stories, and he is now engaged on a long work, two volumes of which are finished. It is an evocation of his life and it is dedicated, as was his life, to Friendship, his all-absorbing passion." —*Romain Rolland.* And the brilliant Rumanian is not without honour in his own land. A fellow countryman, wishing to prove the respect in which Istrati is held, remarked: "Why, in spite of his political freedom, they have not even killed him!"

KYRA KYRALINA, *by* PANAÏT ISTRATI. *Translated from the French by* JAMES WHITALL, *with an introduction by* ROMAIN ROLLAND. $2.50 *net.*

Literary Soubrettes

Ruth Suckow was first known as a writer of short stories, but her two books already published are novels. Her first collection of stories, however, has just been published—IOWA INTERIORS, a practical vindication of realism on the ground purely of interest. *Miss Suckow* makes the same point in her article, "Literary Soubrettes," printed in *The Bookman* for July:

"If timely charm has been denied to the soubrettes, they have frequently received unknowingly from their makers the quite as valuable gifts of life and survival. The heroines of most old tales are out of date. But their imperfect soubrettes are still interesting. Slight human flaws—a wrist not perfectly turned, a low stature, a keen mind and a keen tongue—disqualified little Ruth Huckaback for the position of heroine in LORNA DOONE. But Lorna, the personification of the ideal of sweet and beautiful girlishness, is simply a pretty lay figure today, while sharp little Ruth Huckaback is a credible and decidedly interesting human being.

"Perhaps authors are slowly learning the value of the soubrette's one virtue of human reality. There is a tendency today to take these little persons, failings and all, out of their old obscurity and give them leading rôles. The whole flock of unscrupulous and sophisticated present-day heroines might derive from the brilliant Becky Sharp. Were VANITY FAIR written today, who could doubt that Becky would be its accepted heroine, with the dear little Amelia a kind of comic figure etched in with the unsparing hand of satire?

"Proof that the soubrettes deserve this partial, latter-day consideration may be seen in the following list of some of the most interesting or eminent ones, not confined to the pages of fiction but culled hit or miss from the great body of literature:

"Nausicaa, Julia Mannering, Becky Sharp, Nydia the Blind Girl, Topsy, William Baxter's sister Dolly Varden, Vashti, the red-haired girl in LIGHT THAT FAILED, Cigarette, all the frie the Little Colonel, Rebecca the Jewess, Rose Hebe, Lilith, Elaine, Arachne, Annie Ridd Lizzie Ridd, Tinkerbell, Psyche."

IOWA INTERIORS. *By* R SUCKOW, *author of "The Odyssey Nice Girl" and "Country People."* net.

DO ANTS TALK?
Drawing, by courtesy of The Forum

A Classic of Science

"FROM the time of Aristotle to the present said *Thomas H. Huxley*, "I know of no one is to be placed in the same rank with *Darwi* cept *Réaumur*." It has been left to a distingu American entomologist, *Professor William M Wheeler* of Harvard, to revive and translate o the most important of *Réaumur's* works— NATURAL HISTORY OF ANTS.

"*Réaumur* brought to his study of mankin of animals," writes *C. K. Ogden* in *The Forum*, objective methods of the physical and engine sciences. And when he came to insects he primarily in their *industry*—their habits an havior. For the French word *industrie* is the eq lent of behavior; and thus, in a sense, *Réaumu* the founder of true Behaviorism."

No more fascinating book on insects than NATURAL HISTORY OF ANTS has appeared certainly none that so adequately combines in and scientific authority.

The discovery of this manuscript in the *B theque Nationale* at Paris and its first present at this time, with an adequate recognition importance, make a decided "scoop" for Ame Scholarship.

THE NATURAL HISTORY ANTS. *By* RENÉ ANTOINE F CHAULT DE RÉAUMUR. *Edited, tr lated, and annotated by* WILL MORTON WHEELER. $5.00 net.

. Mencken's New Books

books by the Editor of the *American* ill be published in October. On one of TES ON DEMOCRACY, *Mr. Mencken* has ork for ten years. The other is the fifth REJUDICES.

tents of NOTES ON DEMOCRACY, which describes as "a polemic for the opposi- ude:

ocratic Man: His Appearance in the rieties of Homo Sapiens; The New Psy- Politics Under Democracy; The Rôle of nes; Envy as a Philosophy; Liberty and c Man; The Effects Upon Progress; The ob.

e Democratic State: The Two Kinds of y; The Popular Will; Disproportional ation; The Politician Under Democracy; he Occasional Exception; The Maker of e Rewards of Virtue; Footnote on Lame

emocracy and Liberty: The Will to e Democrat as Moralist; Where Puritan- Corruption Under Democracy.

da: The Future of Democracy; Last

w volume of PREJUDICES contains ex- ays on Four Moral Causes, Four Makers William Jennings Bryan, Protestantism in blic, The Last New Englander, The e, Officers and Gentlemen, and Beethoven, briefer animadversions on a variety of

S ON DEMOCRACY and JUDICES: FIFTH SERIES. *By* MENCKEN, *author of "A Book Burlesques," "In Defense of n," etc.* $2.50 *net each.*

The New Siegfried

IN THE Niebelungen legend, Siegfried bathed in the blood of a dragon and became immune from physical danger. In the new novel by *Romer Wilson*, who won the Hawthornden prize in 1921 with THE DEATH OF SOCIETY, two young men seek to slay a dragon so that modern Germany shall be immune from such a downfall of western civilization as predicted by *Oswald Spengler*. Walther von Markheim, a member of the aristocracy, and his friend, Friedrich Storm, educated out of the peasant class, are the two young men; but Lotte, who plays Brunnhilde to Walther's Siegfried, introduces a personal issue between the two men that obscures the national issue. The friendship that survived difference of class cannot survive Storm's disapproval of Walther's love. The importance of the personal is perhaps one of the chief lessons of the twentieth century; and Miss Wilson understands that in a novel the character is more significant than the problem. DRAGON'S BLOOD is one of the strongest of the stories interpreting contemporary Europe; in its insight into post-war Germany it is unique.

DRAGON'S BLOOD. *By* ROMER WILSON, *author of "The Grand Tour."* $2.50 *net.*

Explicit

It is not uniformly true
That Yankees will not answer you
Directly, but will throw instead
Another question at your head.
One time a city boarder dropped
Into the Whigville store, and stopped
To quiz Sid Hoyt. Old Sid sat there,
All humped and sunken in his chair,
Carving a shingle with his knife.
"Well, have you lived here all your life?"
The stranger asked. Whereat Old Sid
Paused long enough to shift his quid
And eye his questioner a bit,
And then responded, "No, not yit."

From THE GHOST IN THE ATTIC.

THE GHOST IN THE ATTIC. *By* GEORGE S. BRYAN, *author of "Edison: The Man and His Work."* $2.00 *net.*

Drawing by KAHLIL GIBRAN

Sand and Foam

"SAID a philosopher to a street sweeper, 'I pity you. Yours is a hard and dirty task.'

"And the street sweeper said, 'Thank you, sir. But tell me, what is your task?'

"And the philosopher answered, saying, 'I study man's mind, his deeds and his desires.'

Then the street sweeper went on with his sweeping and said with a smile, 'I pity you too.' "

Thus runs one of the parables that make up SAND AND FOAM, the new book by the author of THE PROPHET. Whomever the philosopher may be intended to represent, *Kahlil Gibran* is one who preserves the tolerance of his philosophy without a basis of sentimentality, and who studies man's mind, his deeds and his desires without shutting his eyes to the things which most "philosophers" do not wish to see. That is why, like THE PROPHET, SAND AND FOAM is a book built on the rock of ultimate reality.

SAND AND FOAM. *By* KAHLIL GIBRAN, *author of "The Prophet," "The Madman," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

Reconstructing a Reputation

THE post-war method of biographical writing, which attained its first great currency about six years ago, consists in the presentation of facts not for their own value or interest, but as a basis for judgment of characters. The method originated as a form of iconoclasm, as a means of ridding biography of hero-worship, giving it the importance of truth and the fascination of personality.

The same biographical method, with the resultant importance and fascination, need not, however, be confined to derogation. *Albert Mathiez*, of the University of Dijon, has realized as much in his book, THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE. Here is a case, in this author's opinion, where it is not hero-worship, but undue defamation, that requires counteraction. The twelve essays of which the book is mad are not separable. All of them contribute to a k knowledge of the man who represented and le best in revolutionary France. Their purpose rectify false judgments of a personage than v few in French history have been more signifi and none more interesting.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIER AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By* BERT MATHIEZ. $3.50 *net.*

Religion and Experience

EVER since *William James* published *The Var of Religious Experience*, the sincerity of the reli life as led during the nineteenth century in the k woods of America has come by degrees to be sidered questionable. But the educated inhabit of cities are apt to underestimate the currency the influence in the world today of such live those led by the ancestors of *Mr. Herbert Asbu* whose book, UP FROM METHODISM, will be comed by every one who read the article of same title which appeared in *The American cury* several months ago.

The importance of *Mr. Asbury's* subject ma however, will be apparent to those who reflect the opinions and emotions which existed in *Asbury's* early environment are largely respon for all of the encroachments of government u personal liberty which have cropped up since war, and which menace the future. Blue Sun legislation, the Ku Klux Klan, Prohibition, a evolution and other fundamentalist manifestat are important to the city-dweller, even if reviva does not make itself directly felt. Methodism found its Nietzsche in *Herbert Asbury*, and e reader of *The American Mercury* will find his k a delight.

UP FROM METHODISM. HERBERT ASBURY. $2.50 *net.*

Representative Criminal

AN WILD holds the mirror up to every very seeker after the main chance. In of this mirror are displayed the linea- very man who has ever made capital of s of his fellows, or played for his own ie credulities of mankind, or devised a of others' readiness to believe in him, her suffer the penalty of his misdoing, er men to be his catspaws, or trafficked ously in the weakness or the need of his an beings, or subordinated any of the encies to his own gain, or reached any nacle by ruthlessness or greed. JONA- D is the composite, the definitive picture se formula it is to buy in the cheapest the dearest market."—*From the Intro-*

THAN WILD. *By* HENRY ING, *author of "Tom Jones."* ich is added THE LIFE AND AC- OF JONATHAN WILD, *by* EL DEFOE. *With an introduction* LSON FOLLETT. *In the Borzoi s.* $4.00 *net.*

nterest and Importance

Robert C. Dexter of Skidmore College con- hief difficulty in the way of the success- on of practising sociologists to be the e and misunderstanding of the layman— ie means not the man in the street, but of the community. Indifference can be not by emphasizing the importance of ms, but only by stating these problems, e to the agencies dedicated to their solu- nat they become interesting. *Professor* made the problems of sociology and the es of the citizen interesting to the edu- untechnical business and professional has let their importance take care of it- AL ADJUSTMENT is an eminently prac- on what the intelligent members of the do and ought further to do by way of the community—if only by way of mak- for themselves. A few of the chapters s of Poverty; Old Age; The Ills Which Heir to; Drunkards and Drug Addicts; d Society; Sex and the Family; and Work.

L ADJUSTMENT. *By* ROB- . DEXTER. $5.00 *net.*

ERNEST NEWMAN
Editor of The Borzoi Music Series

Musical Recollections

"*Chorley*, like the rest of us," writes *Ernest Newman*, "had his limitations, but he was anything but the fool most people of today imagine him to have been. In his own sphere he was a very able man. To say that he did not transcend either his own limitations or those of his epoch is merely to say that he was human. *Wagner* himself showed equivalent limitations. As regards his judgment of individuals, posterity does not agree with *Wagner's* judgment of *Schumann*, *Chopin*, *Brahms* and others. As regards general principles, a vast amount of his theorizing is dead today because it was too purely the expression of the transitory point of view of his own day. I am not attempting to justify *Chorley* as against *Wagner*. I am merely pointing out that the greatest of us show our humanity by occasionally erring. *Chorley*, like other people, came to grief when he tackled a subject that was too big for him; but on a subject of his own size he was a writer of undoubted sense and shrewdness. It is in virtue of these qualities that his THIRTY YEARS' MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS is worth re-issuing today, more than sixty years after it was written.

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My Mortal Enemy

(*Continued from page 25*)

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Other publications for next spring ir ASHES by *Stefan Zeromski;* BELLA by *Jean doux;* LANES OF MEMORY by *George S. Hel* THE LIFE OF BISHOP ASBURY by *Herbert A* THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS by *B Follett;* THE CROSS by *Sigrid Undset;* LI PITCHERS by *Isa Glenn;* and ODALISQUE *M. Hussey. Mr. Hussey* and *Mr. Asbury* ar quent contributors to THE AMERICAN MERC

The next book of short stories by *A. E. Co* will be THE FIELD OF MUSTARD. *David Ga* next book, which will be published early in is called GO SHE MUST. Another novel by a y Englishman, THE RUIN, by *Edward Sa West*, author of PIANO QUINTET, will appe the spring.

As a companion volume to THE LO PERAMBULATOR, by *James Bone*, the sam thor's new book, THE PERAMBULATOR IN E BURGH, with sixteen illustrations in collotype drawings by *E. S. Lumsden*, will be publish November of this year.

LUD-IN-THE-MIST, by *Hope Mirrlees*, aut THE COUNTERPLOT, will be published in F ary. *T. F. Powys's* new novel, MR. WEST GOOD WINE, will also appear in the spring. wise THE DARK GENTLEMAN, by *G. B. Ste*

Among the translations, there will be a vo of plays by *Gogol*, and the last volume o Memoirs of *Alexander Herzen.*

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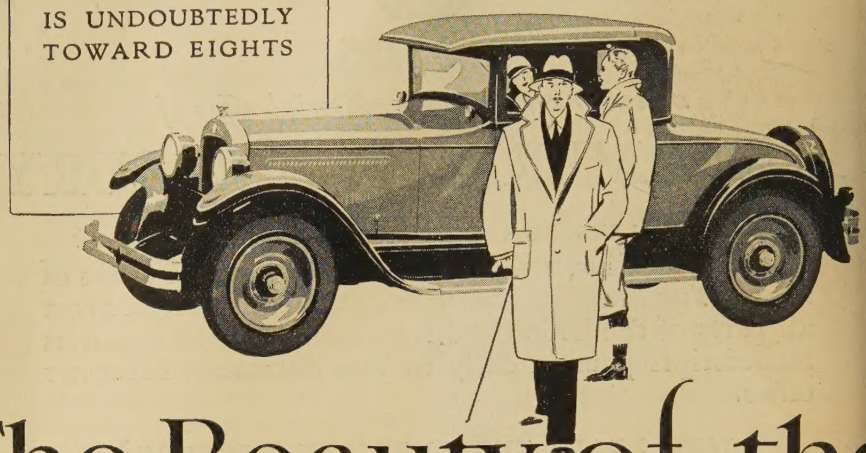

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